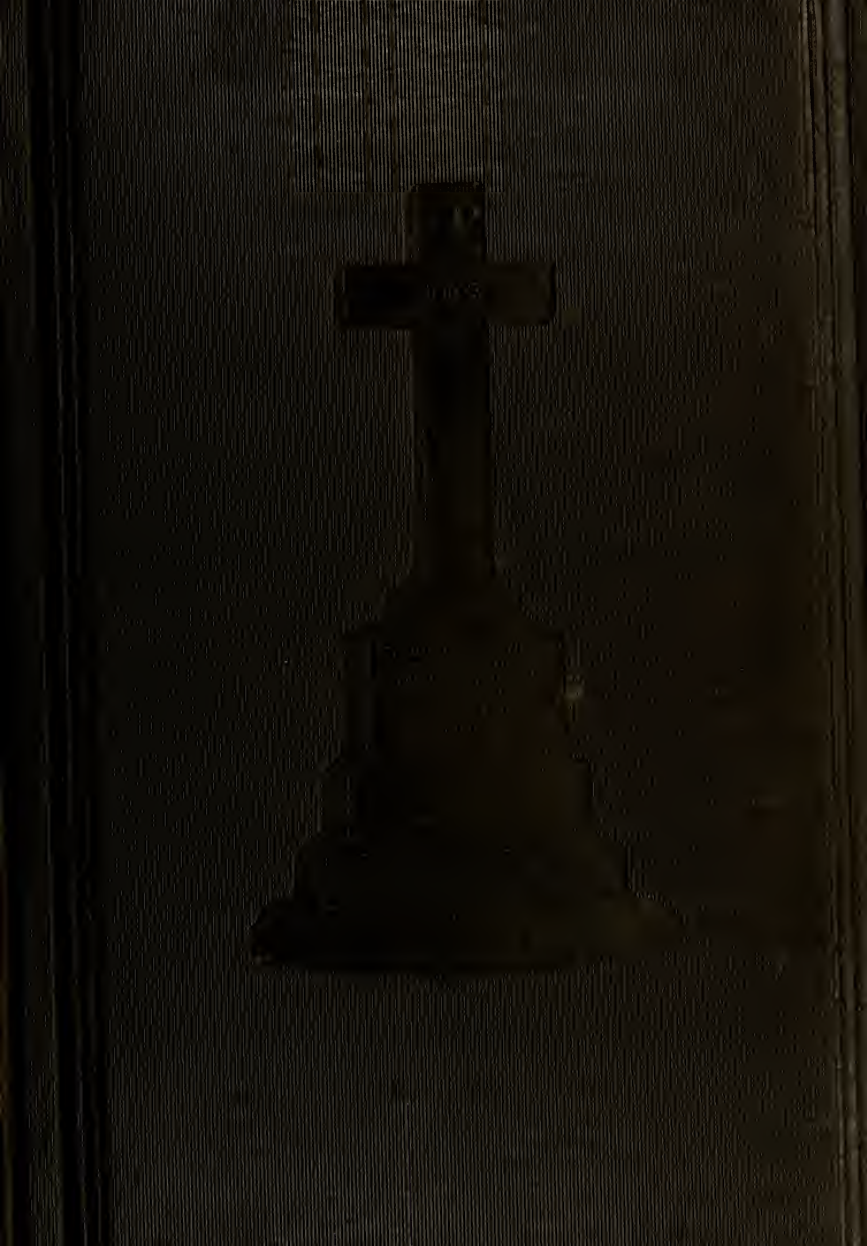

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MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D.,

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS FATHER.

Harry Croswell

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.
1853.

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INVOCATION.

O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son, Christ our Lord, grant us grace so to follow thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

[Collect for All Saints.]

TO THE

REV. ASA EATON, D. D.,

WHO, FOR A LONG SERIES OF YEARS,

WAS THE CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND AND FAITHFUL COUNSELLOR OF

MY DEAR DEPARTED SON;

WHO UPHELD AND SUSTAINED HIM IN THE ARDUOUS

DUTIES OF HIS MINISTRY,

AND WHO ADMINISTERED TO HIM, IN HIS DYING HOUR,

THE LAST CONSOLATIONS OF HIS CHURCH,

This Memoir

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND AND BROTHER
IN THE GOSPEL

H. CROSWELL.

Rectory, *New Haven*, 1853.

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* Inserted twice, through inadvertence; see p. 146

MEMOIR.

INTRODUCTION.

The reader is presented in this work with an unwonted spectacle: a bereaved and sorrowing parent appears before the public as the biographer of a dear departed son! At the age of threescore and ten, this parent, admonished by a severe visitation of sickness, devoted as much time as his pressing duties would permit to the arrangement and preparation of his own manuscripts, for the final inspection and revision of this very son. But, alas! how have his fond anticipations been defeated! That son, on whom he thus relied, by a mysterious providence, has been suddenly stricken down in the midst of his days and his usefulness, and numbered with the dead. And now, with trembling hand and aching heart, the parent, relying on the mercy and help of God, undertakes to gather up the materials, and prepare a record of his life.

This is acknowledged to be an office of great delicacy, on account of the close relationship of the parties; but the difficulty in the case is very much diminished by the fact, that the biographer, in prosecuting his work, is not thrown upon his own resources. It is only with regard to the earlier incidents of the life, and the first developments of the mind and genius of his son, that the father is compelled to rely on the recollections fondly cherished in the family. Beyond these incipient stages of boyhood and youth, there are abundant materials among the manuscripts of the deceased, which only require to be faithfully arranged and presented, to give a fair transcript of his history. With regard to the use of these materials, however, it must be understood that no greater latitude can be allowed than may be found necessary for the full illustration of his life and character.

I. His correspondence, which is very voluminous, extends back to the earliest period of his absence from home; but it consists, in a great measure, of free and familiar letters, designed only for the

eye of his family and friends; and no more of this portion of it can be drawn from the sacred privacy of domestic confidence, than may be made instrumental in bringing out the principal incidents of his life, and in exhibiting the prominent features of his character. There are other portions of his correspondence, however, which cannot, in justice to himself and others, be withheld from the public eye. It must be remembered that it did not please his heavenly Father to give him a cloudless life. With all his meekness and gentleness of spirit, and the inoffensive tenor of his walk and conversation, he had the misfortune to encounter much that was unkind and unjust, and especially from the hands of one, who, affecting to exercise only a rightful authority over him, forgot the paternal nature of his office, and disregarded the common courtesies of pastoral oversight. In reference to the full disclosure of this portion of his history, there must be no reserve. The whole story must be told; and, happily for the satisfaction and consolation of his friends, he has left among his papers abundant, authentic and official evidence, to vindicate his character from aspersion, and to place his memory above the reach of ungenerous suspicion.

II. From the earliest period of his professional life, he kept a regular diary. This is little more than a brief and simple record of his daily transactions, evidently designed chiefly for reference, and to aid his own memory; but it exhibits an immense amount of pastoral duty. It bears the marks of a strictly private journal, and is sometimes written in Latin and Greek; yet it is interspersed with occasional reflections and explanations, which may serve to shed some light on the various passages of his life.

III. Of poetry, published and unpublished, he has left a large amount. Of the quality of his poetry, the biographer will not trust himself to express an opinion. He prefers to rely on the judgment of one who for years had addressed him, and written and spoken of him as his "next friend and more than brother," the Right Rev. Dr. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey, who, by invitation of the vestry, preached a commemorative discourse, in the Church of the Advent, Boston, soon after his decease. This is his recorded testimony: "His poetical contributions to the Episcopal Watchman were numerous, in addition to his invaluable services as editor; and they won for him a high and honorable place among the very few to whom the name of Poet can be given. Every thing that he ever wrote in verse was strictly occasional. It was so much of his heart life set to music. He lived it, every line. And it was all inspired at the hearth side or at the altar foot. It was domestic often, always sacred. He fulfilled, in every verse, that beautiful suggestion of the skylark to the mind of Wordsworth, —

'Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

In that incomparable modesty which set off, in its mild opal light, his virtues and his graces, he thought very poorly of these admirable productions, and has half suggested the desire that they may remain still fugitive. But this must not be suffered. They are part and parcel of his nature and of his office. As he lived them, so he preaches in them, and will while the gospel shall be preached." It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that the wish here expressed by this warm-hearted friend cannot be fully accomplished. The restriction of which he speaks as "half suggested," with regard to the collection and publication of this poetry, is more strict than he seems to imagine. Among the private papers of the deceased, this passage is found: "My poetry is strictly *juvenile*, and must never be collected. I wish it to be *fugitive* and transitory, as the occasions which produced it." But notwithstanding this restriction, his biographer will feel at liberty to introduce and interweave with the narrative large portions of these poetical productions, and especially such as are best calculated to illustrate, and give a higher interest to the peculiar circumstances which called them forth. If any apology is deemed necessary for adopting this course, it may, perhaps, be found in one of his private letters, in which, speaking of some manuscript collections of his earlier productions, which had been placed in his father's hands, he says: "I am glad you have the collections. There are several little pieces which have never been entered among them, and others which you may find floating about, now and then, in the lower regions of literature. You must take as you can catch them, and fasten them down like plants in a *hortum siccum*, or butterflies in a cabinet." And, in a subsequent letter to his father, he expresses a desire that his fugitive pieces may be preserved, not for publication as a volume of poetry, — for to this he always felt an aversion, — but for future reference, and for the gratification of his friends. Many of his productions, originally published under his own eye, had been extensively copied into religious and secular periodicals, sometimes with his own signature or initials attached, and frequently without any recognition of their origin. Some few of them had also been inscribed, by his own hand, in the albums of his friends, and from thence transcribed into commonplace books and collections of poetry. And in many of these cases, they were sadly marred, either by errors of the press or by slips of the pen. These circumstances alone furnish an additional reason for desiring to collect, revise, and preserve these scattered fragments. It may be proper to remark, that the reader will find among them many specimens not very accurately defined by the preceding criticism of his friend Doane. His poetry was,

indeed, almost without an exception, "occasional," and much of it was strictly devotional and "sacred." But among the productions of his pen, many partake largely of other qualities; and a vein of playfulness and wit will be found running through several of the pieces which are here collected.

IV. Of his manuscript sermons, the stock is large; and having been carefully adapted to memorable days and occasions, and to the seasons of the ecclesiastical year, and methodically arranged, the publication of them, in whole or in part, might doubtless prove highly gratifying to his surviving friends, who would prize them as an invaluable legacy. But of this gratification they are deprived by his own written prohibition. The same modesty which forbade the publication of any of these sermons in his lifetime, led him to make the restriction permanent. On this point, nothing is left to future contingency, or to the discretion of his friends. Some allusions to, or extracts from a few of the latest of his sermons, may be necessary by way of explanation or illustration. But beyond this, no liberty can be taken; and every thing else must remain under the seal of his prohibition.

V. There is yet another source from which the biographer will feel at liberty to draw the principal materials for the completion of his work. For testimonials of character, he is not under the necessity of relying on his own judgment. These are abundantly furnished under various forms, and by different hands, in sermons, in obituary notices, in the transactions of public and corporate bodies, and in the familiar correspondence of friends and brethren. They are all that can be desired; and these will be employed with entire freedom. It would be little better than false delicacy, to suppress such testimonials on account of their eulogistic or laudatory quality; for, after making every allowance for the partiality of friendship, and for the spontaneous overflowing of hearts recently smitten by a sudden and appalling calamity, the sentiments expressed by the several witnesses will be found to correspond so exactly with the whole tenor of the life of the deceased, that the adoption of them by the biographer cannot justly be imputed to the overweening influence of paternal affection.

From these materials the ensuing memoir is to be constructed. The work is begun in the fear of God, and with the humble and confiding hope that He will be graciously pleased to guide the hand, and strengthen the heart of his unworthy servant, by whom it is voluntarily undertaken, and enable him so to discharge this delicate and difficult office as to do justice to the memory of his departed son, as well as to satisfy the claims and expectations of his numerous surviving friends.

PARENTAGE AND FAMILY.

That some passages and allusions, in the ensuing memoir, may be rendered intelligible without further explanation, a brief notice of the parentage and family of the late WILLIAM CROSWELL may be necessary. His parents were both natives of Connecticut; his father, HARRY CROSWELL, having been born in West Hartford, and his mother, SUSAN SHERMAN, in New Haven. They had seven children, the third of whom, WILLIAM, was born in Hudson, N. Y., November 7, 1804. Neither of his parents was born or trained in the Church, having descended from Congregational ancestors; and, owing to the restrictions of that religious system, they were not baptized in their infancy. On their removal to Albany, however, in 1809, the father, who had spent several years as the editor and publisher of a literary and political journal, carefully examined the subject of the Christian ministry; and this examination led to his full conformity to the Episcopal Church, and he was baptized in St. Peter's Church, Albany, on Sunday, July 19, 1812. The mother and children were also baptized, on the 13th of June, 1813. The father soon became a candidate for holy orders, and was ordained to the office of deacon, by Bishop HOBART, in St. John's Church, New York, May 8, 1814. After spending a few months in charge of Christ Church, Hudson, he was called to the rectorship of Trinity Church, New Haven, and entered upon his duties in that parish January 1, 1815. He was subsequently admitted to the priesthood by Bishop GRISWOLD, acting as provisional Bishop of Connecticut. It was here that WILLIAM passed

HIS BOYHOOD.

On this period of his life it is not intended to dwell at large; and it is the less necessary, because his early traits of character were fully developed in his later and more mature years. In all these respects, it will be found that "the boy was father of the man." The same guileless simplicity — the same filial and dutiful affection — the same conscientious regard for the truth — the same benevolent disposition and amiable temper — the same admiration of the beautiful, in nature and art — the same fertile imagination and vivid train of thought — the same habit of indulging in pleasing anticipations — and, above all, the same devout spirit — which were seen budding in his childhood, burst into full bloom in his manhood, and constituted the abiding traits of his character in all his subsequent life. An incident is related in the commemorative sermon, alluded to in the Introduction, which is sufficient of itself to illustrate the peculiar transparency of his inmost thoughts: When a

child at school, he was called up by his master, and sharply reproved for talking. "No, sir," his answer was; "I was not talking, but I was just going to."

Books afforded him his favorite amusement; but in the selection of these books, he generally gave a preference to lyric and pastoral poetry, and to the rudiments of natural history. The Bible, however, was his choicest study; and having a retentive memory, the historical parts of the Old Testament, and the great leading principles of the New, became familiar to him in his earliest years. Whatever he read was never forgotten; and his aptness to learn proved a great advantage to him in

HIS EDUCATION.

He was never a hard student, but always a good scholar. He acquired knowledge, and mastered his lessons, with so much facility, that it seemed to cost him but little trouble; and it was often a matter of surprise to his fellow-students, that he was so ready in his recitations, without any appearance of laborious application. When the point was settled, that his elder brother SHERMAN and himself should prepare for entering Yale College, it was thought expedient to remove them, for a time, from the influence and contagion of the city; and hence a private family school was chosen, kept by the Rev. ELIJAH G. PLUMB, in a little hamlet situated in the centre of the town of East Haven, about four miles from the city. To this lonely place SHERMAN went a few months in advance of his brother; and the letters which he sent home he dated, at the suggestion of his preceptor, "Harmony Hall." This name was alone sufficient to awaken all WILLIAM's poetic fancies. It struck his ear with a most melodious sound. Harmony Hall! his imagination painted to him a rural paradise, surrounded with bowers and arbors, with trees, and shrubbery, and flowers! He was impatient to join his brother in this lovely place. At length, a certain Monday was fixed upon as the time when his father would accompany him thither. But his ardent spirit would brook no delay. He obtained permission to go on Saturday, and accordingly set off on foot and alone, cheerfully taking in his hand his little bundle of clothing. It was a solitary road, and he probably met few or none of whom to inquire the way. But coming to an elevated point, he descried before him some of the marks of a Connecticut village — the meeting house, the tavern, and the store. He passed by the church, a plain and humble structure of very small dimensions, and having nothing but its round-topped windows to denote its ecclesiastical character. He inquired of a young lad for the residence of Mr. PLUMB, and the house was readily pointed out to him. But, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he doubtless suspected that

the boy had been playing off a cruel joke. It was an ancient, dilapidated farm house, with a huge stack of stone chimneys in the centre, while either end drooped far below the level. Could this be Harmony Hall? How did his fond anticipations vanish, as he approached the door! But he had little time for reflection before he was surrounded by the resident boys, who, one and all, with a sly, significant leer, welcomed him to "Harmony Hall."

In this retired place, the two brothers, with some eight or ten other lads of their age, pursued the study of Latin and Greek. But their preceptor, however faithful he may have been in this branch of his instruction, did not confine himself entirely to the classics. He was an exemplary Christian, an intelligent and zealous Churchman, and a rigid disciplinarian; and he took every favorable opportunity for teaching his pupils the prominent lessons of the church to which they belonged.

On returning home, the two brothers were placed in a select school, kept by Mr. JOEL JONES, a graduate of Yale College, who, while pursuing his professional studies, employed himself in teaching. He was a young gentleman of superior scholarship and pleasing manners, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his pupils.* Under his tuition, SHERMAN and WILLIAM were well prepared for their college course; and at the commencement of 1818, they were both admitted to the freshman class of Yale College — SHERMAN being a few months under sixteen, and WILLIAM as much short of fourteen. It was by a singular oversight that WILLIAM was admitted at this time, as the rules of the college forbade the admission of any student under the age of fourteen. But his older brother, being smaller in stature, and being first questioned, having satisfied his examiners that he was of competent age, no question was asked with regard to the younger, and he was admitted upon the very natural supposition that he was the elder of the

* Of this gentleman, it is gratifying to find the following pleasant reminiscence in one of his pupil's letters, written after a lapse of some twenty years. In 1836, WILLIAM, having passed through his collegiate education and his theological course, and having held the rectorship of Christ Church, Boston, for several years, thus writes to his father: "I see, by the English papers, that the old veteran divine and scholar, VALPY, is dead. I feel as if I had lost a friend. I have been reviewing, of late, his Greek Grammar. It gave me a sort of home-sick feeling — it recalled so vividly those golden days of my childhood, when I was first thoroughly initiated into its mysteries, by a most faithful and excellent instructor, JOEL JONES, Esq. My pleasantest recollections are associated with those early days. Mr. JONES has since risen to great professional distinction in Pennsylvania; and when SHERMAN and I meet again, I intend to talk with him about sending some token that he still lives in our grateful remembrance." The professional distinction to which Mr. JONES had then risen led to his further elevation. He was advanced to the bench in one of the higher courts, and, for a time, held the office of mayor of the city of Philadelphia. Subsequently, he was elected to the presidency of Girard College, an office for which his superior literary attainments well qualified him.

two. On the same mistaken ground, the name of WILLIAM has always preceded that of SHERMAN on the printed catalogues of the college. While in college, they had the privilege, in common with all residents in the city, of boarding and lodging at home. This afforded them many comforts and advantages, though it often subjected them to serious inconvenience, from the length of the walk and the frequent inclemency of the weather. The morning prayer bell, during the shortest days of winter, preceded the dawn of day; but they were seldom or never tardy, either at prayers or recitation, and, in every respect, passed through their college life without reproach or censure. They sought but few acquaintances; but they formed some very intimate friendships, and these were warmly cherished, in every instance, until dissolved by death. In the latter part of their college life, the family suffered a very severe double affliction. GEORGE, an elder brother, aged nineteen, who had been residing for several years with his uncle, Dr. THOMAS O'HARA CROSWELL, at Catskill, was brought home in declining health, and, after a few months, died of pulmonary consumption; and his little sister, JANE, then about six years of age, in three months followed him to the grave. These heavy bereavements called forth, at a subsequent period, one of the most touching productions of WILLIAM's pen, which was first printed in the Episcopal Watchman, in 1827, under the title of

THE TWO GRAVES.

There is a struggle and a strife
  Within me, as I bid adieu
To all my household friends in life,
  And may not say the same to you,
But leave once more, dear kindred dead!
Your lowly tombs unvisited.

To leave unmarked the heaving waves
  Of that still burial ground,
Where four long years, above your graves,
  The thickened turf has bound;
And think that that rank-bladed sod
May ne'er again by me be trod.

But oftener shall my bosom yearn
  Toward your calm bed of ease,
And thither thought and feeling turn
  In their sad reveries;
And never shall that cherished spot
Be in my stricken heart forgot.

The chain of grief, time-drawn to length,
That binds me there to both,
Alas! it strengthens with my strength,
It groweth with my growth;
And, even now, my spirit sinks
To drag its still increasing links.

When thou wast called away, — the first
In burial as in birth, —
I thought thy parents' souls would burst
At thy return to earth,
And prayed to bear the grief alone,
Nor add their anguish to my own.

It was too much to feel my heart
So unprepared, my brother!
With thee in this vain world to part,
Or meet thee in another.
O, may my peace, like thine, be made
Ere my cold corse is near thee laid.

While yet we struggled to sustain
The drear, soul-sinking weight,
The fatal shaft was bent again
At us disconsolate,
And thou wast summoned next — the best,
The youngest, and the loveliest.

The seeds of visible decay
Were in thee from that hour,
And thenceforth thou didst pine away,
And wither like a flower.
O God! it was a grievous thing
To see thy bitter suffering.

Then came the poignancy of woe,
The acme of distress,
The pang which parents only know
When they are daughterless;
But still they struggled on, and still
Submitted to their Maker's will.

Now all that of thy form survives
Is at thy brother's side,
For ye were lovely in your lives,
And death did not divide;

And all that memory brings of thee
Is to my bosom agony.

The relics of thy golden hair,
Thy books and dresses gay,
Which it was joy to see thee wear
Upon a holiday —
These things, alas! now thou art gone,
It wrings my heart to look upon.

Sometimes thy silvery voice I hear
Where children are at play,
But dare not lift my eye for fear
The spell will melt away;
Too well I know the grave denies
Thy image to my waking eyes.

Still it has been to me a dear,
Though desperate, delight,
To meet thee in my dreams, and hear
Thee bless my sleeping sight;
And waking from those visions vain,
I've wept to dream them o'er again.

And yet, so pure, why should I weep
Thy early death, sweet child?
How might we hope on earth to keep
Thy spirit undefiled?
What but thy prompt departure hence
Could save thy angel innocence?

"Yes, when I see, beloved child!
The evil ways of men,
My soul is more than reconciled
To thy departure then;" *
And blessings flow to Him that died
That sinners might be sanctified.

* These four lines are distinguished by quotation marks, because they are cited, as will be perceived by the subjoined extract, not verbatim but in substance, and probably from memory, from a beautiful little poem, by Caroline Bowles, addressed "To a Dying Infant:" —

"I look around, and see
The evil ways of men;
And, O beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then."

Now thou art in the Spirit land,
With the holy and the blest,
Where the wicked cease to trouble, and
The weary are at rest;
And I am happy since I know
That thou wilt be forever so.

In carrying out the plan, already suggested, of permitting the subject of this Memoir to tell his own story, and, as far as practicable, in his own language, this may be deemed a suitable time for the introduction of some of the earlier specimens of his letter writing.

During a short college vacation in May, 1821, he made, with his brother SHERMAN, a visit to an uncle and other family relatives in West Hartford. Their return home is thus noted in their father's diary, under date of May 14, 1821: "SHERMAN and WILLIAM returned just at evening from West Hartford, having, during their absence, visited my sister at New Hartford, and formed an acquaintance with their cousins in both places. They walked home from Newington, to which place their cousin had brought them. The distance is over twenty-seven miles; and being unaccustomed to so long a walk, and having pushed on at the regular rate of three miles an hour, they were excessively fatigued. During the past week, I had received a joint letter from them, written at West Hartford on the Sunday evening previous. It gave me a flattering opinion of their talents for epistolary composition; and being the first which they had ever had an opportunity to write, I shall preserve it on my files."

This letter gives an account of their journey to Hartford by stage, and their walk, for the want of a better conveyance, to the residence of their uncle in West Hartford, a distance of five miles. They were encumbered with cloaks and budgets, and had some difficulty in finding their way. But, says SHERMAN, in his branch of the letter, "After much inquiry and fatigue, we at length arrived at a place, which from the *bridge*, the *hill*, and the *elm tree*, which we have so often heard of, we knew to be the land of our forefathers."

WILLIAM's branch of the letter is partially devoted to domestic relations, but not exclusively. He speaks of their going into the city to attend the ceremonies of the general election, which at that period were remarkable for their pageantry, and consisted in part of religious exercises: "I believe," he says, "I never saw so much bustle, parade, and nonsense, in all my life. The multitude of people was immense. A Mr. ——, (Presbyterian,) from ——, delivered the sermon, from I forget where, and I cannot refer to it very conveniently. His discourse was an hour and three quarters in length exactly, by the watch!" From this he turns to personal

things: "We have made but little progress in horsemanship, as we have had but little practice. We intend, however, to return experienced horsemen, as they have two fine, gentle horses. There has been but little pleasant weather, and some part of the time I have been quite homesick. . . . . I really wish I had a camera obscura here, for there is a most beautiful prospect from the top of the hill."

During the ensuing college vacation, in the autumn, the two brothers undertook another and much longer journey, and almost wholly on foot. Having sent their trunk forward by a private conveyance, they left home on Tuesday morning, and taking Litchfield, Canaan, Sheffield, and other intermediate towns on their route, arrived at Hudson, N. Y., on Saturday evening. This, for young pedestrians, was no small effort; but they seem to have been carried through, according to WILLIAM's account of the matter, without any harm. Thus he writes, from Hudson, Monday morning, October 8, 1821: "Dear Parents: I write to inform you that we are here, and neither sick nor any wise fatigued. . . . . We arrived on Saturday evening, about six o'clock, in good spirits, and conceiving ourselves to be thoroughly experienced in the pedestrian art. Of course, we have been five days in accomplishing our journey, and have averaged nearly twenty miles a day. During the whole route, we have rode but eight miles; yet our feet were not sore, neither were our hearts faint."

The young travellers, after visiting their friends in Catskill, proceeded down the river to New York, and from thence in a packet to their home in New Haven, where they arrived on the night of the 20th of October. They were now ready, on the commencement of the college term, to enter upon the last year of their academic life.

At this critical period, their father, feeling great solicitude for their future welfare, addressed to each of them a letter, dated February 2, 1822, earnestly urging them to an early attention to the subject of religion. And subsequently, on the 17th of July, after they had taken their final examination in college, and had been recommended for the bachelor's degree, he spent an evening with them in conversation on their future pursuits and prospects. He did not deem it his duty to exercise his authority in directing them in the choice of their profession. In his letter, he thus expresses himself on this subject: "It is true, that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you qualified and disposed to pursue the study of theology; and more especially, as it might be in my power to afford you greater facilities in this pursuit than in any other. But should this ever be your choice, let it be the unbiased dictate of your own heart and conscience. Either of the liberal professions will offer you opportunities for deep scientific and liter-

ary research, a taste for which, I hope, you will always sedulously cultivate. In either of these professions, or in the fine arts, you may, by assiduity and industry, through the divine blessing, arrive at a creditable degree of excellence. But be assured that you can do nothing well, nothing for your own present benefit or satisfaction, or for the promotion of your future welfare, without laying your foundation on the faith of the gospel, and a love of God and his holy precepts."

There is no evidence that this letter produced any special influence on the mind of either of the brothers. SHERMAN subsequently chose the profession of the law; while WILLIAM, though doubtless well qualified by his devout and serious turn of thought to enter upon theological studies, hesitated for a long time in his choice. His extreme diffidence and distrust of himself led him to shrink from the high responsibilities of such a profession. There was a constant struggle between his inclinations and his fears. He felt an ardent desire to prepare for the sacred office, but his convictions of duty were not sufficiently strong to overcome his natural want of confidence in his fitness; and it will be found, as we proceed in his personal narrative, that it was not until a later period that he had so far overmastered his scruples, as to present himself for confirmation.

Soon after their graduation, at the commencement of 1822, the two brothers opened a select school in New Haven, and received a competent number of pupils from their principal friends in the city. This, however, was not intended for a permanent occupation. SHERMAN entered the law school during the ensuing winter; and from this time, the two brothers, whose interests, pursuits, studies, amusements and diversions had hitherto been so intimately blended, were compelled, by the allotments of Providence, to part company, as it were, and pursue their way through life by different paths. It is true, that their fraternal attachment, which had always been exceedingly warm and affectionate, suffered no diminution by separation or distance. The old fountain of love and sympathy was stirred up afresh, as often as they met or exchanged sentiments by letter.

WILLIAM devoted much time to reading, always giving the preference to works of substantial value, such as the English classics and the standard poets. He seemed averse to tying himself down to any steady pursuit. This was not the effect of instability or fickleness, but arose from the fact that his heart refused all sympathy with secular concerns. He spent some time in travelling and visiting his friends, and occasionally sought some temporary employment; but wherever he might be, or however occupied, he found it impossible to divert his mind wholly from the one great object,

which was gradually working its influence upon his heart and conscience.

He commenced a journey, with his cousin E. S., to Catskill, on the 25th of June, 1823, the particulars of which we must gather from his letters: —

"New York, *Friday, June* 27, 1823.

"Dear Parents: The day on which we left New Haven was eventually clear, cool, and comfortable. The passage was as pleasant as a smooth sea, and good company, could make it. As the boat passed near the northern shore, there was a constant succession of picturesque prospects. Highland and lowland, huts and hedgerows, sandy banks and sunny meads, alternately presented themselves. . . . . Some half a dozen persons were taken on board at Stratford Point, which made the whole number about thirty, all of whom were polite and accommodating. The boat proceeded with the noise, as well as the velocity, of the cataract, and arrived at Byram Cove * about two o'clock. Our thirty passengers were here distributed into three vehicles. The one in which I rode was so crammed, that I expected we should all be melted into one mass before we reached our journey's end. Fortunately, however, we arrived here, in good health and spirits, about half past six. I am quite at home in our boarding house. It is a fine, spacious building, fronting the Battery; its situation commanding all the beauties of a water prospect, and enjoying all the benefits of wholesome air. In the evening, I attended the performance of Macbeth, at the theatre. The house was thin, and the actors, as I was informed, were not first rate. With me, however, the performance excited a deep interest, which was probably heightened by the novelty of the splendid decorations and dresses, and the beauty of the building."

This was, doubtless, the first theatrical performance that he ever witnessed, if we except certain dramatic exhibitions by the successive classes in Yale College. In these it would seem that he sometimes figured, both as author and actor. But the scenery and decorations of the stage were all new to him. The tragedy alone, however, was sufficient to satisfy his curiosity, and he left the theatre before the afterpiece was performed. On the following day, he went with

* Byram River, of which the Cove is the mouth, is twenty-eight miles from the city of New York, and forms the boundary between the states of Connecticut and New York. The steamboats owned by independent companies were compelled to stop and land their passengers at this point, in compliance with a law of the state of New York, giving to Robert Fulton, Esq., for a term of thirty years, the exclusive right of navigating the waters of the state with steam vessels. This restriction was afterwards removed by the United States Court, and the navigation left open and free to all.

his cousin to see *Peale's Court of Death*, and the view of *Versailles*, at the Rotunda. They also visited the Museum, which, at that day, made up the sum of sight seeing in New York. They next proceeded on their way to Catskill; and, from his account of the matter, we learn what a formidable affair it must have been to make a voyage on the river in the packets, which then afforded the only comfortable conveyance between New York and the towns below Albany: —

"Catskill, *Monday, June* 30, 1823.

"Dear Parents: We embarked in the 'Shakspeare' on Friday evening. The weather was foul, but the wind fair. It only continued long enough, however, to carry us some twenty or thirty miles during the night. The next day, with light and heavy breezes alternately, we reached Newburg, and, on the succeeding morning, were within twenty-five miles of Catskill; but a brisk north-wester prevented our arrival till five o'clock, P. M. The passage has been pleasant, the packet pretty, the captain civil, the company capital."

We now pass on to the ensuing year. Early in 1824, his uncle, Dr. Thomas O'H. Croswell, one of the principal physicians in the village of Catskill, N. Y., kindly proposed to receive him into his office, and give him every facility for studying his own profession. Could he have reconciled himself to the idea of preparing for a profession for which he had no taste or inclination, he might have considered this as a most advantageous offer. To reject it, without due reflection, would have been ungracious. He therefore, without positively declining, merely stated some reasons for hesitating in his decision. This called forth a more urgent letter from his uncle, expressing his regret at this hesitation, and a hope that he might still be able to overcome his aversion. He now felt bound to decline the offer altogether. He was doubtless unwilling to devote his time to the study of any other profession than that for which he was evidently destined; but he may have had special grounds of aversion to the medical profession. He was once induced to attend a lecture at the Medical College in New Haven, when it so happened that anatomy was the theme, and a subject was placed on the table for dissection. He was horror-stricken, and, after a fainting turn, came home pale and trembling. This extreme nervous sensibility, and delicacy of feeling, were his abiding characteristics to the end of his life.

Having disposed of this offer, he next received an application from another quarter, and of a very different nature. In the autumn following, his cousin, Edwin Croswell, Esq., editor of the Albany Argus, inquired of him what were his engagements, and what disposition he proposed to make of himself, in case he should

not engage in professional study. This inquiry was followed by the proposal, that he should spend the remainder of the fall and winter in Albany, and, without making any very definite arrangement, should assist his cousin, either in the legislature or in the editorial arrangements; while he might, in the mean time, devote some leisure to the study of law. This was considered as a flattering proposal; and as it did not bind him to any definite action for the future, he consented, by the advice of his parents, to accept it. Accordingly, after some necessary detention, on the evening of the 8th of November, he took his departure in the steamboat for New York, from whence he was to proceed to Albany. He took the earliest opportunity to announce his arrival: —

"Albany, *Wednesday Evening, November* 11, 1824.

"My dear Father: The new scenes which have been constantly presenting themselves, since I left New Haven, have not so completely dissipated my mind as to render me entirely unable to collect my thoughts sufficiently to give you some account of them. I feel indeed that it requires some effort to write; but it would require a still greater to be silent. Our passage to New York was as pleasant as rapid sailing and good company could make it; the number of passengers being small and select, so that the arrangements with respect to berths, &c., were unusually commodious. We left the wharf about the gray of the evening, and arrived in New York at two in the morning. As soon as it was light, I had my trunk transported to the Olive Branch, which sailed at ten o'clock. . . . . We passed the Highlands by daylight; and although it was a dismal, rainy day, I thought their appearance was never more imposing. The passengers were here likewise few, and the accommodations were indifferently good. We went as rapidly as steam could draw wood through the water, and reached this place about daybreak this morning."

His cousin received him cordially, and had already engaged board and lodgings for him at a pleasant boarding house, where he had two law students for his roommates. It was now suggested to him that he would be expected to report the debates in one of the branches of the legislature, and assist the editor in arranging the miscellany of the Argus. It was also proposed that he should enter his name as a law student in the office of a friend of his cousin. The latter proposal was not complied with; and we shall learn, from his next communication, how soon the whole arrangement was relinquished. He addressed a letter to his father, on the 20th of November, in which he speaks of his employment as taking occasional memoranda of the legislative debates; and this occupied so little of his time, that his hands are left "full of leisure." He represents his cousin

as kind and attentive, his boarding house snug and comfortable, his roommates pleasant and agreeable; and yet he confesses that all these circumstances are not sufficient to protect him from what he calls "the *hyp.*" He felt, unquestionably, that "aching void," from which nothing could relieve him but the ONE THING for which his spirit was panting. He expresses a strong desire to return home; a measure to which, he says, he is doubly induced, by judgment as well as inclination. He seems to feel, for the moment, as if necessity were laid upon him to pursue the study of the law. On this subject he says, "I begin to grow uneasy at the thoughts of suspending my professional pursuits any longer. I have spent time enough in the pleasures of desultory study. I do not, however, regret that they have detained me from an earlier application to the law — 'not taking thought,' as Milton says, 'of being late, so it gives advantage to be more fit.' . . . . As an auxiliary to Edwin, my stay is of no sort of consequence. He would regret to have me leave Albany, but wishes me to consult solely my own advantage, which, I am confident, I should do by retracing my course to New Haven."

He speaks in this letter of the old rectory house, in which he had spent a portion of his childhood, as looking perfectly natural. "We were shown," he says, "into the back room opposite the library, in which the stove and piano were precisely of the same pattern with ours." The remainder of this letter is filled up with pleasant gossip, and with some political hints and reflections which would be neither seasonable nor profitable at this day, and concludes with this salutation: "Give my affectionate remembrances to the whole circle of relatives and friends, 'one by one, according to the scrip.'"

To this communication he soon received a hearty response from his father, and also from his brother SHERMAN, who playfully assured him that he would be met "while a great way off," (at the end of Long Wharf,) and received in all respects according to the parable. He arrived at home on the evening of the 5th of December.

During the ensuing year, 1825, which he spent chiefly at home, much of his time was given to reading; but he probably made but little progress in his law books. He never thought seriously of pursuing the law as a profession, and evidently took no interest in the study. He cherished his passion for poetry; and it is supposed that some of the most interesting and popular juvenile productions of his pen were written at this period. The following fragment, under date of 1824, is found among his loose manuscripts; and being in his own handwriting, and without quotation marks, it is to be presumed that it may have been his *first*, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, his *last* attempt at blank verse. It shows he devout turn of his mind at this period: —

Lord of the Sabbath, hear me — even Thou
In the beginning who didst consecrate
A meet proportion of the new-born time
To thy perpetual service, to assist
The deep infirmities of mortal kind;
Blessing the seventh day and hallowing it
As a memorial of thine own repose
From thy creative labors, and a pledge
And presage of the glorious rest eterne
Remaining for the Israel of God.
Here let me worship, as the Hebrew did,
In the serene of yon deep vault, ere Thou,
Half veiled within the tabernacle bright,
Made thy pavilion in the wilderness,
Amid the long, white avenues of tents.
The world's great Fathers, in those primal days,
Drowned in the abyss of ages which have been,
Made each high hill their altar. Happy they
Who met together, at this holy hour,
Beneath some mountain palm, the place of prayer,
Ere temple rose, or oratory cool
Was built fast by the sea or river side. . . . .
1824.

But he had no ambition to see his writings in print; and until he became, afterwards, a joint editor of the Episcopal Watchman, very few, if any, of them found their way to the press. An incident may here be mentioned, to show that, while his thoughts were ready to flow in poetic numbers, he had no desire to see them perpetuated by publication. He was invited, by the corporation of the city, to deliver an oration, as a part of the public exercises of the 4th of July. To a youth of twenty years, this was considered as a high compliment; and he was unwilling to refuse. But dreading the idea of writing a prose oration, on an occasion which had been so often celebrated in this way, and having no hope of giving any thing like an air of novelty to the subject, he proposed to substitute a poem. This offer was readily accepted. The poem consisted of several hundred lines, and contained some brilliant passages, and was considered, as a whole, very creditable to the author. He was requested, in terms sufficiently flattering, to furnish a copy for publication; but though he had so far overcome his natural diffidence as to deliver it with considerable animation and fluency, he could not be persuaded to give it to the press. This poem is probably lost, as no trace of it can be found among his papers. He doubtless destroyed it, lest it might, at some future time, be drawn from its concealment, and exposed to the public eye. This would have been in accordance with his general views, in respect

to the publication of his writings, as expressed in the restriction already mentioned in the Introduction.

How much of his juvenile poetry may have met, first or last, with a similar fate, it is impossible to tell. A few of his early productions have been recovered, through the kindness of his friends and correspondents. Some, especially those of a serious or devotional cast, were subsequently transferred to the columns of the Episcopal Watchman; and others may have found their way into the periodicals of the day. If any have been suppressed, they are doubtless those of a lighter character. He sometimes indulged, by way of amusement, in strains of pleasantry and wit; but as he had no ambition to shine as a facetious writer, he probably took no pains to preserve copies of productions of this nature. It is not known at what time the following was written. Though bearing date February, 1820, it was communicated to his cousin E. S. at a much later period. He ascribes it to an imaginary character, Mister Peter Pattieson, whom he calls his "late lamented classmate," and affects to be reminded of it by hearing the chapel bell in the morning, while on a visit to New Haven. He begs his cousin to be very particular about showing it to any body, lest it might be supposed that he had some hand in the composition — assuring her that "*the Rowley papers are not more genuine!*"

THE CHAPEL BELL.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A LATE POOR SCHOLAR.

"The chapel bell with grief they heard,
The dinner bell with glee."
Old Song.

Dan Chaucer, in my dreaming ear
Methinks thou reasonest well —
"What jingleth in the wind so clear
As doth a chapel bell?"
The tongue, that once roused holy clerk
To lauds and primes, is still,
In college towers, as hard at work —
As lively and as shrill.

That chapel bell no ear forgets
That once its voice has known,
And way of turning somersets
Peculiarly its own:
Hark! how they follow round and round,
And oft in silence dance,
As if, for very joy, the sound
Had lost its utterance!

Alas! old chapel bell, to me,
Whose precious dreams are broke
By these remains of Popery,
Thy jargon is no joke!
I've mixed too much with Protestants,
And trust I ever shall,
To relish these monastic haunts,
And hours canonical.

No hooded monks, 'tis true, meet there,
O'er shrine of martyred saint;
But martyrs we to drowsy prayer,
As lamps burn dim and faint.
As prayers grow dull and lights grow dim,
More dull and faint grow we,
Till we might well recite the hymn,
"Usque quo, Domine!"

And duller yet that scene of gloom
Where students stretch and yawn,
Pent up in recitation room
An hour before the dawn;
Well may the cheek with blushes glow,
To think of wrongs then done
Thy injured shade, O Cicero!
And thine, O Xenophon!

A fig for all the silly talk
Of early matin prayers,
Of long and lone suburban walk,
And bracing morning airs;
If stomachs are unbreakfasted,
The case can scarce be worse;
And if as empty is the head,
'Tis sure a *double* curse.

I'll bless my stars, which shine so bright,
When I shall be no more
Compelled to rise by candlelight,
But vote it all a bore.
I'll laugh as I have never laughed,
Nor dread the coming ill
Of meeting some protested draft
Of monitorial bill.

O, how I grudge that graduate's luck
Who has of sleep his fill,

And snores like Captain Clutterbuck,
Released from morning drill.
He rises not at tuck of drum,
Nor with the daybreak gun,
Nor always, it is said by some,
With winter's tardy sun.

Like him, these summons I'll deride,
Draw closer down my cap,
And, turning on my other side,
Resume my morning nap.
I'll linger for a richer tone,
Till in the breakfast bell
I feel, and with the poet own,
Thy touch, Ithuriel! *

From the collections of a friend, another specimen of his early poetry may be given. A ballad, without date, bearing the title of "New Haven," appears to have been written under the influence of some old college reminiscences, and is exceedingly picturesque and graphic. Parts of the ballad, however, must be omitted; as there are some ludicrous incidents alluded to, which, though suitable enough for a passing satire, it would be hardly fair to perpetuate. The lines seem to have been suggested by seeing a colored engraving of the centre of the city in a shop window.

A window in a picture shop; it brought all back to me
The churches and the colleges, and each familiar tree;
And, like a sunlit emerald, came glancing out between
Its pretty, snow-white palisades, the verdure of "the Green."

O, could I write an Ode, like Gray's, "upon a distant view
Of Eton College,"—could I draw the pictures that he drew,—
How would the pleasant images that round my temple throng
Live in descriptive dactyls, and look verdantly, in song.

"*Tres* faciunt collegium," each jurist now agrees;
Which means, in the vernacular, "a college made of *trees*;"
And, "bosomed high in tufted boughs," yon venerable rows
The maxim in its beauty and its truth alike disclose.

Not so when, lit with midnight oil, the casements in long line,
Where more is meant than meets the eye, like constellations shine;
And, "alma mater like," the kine, from dairy fields astray,
Make every passage where they pass a sort of milky way.

. . . . .

* "Ithuriel's whisper in the breakfast bell."
N. P. Willis.

And on the green and easy slope where those proud columns stand,
"In Dorian mood," with academe and temple on each hand,
The football and the cricket match upon my vision rise,
With all the clouds of classic dust kicked in each other's eyes.

I see my own dear mother Church, that warned me from my sin,
The walls so Gothic all without, so glorious all within,
And, emblem of that ancient faith her hallowed courts that fills,
Reared from the adamantine rock, "the everlasting hills."

O, could the vista of my life but now as bright appear
As when I first through Temple Street looked down thine espalier,
How soon to thee, my early home, would I once more repair,
And cheer again my sinking heart with my own native air!

1826.

We now come to an eventful year, 1826, when, having passed his minority, and taken due counsel, and sought divine direction, he became fixed in his purposes, and, turning away from all other pursuits, resolved to devote himself to the study of a profession, for which he was, in all respects, peculiarly fitted. He made a full disclosure to his father of his doubts, difficulties, and misgivings; but with all his fear and trembling, he felt such trust in the help of his heavenly Father, that he no longer hesitated in his decision. Arrangements were accordingly made for his entering the General Theological Seminary in New York; and at the opening of the term in the ensuing autumn, he became a member of that institution. Under date of October 17 and 18, 1826, he writes as follows: "I am here safe in the seminary house, after a most delightful passage. I counted about thirty passengers at table on board the Hudson, and exchanged a word with one or two of them. . . . At half past nine, when the boat was just opposite the revolving light at Stratford, I clambered up, and laid myself to rest on the upper shelf, spending the remainder of the night in that comfortable kind of repose vulgarly called dog sleep. At half past three, some of the passengers might have reported themselves where Milton has placed his Death and Sin, "fast by Hell Gate;"* and in another hour we were at our place of destination. I felt grateful to Him who is the Preserver, as well as the Maker of men, when it was so;

* So this rugged pass was usually called, instead of Hurl Gate.

for the tremendous and incessant rumble of the engine made me aware of my own insignificance, and the awful agency within whose reach I lay. I could also hear the waves gush and gurgle against the side of the boat; and a sense of my insecurity occurred to me, with the reflection that but a few planks separated my berth from the billows. I rose at five, while the moon was yet shining, and had a fine opportunity to see the morning gradually open upon the harbor of New York. At half past six I started for Tripler's, and arrived there in time for breakfast. I delivered my letters, found M. and Y., and spent most of the day in unpacking and arranging my books. I was not much surprised to find that the students all room in couples; and as there was but one vacancy at present, I have Hobson's choice both as to room and roommate. In the latter respect, I believe I am fortunate. His name is A——. He is in the third year; his experience probably will be worth something; and his manners seem to be gentlemanly and accommodating. Ours is a back room, high, small, and quiet. I understand that this arrangement, with regard to apartments, is merely temporary. In a few weeks, I expect to go in with one of my own class, probably G. . . . (18th.) Attended the Convention. The bishop's address was interesting, and disclosed a wonderful amount of episcopal labors. No less than nineteen hundred and forty persons have received confirmation from this prelate in the course of his last visitation. . . . To-morrow I shall call on Dr. TURNER and the professors of the institution. I doubt not that I shall like both the mode of life and the fashion of study. I am gratified with the prospect of renewing academical pursuits, and hope the transition from the study of human to that of divine law will be the period from which I may date my years of usefulness."

This letter was immediately followed by another, under date of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of October. He speaks of repeated attacks of "excessive bleeding at the nose," for which he was obliged to call in medical aid. This complaint gave him a great deal of trouble, from time to time, in after years, and may have been indicative of the disease that finally caused his death. Having delivered his letter of introduction to Professor TURNER, he expresses himself in terms of great respect and esteem, and says, "I am much interested in the manner of recitation and instruction. The exercises open with prayer; the students then translate passages by turns, and expound and explain, with such comments, doctrinal, critical, and practical, as they can collect. These are corrected and completed by the professor."

His next letter is under date of October 23, in which, in addition to his accustomed allusions to domestic matters, he says, "This morning I shifted my location to one of the most eligible rooms in our boarding house. I anticipate much enjoyment from the society

of my class and roommate, Mr. G——, an amiable young gentleman, from one of the most respectable families in Maryland, and who has been a disciple of Mr. Justice Blackstone about the same length of time with myself. As Falstaff says, 'Would you desire better sympathy?' . . . Professor Moore has not been well enough to resume the recitations in Hebrew since I have been here, but is expected to commence again to-morrow. I have reason to hope it will thrive vigorously under my cultivation, if there be any truth in Butler's adage, that

——"Hebrew roots are always found
To flourish best on barren ground;"

which I take the trouble to repeat myself, for the express purpose of depriving the squire of that malicious pleasure. Remember, and pray for yours always, W. Croswell."

His letters follow each other almost daily; but they are chiefly occupied with private and family concerns. From one, however, of the 30th of October, a playful passage may be cited: "We are yet in the very rudiments of the Hebrew, and our advances are perfectly snail-like and imperceptible. If Professor Moore was not one of the most mild and unassuming men of learning in the world, he could never tolerate the stammering and blundering of such full-grown novitiates in the Hebrew horn book. But he is *Clement* by nature, as well as by name. It is related of Hutchins, that he once indulged his disposition for pleasantry by playfully translating a passage of Scripture, 'I love Clement C. Moore (*clemency more*) than sacrifice.'"

During his father's absence from home, while attending the General Convention in Philadelphia, he addressed his letters to other members of the family. To his mother, under date of November 6, he says, "Bishop Hobart held a sort of convocation of all the members of the seminary, at his house, last Thursday evening. He treated us with great affability and kindness, and I returned much gratified with the visit. His late charge to the convention, entitled 'The High Churchman vindicated,' was this day published by the Swords; and I have already wrapped up and directed a copy to the home department."

It is pleasant to record this unaffected tribute to Bishop Hobart, and especially in connection with a publication which probably contributed, more than any thing else, to settle and confirm this young candidate for the sacred ministry in those sound views of church policy which he carried with him to his grave.

His next letters are addressed to his brothers, Sherman and Frederick, and are enlivened with his usual pleasantry: "My locks have just been shorn by that prince of haircutters, S——;

but I cannot perceive that my strength is a jot abated. If you wish to visit New York, wait till your hair is long, and let S—— do the business. He has made his fortune by it, and ranks it among the higher sciences. He seats you, on a seat like a music stool, before a large mirror, and, standing unmoved himself, he twirls you round, till every quarter of the cranium comes under his comb and scissors. During the operation, he discourses like an oracle on phrenology, and the manner in which the hair is to be adjusted to compensate for any disproportion of the features. As my visage is long, he advises to wear it flat on the forehead, to aid the defect of breadth! and yet I have not fallen away in flesh since I left home. If engaged, he turns your attention to the paintings with which the room is adorned, and talks as scholarly and technically about the art as any connoisseur. 'That,' for instance, 'is either a Rubens or Correggio; critics are not agreed. If it is a Rubens, it was done when he tinted highly, and imitated Correggio, as was the case when he studied in Italy,' &c. He was pleased to compliment me on my taste for the fine arts. I might have told him, I was no great judge myself, but that I had a brother who went about judging."

In a later letter, he gives a graphic description of the new seminary house, which was then in progress of building. To those now acquainted with its condition, and the full-built streets around it, the change in about twenty-five years will seem marvellous: "We found the edifice in a beautifully-sheltered and secluded spot, within a stone's throw of the North River. It is built of irregular stone, and shows through the trees like a genuine antique; turrets, buttresses, battlements, heavy Gothic casements, and all that sort of thing, conspiring to give it the air of 'cloistered solitude.' We shall probably take possession of it early in the spring."

This anticipation, so far as he was concerned, was never realized. In his last letters from the seminary, he discloses the fact of his having frequent ill turns, speaks despondingly of his general health, and expresses some doubts as to the expediency of remaining at the seminary. To this his father replies, under date of November 23, 1826, "With regard to your continuance at the seminary, I wish to leave it entirely to your unbiased judgment and inclination. If an important advantage is to be gained by it; if you can acquire *there* knowledge which is essential, and which cannot be acquired elsewhere in the same time; and if, every thing considered, you think it best, I wish you by all means to stay. You need not, in this case, regard any sacrifice which I may make in a pecuniary point of view; for you may rest assured that it will be made most cheerfully. My desire is, that you should fit yourself for that usefulness which your talents encourage you to strive for; and in whatever way this can best be promoted, I leave you freely to decide. Wherever you are, and under whatever circumstances you pursue your

studies, be careful to cherish that spirit of piety and devotion without which learning and talents will avail nothing; and look forward to your profession as a scene of arduous labor, not to be rewarded in this world except by the answer of a good conscience, and that peace of God which passeth understanding, and which the world can neither give nor take away."

Finding no permanent improvement of his health, and being threatened with a fever, he was advised by his physician to return home, and relinquish his studies, at least until after the ensuing Christmas vacation. This advice was reluctantly followed, but evidently not too soon for his benefit. He was much debilitated, and required the peculiar care which he could not expect in a large boarding house, though his roommate was exceedingly kind and attentive. He soon recovered his strength, and, on the festival of Christmas, was able to attend the church in which he was nurtured, and had the privilege of receiving the holy communion, for the first time, at the hands of his father.

At this period, another change, not of his own seeking, awaited him. The Churchmen of Connecticut were desirous of establishing, at the seat of the new college in Hartford, a weekly journal, as the exponent of the principles and views of the Church; and our young candidate for holy orders was selected, and earnestly solicited, by the bishop, who was then president of the college, as well as the professors and other resident clergymen, to leave the seminary, and, while still pursuing his theological studies, to assume, jointly with Professor Doane, the editorial management of this paper. This offer was doubtless designed to hold out many advantages; but his father, who knew experimentally the vexations and troubles of an editorial life, fearing it might overtask the powers both of his body and his mind, very naturally objected to the plan. These objections, however, were overruled; and early in the ensuing year, he accepted the offer, and removed to Hartford.

1827.

His correspondence, at this period, relates chiefly to personal matters, to his preparations for commencing the new paper, and to his pleasant relations with the associate editor. He writes with great vivacity, and indulges occasionally in his native vein of pleasantry; but he is never for a moment forgetful of the obligations of his Christian profession. Under date of March 3, he writes, "I have, a second time, received the holy sacrament of the body

and blood of Christ, and desire your prayers that I may receive the full benefit of his atonement, and be prepared to meet him with joy."

Of the friendship contracted by this editorial arrangement, no one can speak so truly and so feelingly as Bishop (then Professor) DOANE himself. This is the language of his commemorative sermon: "It was in 1826 that our intimate relations commenced; and man has never been in closer bonds with man than he with me, for five and twenty years. A letter from him to a mutual friend, the witness and the sharer of our earliest years of happiness, brings down the tokens of his unswerving confidence and perfect love within the latest fortnight of his life. . . . Our intercourse was intimate at once, and we never had a feeling or a thought to part us."

The paper of which he was to assume the joint editorship was entitled THE EPISCOPAL WATCHMAN; and after some unavoidable delay, the first number was issued on the 26th of March, 1827. From this time, his aversion to seeing his productions in print was, of course, removed; and he not only brought to light some of the effusions of his pen, which had thus far been concealed from the public eye, and confined exclusively to private hands, but he furnished for each successive number of the paper, besides his due proportion of prose articles, some poetical contributions. Among these, a series of Sonnets, under the signature of ASAPH, will take the first place in our selections. The following appeared in the first number: —

O Thou, whom slumber reacheth not, nor sleep,
  The guardian God of Zion, in whose sight
  A thousand years pass like a watch at night,
Her battlements and high munitions keep,
  Or else the WATCHMAN waketh but in vain.
Him, in his station newly set, make strong,
  And, in his vigils, vigilant; sustain
His overwearied spirit, in its long
And lonely round from eve till matin song;
  And of Thy charge remind him, "Watch and pray."
So, whether coming at the midnight bell,
  Or at cock crowing, or at break of day,
Thou find him faithful, and say, "All is well,"
How rich is the reward of that true sentinel!

"Could it have been any better, or any different," asks Bishop DOANE, in his commemorative discourse, "if he had been premonished of his course through life, or if he had written it on the day on which his life was closed?"

The following Sonnet was next in order, and appeared near the close of the Lenten season : —

LENT.

The holy Lenten time is now far spent;
And from the muffled altars, every where,
Full many a warning voice has bid prepare
The Lord's highway, and cried aloud, Repent!
And be your hearts, and not your garments, rent;
And turn unto the Lord your God with prayer.
Not, as aforetime, are the contrite sent
To sackcloth, ashes, and the shirt of hair,
Or knotted thong; but consciences laid bare,
And lowly minds, and knees in secret bent,
And fasts in spirit, mark the penitent.
Let not the broken hearted, then, despair;
The sighs of those who "worthily lament"
Their sins reach Heaven, and are accepted there.

The next evidently points to his own conformity to the instituted rites of his Church : —

CONFIRMATION.

The white-stoled Bishop stood amid the crowd,
Novitiates all, who, tutored to revere
The mitre's holy offices, drew near,
And, after sins renounced and pledges vowed,
Pale with emotion and religious fear,
In meek subjection, round the chancel, bowed,
To hallowed hands, that o'er them, one by one,
Fell with a Prelate's thrilling benison.
Thou, who canst make the loadstone's touch impart
An active virtue to the tempered steel,
O, let *Thy* hand rest on them, till they feel
A new-born impulse stirring in the heart,
And, swinging from surrounding objects free,
Point with a tremulous confidence to Thee.

The Sonnets, with one or two exceptions, are devotional, and adapted to sacred occasions. Even when he stoops to apostrophize an humble flower, his thoughts rise intuitively to heavenly musings. Here we have a striking example : —

TO THE HEPATICA TRILOBA,

FOUND IN MARCH.

Why liftest thou, so premature, thy head
  Amid the withered waste, pale flower? Say, why
  Dost thou, alone and desolate, defy
The year, yet unconfirmed, while there is shed
No wholesome dew upon thy leaf-strewn bed,
  All choked and matted, but the frost wind's sigh
  Is heard, at eve, thy chill slope rustling by?
Hast thou forgot thy time, or dost thou spread
  Thy sweet leaves to the air, and smiling wave
'Mid blasted verdure, like the garland shed
  By fond affection, o'er the early grave,
To breathe its bloom around the youthful dead?
  Short be *their* sleep in dust as thine, fair flower;
  So wake to life and joy when past their wintry hour!

In the following he affects the style and orthography of some of the older English poets. Whatever may be objected to this, as a matter of taste, it must be admitted that it throws no obscurity over the devout sentiments inculcated; nor does it interrupt the characteristic smoothness and easy flow of his versification.

INFANT BAPTISM.

Howe heavenlie an inheritance is thine,
  Sweet babe! whom yon baptismal groupe present,
  Nowe that the consecrating elemente
Hathe bathed thie forehead, and the crucial signe
Is as a frontlet bounde between the eyne,
  In token that hereafter thou shalt be
A faithfull soldier in the cause divine,
  And, in thie triple warfare, manfullie
Beneath the banner of the Crosse shalt fighte.
If Christe himself so tenderlie invite
  The little children to his heavenlie fold,
They mocke his ordinance, and doe despite
  Unto his highe beheste, who dare withholde
Or yet delaye the pure, regenerating rite.

WASHINGTON (NOW TRINITY) COLLEGE.

"In after days shall come heroic youth,
Warm from the school of glory." With a pride
I quote thy high prediction, Akenside,
In joyous hope to realize its truth,
Ere envious Time print his undainty tooth
Upon these sombre walls, which then descried
'Mid groves that half develop and half hide,
Shall haply stay some loiterer by the flow
Of Hart's sweet waves, that gladden as they glide
By wooded steep, green bank, and margin low,
Till o'er his soul float up in classic dream
The long-lost image of the Portico,
The Sophist's seat, fast by Ilyssus' stream,
Lyceum's green retreats, and walks of Academe.

TO A WINGED FIGURE BY RAPHAEL.

Whether thou gazest up to some far isle
In the star-sprinkled depths above, where live
The race from whom thou art a fugitive,
Unseen, unheard from, for a dreary while;
Or whether seeking to restrain the smile
That rises to thy lips, thy fingers strive
To hide what eyes so bold and bright contrive;
Or whether meditating good or guile,
Thou restest on thine arm contemplative —
Are problems deeper than the thought can dive.
But if thy breast be not a holy pile,
Where nought unclean hath entered to defile,
Then Heaven forgive thee, false one! and forgive
That I should trifle with a theme so vile.

CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

PAINTED BY DUNLAP.

If thou wouldst fortify thy young belief,
Christian disciple, read with anxious look
The pictured comment on the holy book,
That tells the sufferings of thy chosen Chief,
Nor let the look be single, neither brief:

That tortured eye, and countenance so meek,
So mild, and yet majestical, bespeak
The Man of Sorrows, intimate with grief.
From him learn how divinity could lend
A dignity to suffering, nor disdain
Art's utmost effort in one face to blend
Immortal fortitude with mortal pain;
And let not faith despise the aid of sense,
Nor spurn the "pencil's mute omnipotence."

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

Though it were eminence enough to be
Enrolled among the apostolic few,
Who, at their Master's call, devotedly
Went forth his self-denying work to do,
This is not all *thy* praise, Bartholomew;
Thou for such fellowship wast set apart
By One who saw thee from afar, and knew
Thy spirit undefiled and void of art.
And still the portrait which thy Savior drew
Bears record to thy singleness of heart.
For wide as Gospel tidings have been spread
Throughout all tongues, o'er continent and isle,
Shall this memorial to thy worth be read —
"An Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

THE KNELL.

Not e'en thy heavenly and harmonious swell,
Calling to Sabbath worship with a sound
From tower to tower reverberated round,
Can with my spirit harmonize so well
As that sad requiem, melancholy bell!
Which with unvaried cadence, stern and dull,
Tolls for the burial of the beautiful.
There is a potent and a thrilling spell
In every solitary stroke, to start
Long-cherished thoughts from memory's inmost cell,
And deep affections; while each warning tone
That rests, 'mid solemn pauses far apart,
Like drops of water dripping on a stone,
Cheerless and ceaseless, wears into the heart.

SAINT MATTHEW.

Renouncing a vocation so abhorred,
  Uncertain riches and the lust of gain,
How blest it were, commanded by the Lord,
  While yet he passes by, to join his train,
And taking up his cross, to walk like thee!
  Nor be the power of those examples vain
Which thine own sacred registries record;
But written for our learning may they be,
Read, marked, discerned, digested inwardly,
  Until we see the path of duty plain,
Embrace the truth, and ever hold it fast,
And pressing onward, daily self-surpassed,
  By comfort of that holy word, attain
The same eternal promises at last.

SAINT LUKE.

Blessed Physician! from thy ancient scroll
  Can we not draw some wholesome medicine
  To heal the heart that sickens with its sin,
And cure the deep distemper of the soul?
Is there no balm in Gilead, to make whole
  The bruised and broken spirit, and within
  The bleeding bosom stanch the wound, and win
The stubborn malady to its control?
Blessed Physician! happy is thy dole,
  Whose praise hath in the Gospel ever been;
For thou wast *His* disciple who could bring
  Help to the helpless on their bed of pain,
  And from the gates of double death again
Restore the hopeless in their languishing.

THE KNOT.

Holy and happy be the wedded pair,
  Who, typifying here the solemn rite
  To which the Bridegroom and his Church invite
The good in heaven hereafter, hope to share
The glories of his great espousal there —
  They, when he cometh at the dead of night
In triumph with the Spirit and the Bride,

Shall go to meet him, with their odorous light
Well trimmed and burning steadily and bright,
And entering in together, side by side,
In wedding garments robed of purest white,
And crowns of gold, and waving boughs of palm,
Sit down among the hosts beatified,
Guests at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

CHRISTMAS.

O, haste the rites of that "auspicious day,
When white-robed altars, wreathed in living green,
Adorn the temples," and half hid, half seen,
The priest and people emulously pay
Glad homage, with the festal chants between;
And aisles and arches echoing back the strain,
The sylvan tapestry around is stirred;
And voices sweeter than the song of bird
Are resonant within the leafy fane.
If, in the fadeless foliage gathered there,
Pale nature has so bright an offering,
Where all beside is withered, waste, and bare,
What lively tribute should our spirits bring
To beautify, O Lord, thy holy place of prayer?

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

"The disciple whom Jesus loved."
Gospel for the Day.

O highly favored, unto whom 'twas given
To lay thy hand upon the golden keys
That ope the empyrean mysteries,
And all the bright apocalypse of heaven!
Sweet solace of thy sorrowing soul, when driven
Into its island banishment alone.
Thy rapturous spirit has been long at rest,
Partaker of the glories then foreshown,
And knowing even as thy thoughts were known.
And if to bide His baptism be the test,
And drink the cup peculiarly His own,
Then thou hast gained thy mother's fond request,
And, stationed near the everlasting throne,
Shalt lean once more upon thy Savior's breast.

WINTER.

The moon and stars light up their wintry fire;
And kindling with a lustre more intense,
As if to quell the frosty influence
Which wraps the world in its unstained attire,
They draw our spirits heavenward to admire.
Nor them alone. For in the marbled sky
Ten thousand little snow-white cloudlets lie,
In fleecy clusters ranged from east to west,
Which meet the toil-worn swain's exalted eye,
As when he sees upon the upland's breast
His own unspotted flock at silent rest,
With all their new-born mountain lambkins by,
And to his meditative mind recall
The mighty Shepherd that o'erlooks them all.

Having published the foregoing Sonnets, under the signature of Asaph, in the first volume of the Watchman, he reserved for the last number the following Valedictory, in which he relinquishes the name, and modestly and gracefully lays aside the harp of the chief musician of Israel's minstrel king: —

SONNET.

VALEDICTORY.

Why have I dared to wake the sacred string,
Silent for ages, fearing not to hold
High harping with that glorious bard of old,
The chief musician to the minstrel king?
Alas! that e'er presumptuous hand should bring
Dishonor on that borrowed name, or wrong
The leader in the service of the song.
Though fain to make his loud shoshannim ring
In concert with the consecrated throng,
Who in their solemn courses, all life long,
Kept Zion's courts resounding with its swell,
So faint and fitful are the sounds I fling,
My soul recoils lest they profane thy shell;
Farewell, then, hallowed harp! forever fare thee well!

Asaph.

To this Valedictory he received a prompt response from one whose reputation as a poetess is now so well established, and whose name has been so long and so favorably known to the public, that we feel no delicacy in ascribing it to Mrs. L. H. S.: —

TO ASAPH,

OCCASIONED BY HIS VALEDICTORY SONNET.

O, not *farewell*, deft ruler of the lyre ;
  Sweet singer of our Israel, *not farewell ;*
Thou early called amid the temple choir,
  The glad, high praises of our God to swell.
Levite and priest, who Zion's anthem led,
  Had trembled if their solemn string were mute,
If the soul's pulse of melody were dead,
  Or hushed the breathings of Jehovah's lute :
Wouldst *thou* forego the baptism of the skies ?
  Down at the altar's foot thy censer cast ?
Hide in the earth a gift that seraphs prize,
  Yet "*faithful*" hope to be pronounced at last ?
Minstrel, return ! Resume the hallowed strain ;
Repent thee of thy sin, and woo Heaven's harp again.

H.

To such a call, from such a source, the young bard was not insensible ; nor could he find it in his heart to turn a deaf ear to the sweet strains of the enchantress. Hence the following

PALINODE.

"Lady, for thee to speak, and be obeyed,
Are one."

While I, adventurous all too long, retire,
  Expecting scarcely pardon, much less praise,
  The unstrung chords what sweeping spirit sways ?
What sudden murmurings from the abandoned lyre
Pass on the breeze, and, as they pass, expire ?
  O, could my disproportioned powers retain,
    Forever treasured up, that cherished tone,
    And blend, yet not abase it, with my own,
  Its sweet reproaches had not been in vain ;
Yea, could I, kindled with a kindred fire,

But hope to catch the echoings of that voice
Which bids my harp renew its feeble strain,
How would my bounding bosom then rejoice,
Nor breathe distrust of God's good gifts again!

ASAPH.

But these Sonnets constituted only a small portion of his poetical contributions to the columns of the Watchman. A few pieces are selected, which appeared without any signature, but which, from being found in his manuscript collections, are known to be from his pen.

The first of the two following Sonnets was written soon after the ordination of JACOB OSON, a colored man, of middle age and respectable talents, who had been engaged by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church to enter upon the duties of missionary in Liberia: —

Joy to thy savage realms, O Africa!
A sign is on thee that the great I AM
Shall work new wonders in the land of Ham;
And while he tarries for the glorious day
To bring again his people, there shall be
A remnant left, from Cushan to the sea.
And though the Ethiop cannot change his skin,
Or bleach the outward stain, he yet shall roll
The darkness off that overshades the soul,
And wash away the deeper dies of sin.
Princes, submissive to the Gospel sway,
Shall come from Egypt; and the Morian's land
In holy transport stretch to God its hand:
Joy to thy savage realms, O Africa!

But this joyful anticipation was never realized in the person of Mr. OSON; for after he had received his outfit, and while making his preparations for embarking to the contemplated field of his future labors, he fell into a distressing sickness, which in a few months terminated fatally. "By this providential dispensation," says the editor of the Watchman, "the great cause of African improvement is deprived of a most devoted servant, and the hopes of our society are for the present frustrated; Mr. OSON being the first missionary they have been able to obtain for this service, after years of inquiry. Until a few days before his death, Mr. OSON entertained strong hopes of being able to embark in the brig Liberia; but finding himself compelled to abandon his long and fondly cherished expectations, he

calmly resigned himself to the will of God, earnestly praying that other laborers might be raised up, to enter into the field to which he had been looking with so much anxiety." And to this notice he appended the following Sonnet: —

Not on the voyage which our hopes had planned
  Shalt thou go forth, poor exile, o'er the main;
The savage glories of thy fatherland
  Shall never bless thy aged sight again;
  Nor shalt thou toil to loose a heavier chain
Than e'er was fastened by the spoiler's hand.
And yet the work for which thy bosom yearned
  Shall never rest, though sin and death detain
  Messiah from his many-peopled reign,
Till all thy captive brethren have returned.
But thou hast gained, (O, blest exchange!) instead,
  A better country, and a heavenly home,
  Where all the ransomed of the Lord shall come,
With everlasting joy upon their head.

Still another Sonnet is selected from the first volume of the Watchman, which appears to have been suggested by the death of the Rev. Abiel Carter, rector of Christ Church, Savannah, Georgia: —

As some tall column meets its overthrow,
  And levelled in the dust reclines, at length,
  In all its graceful symmetry of strength,
So manhood, in his middle years, lies low,
Singled by death from out the statelicst,
  While yet he lifts his towering head elate,
  And feels the firmer for the very weight
Of all that in dependence on him rest.
Ah, why should we bewail his present fall,
  Though prostrate now, and basely undertrod,
If, at the Master Builder's final call,
He stand amid the upright as before,
  A pillar in the temple of his God,
And from his happy station go no more.

The next two pieces are of a strictly devotional character: —

HYMN.

When Thou, the vineyard's Visitant,
To look on thy degenerate plant,
  Shalt hither take thy way,
And find it green and flourishing,
Curse not the unproductive thing,
  Nor to the dresser say, —

"How long shall I, from year to year,
Come seeking heavenly fruitage here,
  And none, alas! be found?
In vain it rears its leafy crown
In barren pomp. Cut, cut it down:
  Why cumbereth it the ground?"

Lord, listen to my earnest prayer,
And yet a little longer spare
  The blighting of thy frown.
But let the gardener prune and dress,
And dig around its barrenness,
  Before thou cut it down.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Savior! thy precept is not hid,
  Nor is thy love forgot;
We come, whom thou didst not forbid,
  And man forbids us not;
To Thee we come, the Guide that brings
  The erring strays of sin
Back from their early wanderings,
  Thy fold to enter in.

To us thy heavenly grace impart,
  And let the words of truth
Be inly grafted in our heart,
  And nurtured in our youth;
So shall its strong and thrifty shoots
  From year to year increase,
And, with thy blessing, yield the fruits
  Of righteousness and peace.

O, with the seed thy sowers sow
That timely dew distil
By which we may not only *know*,
But *love* and *do* thy will.
So shall its rooted strength defy
The storms of life, and spring,
With ever-lifted head, on high,
In ceaseless blossoming.

Though feeble is our strength and weak,
Yet do not thou repress
Their near approach who early seek
Thy love and holiness.
O, hear us, as with one accord
Our grateful song we raise;
And out of children's mouths, O Lord,
Again perfect thy praise.

The following complimentary lines to a lady are shorn, in the manuscript copy, of the last stanza, but are here inserted entire from the Watchman: —

TO * * * *

Lady! to whom belong
The will and power to roll
The tide of music and of song
That overflow the soul,
The stream has passed away,
But left a glittering store,
Deposited in rich array
On memory's silent shore, —

A strand of precious things,
Where in confusion lie
The wrecks of high imaginings
And thoughts that cannot die.
O for that voice alone,
Whose full, refreshing flow
Could on the troubled soul its own
Serenity bestow.

Why should those streams be mute
Which brighten as they roll,
Nor in their liquid lapse pollute,
But beautify the soul?

O, tranquillize, refine
The heart, till it shall be
As in its primal day divine,
And full of Deity.

Among the selections of the present year, three other short pieces may be added. The first was one of his earliest productions, having been written on visiting his parental home, after his first going abroad into the world. It was addressed to his cousin E. S., and afterwards published in the Watchman, 1828 : —

HOME.

I knew my father's chimney top,
Though nearer to my heart than eye,
And watched the blue smoke reeking up
Between me and the winter sky.

Wayworn I traced the homeward track
My wayward youth had left with joy;
Unchanged in soul I wandered back,
A man in years, in heart a boy.

I thought upon its cheerful hearth,
And cheerful hearts' untainted glee,
And felt, of all I'd seen on earth,
This was the dearest spot to me.

The next was also probably an early production, being found among his loose manuscripts, without any date : —

STANZAS.

Yon distant tower of old gray stone,
The verdure of the trees,
The golden sunlight o'er them thrown —
What fairer scene than these?
The organ and the Sabbath bell,
Blent like the far-off sea —
What tones the raptured heart can swell
Up to such ecstasy?

To human sympathies the sight
Is dearer far within,

When all, on bended knees, unite
In penitence for sin;
And heavenlier far the thoughts they raise,
When human voices there
Swell high the glorious tide of praise,
Or breathe the contrite prayer.

The following was first published in the Watchman, and afterwards copied into several of the contemporary periodicals: —

DRINK, AND AWAY.

"There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying 'drink, and away,' from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins." DR. SHAW.

Up, pilgrim and rover!
Redouble thy haste,
Nor rest thee till over
Life's wearisome waste.
Ere the wild forest ranger
Thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger,
O, drink, and away!

Here lurks the dark savage
By night and by day,
To rob and to ravage,
Nor scruples to slay.
He waits for the slaughter;
The blood of his prey
Shall stain the still water;
Then drink, and away!

With toil though thou languish,
The mandate obey;
Spur on, though in anguish;
There's death in delay.
No bloodhound, want-wasted,
Is fiercer than they;
Pass by it untasted,
Or drink, and away!

Though sore be the trial,
Thy God is thy stay;

Though deep the denial,
Yield not in dismay;
But, rapt in high vision,
Look on to the day
When the fountains elysian
Thy thirst shall allay.

Then shalt thou forever
Enjoy thy repose,
Where life's gentle river
Eternally flows;
Yea, there shalt thou rest thee
Forever and aye,
With none to molest thee;
Then drink, and away!

One or two short extracts from his correspondence may here be given, to show the current of his views and feelings at this time. They are from letters addressed to a very dear friend, with whom he had been intimate from his boyhood, and who was his classmate in college. The first tells his early impressions of the theatre: "I cannot in conscience regret the loss of the theatrical entertainments. I place them foremost among those temptations of the world which I have solemnly and most sincerely renounced, and which, by the grace of God, I shall endeavor to resist to the end of my course." The next shows his faithfulness to his friend, after having alluded to his entering upon the enjoyments of domestic life. He recommends his attention to literary pursuits, and then adds, "That these or any other pursuits should engross our minds, to the neglect of those great and higher duties, from the discharge of which no situation in this life can relieve or release us, may God in mercy forbid. Without intending to sermonize, I cannot conclude, my dear friend, without suggesting, that at no future period of your life can you probably so well prepare for your responsibilities as a religious being as at the present."

In the capacity of editor, as in every other occupation in which he engaged, he labored with all diligence and fidelity; but it must not be disguised that it was not the pursuit of his choice, neither was it congenial with his taste. It brought him too directly and too constantly before the public. In the course of the year, he felt some misgivings as to the propriety of his remaining in this highly responsible station, and once or twice had half resolved, through the solicitation of his friends in the seminary, and with the entire approbation of his father, to return and finish his course in that institution. But he found it impracticable to break up his connection with the paper without disobliging his friends, and, chiefly on

this account, was induced to remain at his post. It was a thankless office, and he soon realized all the vexations and troubles of which he had been forewarned. He was indeed cheered by the approbation of his friends, flattered by the commendation of intelligent Churchmen throughout the country, and encouraged by liberal subscription lists; but he could not escape the annoyance of fault finders and meddlers; and he was subjected, like all other editors, to the irksome labor of revising manuscripts which, to adopt the language of a correspondent, "he was privileged to *punctuate*, *encapital*, and *orthogrificate*, it being often deemed quite sufficient for the authors of such favors to communicate their ideas, leaving the editor to work them into decent shape." But a much more serious difficulty lay in his way: the professional duties of his senior necessarily absorbed a large portion of his attention, and hence the principal labor of conducting the paper devolved upon the junior associate; and this, in addition to the original contributions of his pen, consumed so much of his time, that the systematic pursuit of his theological studies was materially interrupted. He was in the midst of books, and surrounded by clerical counsellors, and warmer friends could nowhere be found. But though gaining a general knowledge of books, and learning something of men, he felt the want of a regular course of preparatory instruction in his anticipated profession. Still, influenced by the considerations already mentioned, and especially by his personal regard for his friend the professor, who had already won his entire confidence and secured his warmest affections, he entered into engagements for another year. It will be seen, however, that this arrangement was soon virtually interrupted by a change of the residence of the senior editor. In the fourth number of the new volume, the unanimous election of Professor Doane as assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston, was announced; and having subsequently resigned his professorship in the college, he removed to Boston. He did not, it is true, entirely relinquish his interest in the paper, but the association was nominally kept up to the end of the volume.

1828.

Notwithstanding the arrangement with his friend Doane, the immediate care and entire responsibility of conducting the Watchman devolved upon the junior associate. This alone was a severe tax upon his energies; but it did not constitute the whole sum of his labors.

In the midst of his editorial cares, in the summer and autumn

of 1828, he was called, in the course of providence, to a foretaste of some of those trying scenes to which he was to become familiarized in the subsequent stages of his professional life. His uncle, Seth Goodwin, Esq., of West Hartford, at whose residence he had spent many happy days in his boyhood, and for whom he felt a strong attachment, was taken dangerously sick with a malignant fever, and his dwelling had become a scene of great suffering and affliction. He hastened at once to the place, and during the whole period of the long and distressing illness of his uncle, he was unremitting in his visits and attentions, frequently making the journey of five miles on foot, sometimes remaining and watching for whole nights, and greatly contributing by his sympathy and condolence to the comfort of the family. The disease terminated fatally, after a period of some sixty days. But the trials of the family did not end here, and this sore affliction was followed by a new series of troubles. Owing to their care, and watching, and anxiety, together with the infectious nature of the disease, all the surviving members of the family were more or less affected, and two of them barely escaped a fatal result. His feelings were deeply interested in these scenes; and his letters, written almost daily to his parents, bore ample testimony to the kind sympathies of his nature, and gave a sure earnest of his future faithfulness in the discharge of those duties, which, though the most painful, are among the most ornamental and admirable of a pastor's office.

While thus pursuing his course, and long before the expiration of this engagement, circumstances began to transpire which plainly indicated that he was to enter, much sooner than he had anticipated, upon his more appropriate field of labor. The settlement of his friend Doane at Boston led, almost immediately, to some overtures for his removal to the same vicinity. As early as October, 1828, he had a conference with his father on the subject, in which such arguments were employed as might be most likely to dissuade him from any hasty engagement to remove. He was told that, in general, it was bad policy for a young preacher to make his *début* in a large city, or among very critical hearers. He would naturally feel conscious of his want of strength and skill, and of the danger of going forth to battle in armor that he had never proved. He would meet much to discourage and dishearten him, and might remain always in the background, without any success in his ministry. It was thought much better for the young beginner to go into some quiet and retired spot, and there plume his wings, and try his strength, and prepare for more venturous flights when he had acquired the knowledge and experience necessary to secure success. These arguments, whether sound or not, probably had their influence at the time; for, in several subsequent communications to his father, he evidently adopted similar opinions. It

was foreseen, however, that his strong attachment to his friend, the late professor, would bias his mind in favor of his suggestions, and draw him into such new associations as he might propose. But the editorial chair could not be relinquished till the end of the volume, without subjecting the acting editor to censure. It was finally concluded, therefore, that he should prepare himself for his remaining examinations, and take deacon's orders as soon as the standing committee should be satisfied of his qualifications. All these preliminaries having been complied with, he was ordained deacon, in Trinity Church, New Haven, by the Right Rev. Bishop BROWNELL, on the third Sunday after Epiphany, being the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. This solemn occasion called forth from his pen one of his most admired productions : —

THE ORDINAL.

Alas for me could I forget
The memory of that day
Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet
E'en sleep can take away ;
In dreams I still renew the rites
Whose strong but mystic chain
The spirit to its God unites,
And none can part again.

How oft the Bishop's form I see,
And hear that thrilling tone
Demanding, with authority,
The heart for God alone !
Again I kneel as then I knelt,
While he above me stands,
And seem to feel as then I felt
The pressure of his hands.

Again the priests, in meek array,
As my weak spirit fails,
Beside me bend them down to pray
Before the chancel rails ;
As then, the sacramental host
Of God's elect are by,
When many a voice its utterance lost,
And tears dimmed many an eye.

As then they on my vision rose,
The vaulted aisles I see,

And desk and cushioned book repose
In solemn sanctity;
The mitre o'er the marble niche,
The broken crook and key,
That from a Bishop's tomb shone rich
With polished tracery;*

The hangings, the baptismal font,—
All, all, save me, unchanged,—
The holy table, as was wont,
With decency arranged;
The linen cloth, the plate, the cup,
Beneath their covering shine,
Ere priestly hands are lifted up
To bless the bread and wine.

The solemn ceremonial past,
And I am set apart
To serve the Lord, from first to last,
With undivided heart.
And I have sworn, with pledges dire,
Which God and man have heard,
To speak the holy truth entire
In action and in word.

O Thou, who in Thy holy place
Hast set Thine orders three,
Grant me, Thy meanest servant, grace
To win a good degree;
That so, replenished from above,
And in my office tried,
Thou mayst be honored, and in love
Thy Church be edified.

After his ordination, he still remained at his post as editor of the Watchman, until his engagement was finished at the close of the second volume. During this period, and amid his complicated cares, his poetical talent was constantly exercised. While the character of the paper, as an authentic Church journal and expositor, was well sustained, very few numbers appeared without some devotional or other poetry from his pen. From these several pieces are selected, nearly in the order in which they were published.

* Referring to the tomb of Bishop Jarvis, whose body reposes under the chancel of Trinity Church.

SPRING.

Once more thou comest, O delicious spring!
  And as thy light and gentle footsteps tread
  Among earth's glories, desolate and dead,
Breathest revival over every thing.
Thy genial spirit is abroad to bring
  The cold and faded into life and bloom,
  Emblem of that which shall unlock the tomb,
And take away the fell destroyer's sting.
Therefore thou hast the warmer welcoming:
  For Nature speaks not of herself alone,
  But in her resurrection tells our own.
As from its grave comes forth the buried grain,
  So man's frail body, in corruption sown,
In incorruption shall be raised again.

HYMN

FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Great Shepherd of our souls! O, guide
  Thy wandering flock to feed
In pastures green, and by the side
  Of stilly waters lead.
Do thou our erring footsteps keep,
Whose life was given for the sheep.

O, let not us, who fain would cleave
  To thy communion, stray,
Nor, tempted into ruin, leave
  The strait and narrow way:
Before us thou the path hast trod,
And thou canst lead us, Son of God.

O, let us hear thy warning voice,
  And see thy arm divine;
Thou know'st the people of thy choice,
  And thou art known of thine.
Do thou our erring footsteps keep,
Whose life was given for the sheep.

Then when we pass the vale of death,
  Though more and more its shade

Around our journey darkeneth,
We will not be afraid,
If thou art with us, and thy rod
And staff console us, Son of God.

THE MISSIONARY.

O, say not that I am unkind
To friends so warm and true;
I weep o'er all I leave behind,
I sigh to bid adieu.

But woe for my eternal lot,
If my untiring love
For Him who died for me, be not
All other things above.

Such is the law of Christ, and such
The Savior we adore,
I could not love you all so much,
Did I not love Him more.

REVEILLE.

Up! quit thy bower; 'tis the matin hour;
The bell swings slow in the windowed tower,
And prayer and psalm, in the soothing calm,
Steal out, by turns, on the air of balm;
And in solemn awe of a morn so still,
E'en the small birds sing with a voice less shrill.

Up, lady fair! — 'tis the hour of prayer, —
And hie thee forth in the bracing air;
Now bow the knee, while land and sea
Repose in their bright tranquillity;
And the sun as pure a lustre throws
As the glorious dawn when he first arose.

The following is published as a paraphrase from Keble's "Christian Year." On comparison, it will be found that it is rather a contraction than a paraphrase of a much longer piece by Keble, entitled *Visitation and Communion of the Sick.*

COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

A simple altar stood beside the bed,
  With plate, and chalice, and fair linen vest,
For that communion high and holy spread:
  We ate and drank, and then, serenely blest,
All mourners, one with calmly parting breath,
We talked together of the Savior's death.
  O gentle spirit, from thy sainted rest
Look down upon us who must yet remain,
  With whom thou shared the hallowed cup of grace,
  And so soon parted; thou to Christ's embrace,
We to the world's drear loneliness again;
Come, and remind us of the heavenly strain
  We practised as thou passed through Eden's door
  To be sung on, with angels evermore.

SAINT JAMES THE APOSTLE.

When Herod had put forth his hand in hate
  To vex the Church, and thy heart's blood was poured
  Beneath the tyrant's persecuting sword,
First of the chosen twelve, 'tis said thy fate
So wrought on thine accuser, that, o'ercome
  By thine example, and by grace subdued,
  He came, with voluntary fortitude,
To share the torture of thy martyrdom,
  And thus pronounce his conscience satisfied.
  Cheering each other onward, side by side,
Together went betrayer and betrayed,
And on the self-same block your heads were laid;
  And while your blood the self-same scaffold dyed,
The self-same faith unshrinkingly displayed.

HYMN

FOR THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

All grow not on one common stem,
  But separate and alone,
And by its own peculiar fruit
  The good or ill is known.
How blest are they whom grace inclines
  To bear the grafted good,

So grateful to the longing taste,
And delicate for food!

A plant set by the river side,
It spreadeth out its roots,
And in due season bringeth forth
Abundantly its fruits.
Its thick and verdant boughs are like
The goodly cedar tree,
Whose shadow covereth the hills,
Whose branches reach the sea.

But God shall dry up from beneath
The wicked and unjust;
Their root shall be as rottenness,
Their blossoming as dust;
Their grapes are Sodom's grapes of gall,
And bitter as their sin;
Their clusters, though all fair without,
Are ashes all within.

The good shall flourish as the branch
Which God for strength hath made;
Its shady and refreshing leaves
Shall never fall or fade;
But withered shall the godless be
In premature decay,
And with a fire unquenchable
At last consume away.

SOUTH SEA MISSIONARIES.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN STEWART'S JOURNAL.

With pleasure not unmixed with pain,
They find their passage o'er,
As, with the Sabbath's dawn, they gain
That islet's rocky shore;
Behind them is the sweltry main,
The torrid land before.

No sound was in the silence heard
To break the air of balm,
Save when the screaming tropic bird
Wheeled seaward in the calm;
The faint and heated breeze scarce stirred
The streamers of the palm.

The shipman in the distance sees,
Across the glowing bay,
The crowded, straw-built cottages,
Like sunburnt ricks of hay,
Beneath the tall banana trees,
Bask in the morning ray.

And as that self-devoted band
Of Christian hearts drew near,
No cool and bracing current fanned
The lifeless atmosphere.
Why should they seek that savage land,
So desolate and drear?

In faith, those far-off shores they trod,
This humble six or seven,
And through those huts of matted sod
Shall spread the gospel leaven,
Till each becomes a house of God,
A mercy gate of heaven.

SONNET.

"Died, in New York, on Sunday evening last, after a short illness, the Rev. HENRY J. FELTUS, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, aged fifty-three years."

Devoted shepherd of thy Savior's flock!
From thy sublime and loved vocation rent,
'Tis joy to know the overwhelming shock
Of thy bewept departure shall augment
The multitudinous army of the good,
And raise thee to that holy brotherhood.
"Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,"
Thy body is committed to the ground;
Thy spirit, with all Christian graces crowned,
Such is our certain confidence and trust,
Enjoys communion with the sainted just.
Long may such servants of the Church abound,
And, from the altars where thy light has stood,
Shed burning lustre on the land around!

Another funeral Sonnet is here introduced, and with it a narrative which will best explain the occasion on which it was written. J. ASHMUN, Esq., agent of the American Colonization Society, and governor of the colony of Liberia, had found it necessary, in the spring of 1828, on account of extreme ill health, to return to the

United States, with a hope that the voyage might prove favorable to his recovery. The passage was long and tedious, and his sufferings (to adopt his own language) "were nearly indescribable." He arrived at New Haven on the 10th of August, and expired on the 25th, in full hope and trust in the mercy of God, through his blessed Redeemer. He had the best of medical advisers, who had ascertained, immediately on his arrival, that his case was hopeless; and he was surrounded by the kindest and most attentive of friends. He had no relative present during his illness, nor was it known that any one would be able to reach New Haven in time for his funeral. But among hundreds of sympathizing friends, there was one most sincere mourner. This was a little native African boy, of twelve or fourteen years, whom Mr. ASHMUN had rescued from a Spanish slave trader, and kept near his person to the close of his life. Much pity was excited for this poor lone mourner, who was exceedingly attached to his deliverer and protector; and though perfectly mute and silent, the big tears were seen rolling down his cheeks as often as any of the speakers, at the funeral, alluded to the character of Mr. ASHMUN. But a more thrilling and affecting incident was yet in reserve. In the midst of the solemnities at the church, and just as the preacher was about to name his text, a great sensation was observed, and Mrs. ASHMUN, the mother of the deceased, who arrived at that hour in the steamboat, ignorant of his death until her landing, drove up to the door of the church, entered the porch, and threw herself in extreme agony by the side of the bier. It was long before she could so far recover as to take a seat, and attend to the services.

BURIAL OF ASHMUN.

What desolate mourner rushes to the bier,
And stays the solemn rites of that sad hour?
O God, sustain her as she draweth near,
Support her in the struggles that o'erpower!
It is a childless mother that bows down
Beside the coffined corpse, amid the crowd;
It is the ashes of her only son,
His living face unseen for many a year:
Well may she lift her voice, and weep aloud.
The world cannot console her. God alone
Hath power to speak to such a sorrowing one,
And take her dreadful load of grief away:
To man it is not given; for who can say,
In his own single strength, "Thy will be done"?

HYMN.

The lilied fields behold;
What king in his array
Of purple pall and cloth of gold
Shines gorgeously as they?
Their pomp, however gay,
Is brief, alas! as bright;
It lives but for a summer's day,
And withers in a night.

If God so clothe the soil,
And glorify the dust,
Why should the slave of daily toil
His providence distrust?
Will He, whose love has nursed
The sparrow's brood, do less
For those who seek his kingdom first,
And with it righteousness?

The birds fly forth at will;
They neither plough nor sow:
Yet theirs the sheaves that crown the hill,
Or glad the vale below.
While through the realms of air
He guides their trackless way,
Will man, in faithlessness, despair?
Is he worth less than they?

MICHAELMAS.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
While, with our brethren of the crystal sky,
God's glorious name we laud and magnify.
Angels, Archangels, Powers, and Potentates,
Dominions, Thrones, and thou, preeminent
Among the leaders of the orders bright,
Who beat in battle from the starry height
Th' apostate spirit down his dread descent.
With these. O Michael, the redeemed unite
In that triumphant and eternal hymn,
Which, passing to each other, Cherubim
And Seraphim continually do cry:
"Holy, thrice holy, Lord of love and light!
All glory be to thee, O God most high!"

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

How doth each city solitary sit
  That once was full of people! Round his path
The Christian pilgrim finds remaining yet
  The fearful records of accomplished wrath.
  The glory of God's house departed hath;
The golden candlestick cannot emit
  One glimmering ray, however faint and dim;
  There is no consecrated oil to trim
Th' extinguished flame which once the Spirit lit.
  Alas! that he who hath an ear to hear
The teaching of that Spirit, can forget
These dread fulfilments of prophetic writ,
  Nor lay them to his stricken heart, in fear
Lest he thus hear, and thus abandon it.

AFRICA.

When shall thy centre opened be?
  When shall the veil, that lay
Upon that land of mystery
  So long, be torn away?
When shall the hallowed Cross be seen
  Far in those sunny tracts,
Beyond the lofty mountain screen,
  And thundering cataracts?

When shall thy daily barks, that bring
  Rich lading to the sea
Of plumes of gorgeous coloring,
  And choicest ivory,
And incense of acacia groves,
  And costly gems, and grains
Of that most valued gold washed down
  By Abyssinian rains;—

When shall they bear a freightage back
  More precious than those woods,
Whose fragrance fills the Niger's track
  In seasons of the floods?
When shall each kingdom, that receives
  The Gospel, learn to prize
The treasures hidden in its leaves
  Above all merchandise?

Then bread upon thy waters cast
Shall not be cast in vain;
But after many days are past,
It shall be found again.
Then thy barbaric sons shall sue,
Nor nature's self resist,
An entrance for their kindred true,
The dark Evangelist.

SONNET.

In the recesses of the western wood,
In to its very heart, — by all forgot
Save Him who made me, — would it were my lot
To bear the burden of its solitude;
And in some wild and unfrequented spot,
Sharing the Indian hunter's cabin rude,
To lead, in glad return, a willing guide,
His humbled spirit to the Crucified;
And in the solemn twilight, hushed and dim,
The forest people often gathering,
To make the green and pillared arches ring,
Not with the war song, but the holy hymn.
So might I live, and leave no other trace
Where I had made my earthly dwelling-place.

CRETE.

Ancient of years, the hundred-cities isle!
Still art thou left a goodly sight to see,
To breathe thine air is still a luxury,
And "man alone," of all around, "is vile,"
Viler than e'en thy first-born Caphtorim.*
When shalt thou be once more as thou hast been?
When shall thy navied strength resistless swim,
And make thee, Britain like, an ocean queen?
When, rising from the dust, shalt thou be seen
A nursing mother to the Church again,
And when, alas! another Titus come
To rear the fallen Cross, nor reordain
In all thy cities priestly men in vain,
But leave thy name a praise in Christendom?

* Amos ix. 7.

GREECE.

Upon thy sacred mountain tops,
How beautiful, O Greece,
The feet of him that publisheth
Through all thy borders peace!
Like Paul, his spirit to release
Of those high claims he seeks,
Which bankrupt all the love we owe
As "debtors to the Greeks."

A piercing cry from Macedon
Rings o'er the ocean still,
A cry from Athens, and the shrine
Upon its idol-hill.
A cry from Corinth and the isles
Of loud entreaty speaks:
Up, Christians, to your great discharge,
As "debtors to the Greeks."

SAINT THOMAS.

When from their native Palestine
The twelve spread far and wide,
Alone he went from Salem's shrine
On to the Ganges' side.
The greensward was his dying bed,
And from the crimson sod
His blood, which Brahma's children shed,
Went reeking up to God.

On that foundation, long unsought,
For eighteen hundred years,
A Middleton and Heber wrought,
And their successor rears.
The Church for which his blood was spilt,
How can it be o'erthrown,
On Prophets and Apostles built,
With Christ the corner stone?

CHRISTMAS.

"The glory of Lebanon," &c. ISAIAH.

The thickly-woven boughs they wreathe
Through every hallowed fane,
A soft, reviving odor breathe
Of summer's gentle reign;
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald's glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowds below.

O, let the streams of solemn thought,
Which in those temples rise,
From deeper sources spring than aught
Dependent on the skies.
Then, though the summer's glow departs,
And winter's withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.

SAINT STEPHEN.

"And all that were in the council," &c.

With awful dread his murderers shook,
As, radiant and serene,
The lustre of his dying look
Was like an angel's seen,
Or Moses' face of paly light,
When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the glorious sight
And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,
Be his rapt vision given,
To look above by faith, and see
Revealments bright from heaven,
And power to speak our triumphs out
As our last hour draws near,
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt
Before our view appear.

SAINT PAUL.

The holy saints of old,
On God's commission sent,
Their high and heavenly station hold
Above our measurement;
They shine, each unapproachable,
A constellated star,
And in their glorious beauty dwell,
Companionless, afar.

But let us not forget
That we are kin to these,
Men of like passions, and beset
With like infirmities;
Nor will their spirits emulous
Our brotherhood contemn;
As erst they have been one with us,
We may be one with them.

Still round our darkling road
Their heavenly light they shed,
And guide our feet to their abode,
And show where we must tread.
Then let the souls whom Christ sets free,
Ere yet that light be dim,
Be strong, O Paul, to follow thee,
As thou hast followed Him.

The following lines, as the title indicates, were published in the last number of the Watchman issued in 1828: —

THE DYING YEAR.

Hark to thy last hour's passing knell,
A startling sound to hear:
Eternally we bid farewell
To thee, departing year!
Go join the long-gone centuries,
Thy sisters dim and gray;
For soon, with all thy power to please,
Thou shalt be dim as they.

'Tis o'er, thy weight of weal and woe,
And nearer lies the bourn
To which though all life's travellers go,
No travellers return.
O, who can read thy doomsday roll
Of days and hours misspent,
Nor seek a refuge for his soul
From their just punishment?

Finally, at the conclusion of the second volume of the Watchman, his engagement was brought to a close. The two editors jointly resigned their charge in a farewell address, of which the following are among the concluding paragraphs: "The period at which our solemn obligations, as servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, call us, in devoting ourselves exclusively to the work of the ministry, to relinquish the editorial labors and responsibilities, appears to us pregnant with the most eventful interest to the Church of our duty and of our love. That the ministrations of her bishops and other clergy have been singularly blessed, we have occasion for fervent thankfulness to God; and in the increasing disposition, in the whole community of which we are a part, to hear the word at her mouth, we have great encouragement to renew our labors with diligence, and our prayers with confidence. . . . *Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace be with you all. Amen.*

1829.

Of the movements which led to the first call of the newly-ordained deacon to a pastoral charge, it is unnecessary to speak at large. Before and after his ordination, he had many kind and pressing invitations to visit Boston; but besides the constant demands upon his time, he had other satisfactory reasons for declining these invitations, and, above all, his extreme reluctance to obtruding himself upon the notice and patronage of his friends. The first official communication on the subject is contained in the following note, received before his ordination: —

Boston, *January* 11, 1829.

Mr. William Croswell, Hartford.

Dear Sir: At a meeting of the proprietors of Christ Church, in Boston, holden at their vestry room on the 18th of October, 1828, it was voted, that John Rice, Charles Wade, and John Wilson should be a committee to procure an assistant minister to the Rev. Asa Eaton, their rector.

As we understand it to be your intention shortly to visit our city, we beg leave to suggest to you, by this communication, that we shall be happy to confer with any gentleman qualified for, and who might desire to avail himself of such a situation.

If, on your arrival, it should be agreeable to you to call on our friend, Mr. Eaton, or on the committee, he, as well as they, will be happy to become acquainted with you, and to confer with you on the subject.

With sentiments of respect and esteem,

We are, dear sir, your obedient servants,

JOHN RICE,

Chairman of the Committee.

As there was nothing in this communication requiring any very definite reply, he returned a respectful answer, but deferred the proposed visit until after his ordination. This having taken place, and his editorial labors being brought to a conclusion, he left home for Boston on Wednesday, the 22d of April, 1829. At this time, when a passage from New Haven to Boston, by railroad, is performed in less than six hours, it seems almost incredible that the journey, only twenty-three years ago, should have been such a formidable affair. Taking the stage route by Hartford, the only way then provided, he dates from Providence, R. I., on Friday evening, thus relieving his weariness by a little stroke of facetiousness: "Being here in a state barely of existence, in the spirit of the imperative mood, which is used for exhorting and entreating, I would beseech all in whom I have any interest to make their entry to Boston by any other approach than that of Providence. The only recommendation it has is, that it will be sure to wear all his sharp points down. Never, in my born days, have I undergone such a pilgrimage in a stage coach. The coaches are rickety, and the roads *rockety*, beyond all conception. I feel very much as the man in the poem, —

> 'Seven centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,
> And his head, as he tumbled, went knickety knock,
> Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.'"

He arrived at Boston on Saturday; and on the following Sunday, being the first after Easter, he preached for Dr. Eaton, in Christ Church, both morning and afternoon, and performed all the services except the ante-communion.

Unexpectedly to him, as well as to the parish generally, Dr. Eaton now resigned the office of rector; and he was invited to supply the pulpit for another Sunday before his return to New

Haven. On the 13th of May, he received the following official notice of his election to the rectorship: —

At a meeting of the proprietors of Christ Church, held at their vestry room, on Wednesday evening, May 13, 1829, it was unanimously

Voted, That the Rev. William Croswell, of New Haven, Connecticut, be invited to become the rector of this church, at a salary of five hundred dollars per annum; with the understanding that the salary is to be increased at least one hundred dollars per annum, until it amounts to one thousand dollars.

Attest, JOS. W. INGRAHAM,
Proprietors' and Vestry Clerk.

After taking time for reflection, and for the consultation of his friends, he returned the following reply: —

New Haven, *May* 21, 1829.

Mr. Joseph W. Ingraham.

My dear Sir: You are hereby requested and authorized to signify to the proprietors of Christ Church my acceptance of their invitation to assume the rectorship of said church, with which I was favored under your hand on Thursday morning last, for such a length of time as shall be mutually agreeable to the parties concerned. I have come to this conclusion with much hesitation and self-distrust; but relying on the promised sufficiency of God's grace, and the cordial coöperation of the members of the parish, to sustain me in its arduous and responsible duties, I have made my arrangements for leaving here next week, and expect, Providence permitting, to be prepared to enter on the service of the parish, on Sunday, the 31st inst., being the first after Ascension. May the blessing of God so rest upon the proposed connection as to make it pleasant and profitable to us all, and acceptable to him. Commending myself to your charitable consideration and prayers, I hope you will believe me to be

Your faithful and devoted servant in Christ,
WILLIAM CROSWELL.

Accordingly, we find this as the first record in his diary: "*Sunday*, *May* 31, 1829. Entered into the service of my first parish, Christ Church, Boston. In the morning, was with them 'in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.' Dined with Mr. Clark, senior warden. Attended Sunday school at noon. In the P. M. preached on the Ascension. After service, presided in the annual meeting of the Sunday school society for nearly three hours."

Having thus entered upon the arduous labors and heavy responsibilities of this pastoral charge, it cannot be doubted, from his well-known diffidence and self-distrust, that he experienced all that he expresses of weakness, and fear, and much trembling. Had he been compelled to rely solely on his own judgment, without counsellor or friend, he would have found the weight of his cares altogether insupportable. But, providentially, he was not alone. To say nothing of his "next friend and more than brother," there stood by his side his venerated predecessor, ready, with almost paternal

kindness, to hold up his hands, and to render him every facility in his power for the commencement of this first stated work of his ministry. Dr. Eaton, by his resignation, had no intention of throwing his young successor into any embarrassment, nor of withdrawing his interest from the parish. The measure was doubtless dictated by self-respect, and by a hearty desire to leave the people of his late charge at liberty to concentrate their energies, and to make a united effort to sustain and perpetuate the interests of the Church. He introduced the new rector to the members of the flock, as opportunity occurred, and by his sagacious counsel and advice contributed much to the mutual benefit of pastor and people.

It is pleasant to recur to some of the early sketches of his first impressions of Boston, its institutions, its buildings, and its men. Under date of May, 1829, he says, "Sherman would find a great many things here to interest and entertain him. Boston certainly goes beyond most of our cities in genuine taste, and the patronage which it extends to literature and the fine arts. The Athenæum Gallery of Paintings was opened last Monday; and although the weather has been unpleasant, more than twenty-five hundred season tickets, at fifty cents each, have been disposed of. There are some beautiful paintings at the present exhibition. There is a large proportion of landscapes and small pieces, many of which are exquisite. . . . The monument at Bunker Hill has been commenced in a most noble style, the base being carried up nearly fifty feet, of huge masses of granite, three feet by six. The work is at present suspended for want of funds; but the view from the top even now, which you gain by means of a spiral staircase inside, is very commanding and picturesque. . . . Christ Church is truly a 'solemn temple,' and has a fine organ. No man, who has any music in himself, but would be delighted with its chime of bells. . . . Trinity Church, [then in process of building,] for its massive and solid architecture, is far beyond any church that I have ever seen. . . . I have repeatedly come in contact with Dr. Channing, and have ceased to wonder at the prodigious influence which he exerts over his party. His manners are most simple and unobtrusive. The flow of his conversation is sweet, quiet, and placid, and his power of the most fascinating and tranquil kind. He gains a great deal, too, by his grave and solemn complacency, which never relaxes into a smile."

Another step in his onward progress was now to be taken. It is thus announced, in a letter to his father of the 22d of June: "It is deemed so important, at this time, to create confidence in my settlement as a permanent one, that I have acquiesced in the propriety of my institution at the same time with my ordination, [as priest,] which is appointed to take place day after to-morrow."

This was accordingly done at the time proposed, being the 24th

of June, the feast of St. John the Baptist; and his own account of the double solemnity is given in a letter to a cousin, under date of Boston, Monday morning, June 29, 1829: "The most solemn transaction of my whole life took place last Wednesday, when I took upon me the awful responsibilities of the priesthood of the Church of Christ, and was instituted rector of Christ Church. I need not ask the prayers of you all, that grace may be given me to fulfil the obligations then incurred. My hand is put to the plough, with a double pledge; and I cannot draw back without drawing back unto perdition. The day was delightfully cool and pleasant, the congregation numerous, the service highly impressive; the bishop's sermon was excellent, and the office performed in a most apostolical manner. Yesterday I preached a double sermon, on the ministerial relation and the ministerial responsibilities, from Hebrews xiii. 17: 'They watch for your souls, as they that must give account.' But as the day was unpleasant, the congregation was meagre; and it is my intention to prepare a discourse of a local nature for next Sunday. The communion being then administered, I shall have but a single one to write. For the last three Sunday evenings we have had a third service; and in the present situation of the parish, I consider this measure to be so absolutely necessary to its growth and prosperity, that they will be continued regularly during the summer. Nor need you be apprehensive that this is to be attended with any over-exertion on my part. The clergy of the city have engaged to supply the pulpit in rotation; and Mr. Doane will hold himself in readiness to stand in the gap, in case of failure. . . . I was presented by Dr. Eaton at the ordination, and was honored with the attendance of a considerable number of the clergy."

From this time he proceeded with his manifold labors, often preaching, notwithstanding his father's admonitions to the contrary, three sermons, besides performing many other services, during the day. As early as the 26th of July, he writes, in his playful manner, "I have inflicted three discourses on the patient people of this good city on this blessed day." The morning sermon was preached in Trinity Church, in exchange with his friend Doane, and the other two in his own church, where he had also the additional duty of administering baptism to an adult and an infant, and performing, for the first time, the marriage ceremony. "It leaves me," he says, "very little fatigued. My voice, I find, is constantly gaining in flexibility and compass, and I think I speak with greater ease and clearness at the third service than at any other." In the same letter he speaks with much gratification of his having received fifty dollars from four ladies of his parish, to constitute him a manager for life in the Episcopal Sunday School Union.

In some of his subsequent letters he speaks of his intention, as far as practicable, of avoiding the labor of three entire services, in

one day, without assistance; but on Sunday evening, October 18, he writes, "Though several hours have elapsed since the exercises of this *day of rest* were over, I feel no particular sensation of weariness or languor. I have read three full services, and preached three discourses, and baptized fourteen children in the afternoon, have entered up my journal, and now hope to get ahead of time by completing my weekly epistle before I sleep."

Indeed, the fact is disclosed by his diary and his correspondence, that, during the whole period of his ministry in Christ Church, he seldom or never, either at home or abroad, fell short of his three services on Sunday, besides other occasional duties, and especially the baptism of adults and children, which occurred on almost every Sunday. He gives the reason for the great amount of this special duty, in a letter to a brother clergyman, who had proposed an exchange. He says in his diary, October 24, "The situation of my parish was so peculiar and interesting, that I considered it an absolute duty to be at home. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. —— to this effect. I stated the interest which had been created in the parish on the subject of infant baptism, and acquainted him that I had now a list of twenty or thirty cases which required attention immediately. I further informed him of the adult cases in a course of preparation, and of my candidates for confirmation, which is very soon to be administered. Baptism has fallen into great disrepute and disparagement here, chiefly, I apprehend, from our close and contagious contact, or rather envelopment, with schismatics and heretics of all classes and descriptions."

With regard to the pastoral labors which devolved upon him daily, such as the visitation of the sick, the destitute, and the afflicted, his journal furnishes such details as can probably be found in the experience of few other servants of Christ. It is not intended to transfer these details to these pages. They will be brought vividly to view, so far as they are needed to illustrate his character, by the testimonials with which these memoirs will be closed.

But even a life thus overloaded with care and labor was not without its bright and sunny spots, and no one was ever capable of enjoying to a greater degree the pleasant and delightful scenes which lay about his path and encompassed all his ways.

His high appreciation of the beauties of natural and rural scenery was a source of much enjoyment. He thus describes a visit, on a fine October day, to Pine Bank, the residence of his friend Doane: "I went out about midday. It was the perfection of autumnal weather. The woods were changing most gorgeously. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent, and there was a glory in the sunshine beyond the burning brightness of midsummer. The scenery about my friend's seat is always picturesque and enchanting, and reminds me of those scenes described by Isaac Walton, as 'too

pleasant to be looked upon but only on holidays.' But the aspect under which I viewed it to-day gave it new fascinations. We clambered up the brow of a hill, on the opposite side of the little blue lake, with its well-wooded and distinctly-defined banks, and its pure and chrysolite waters. Though we could look afar off to the 'steepled town and ocean blue,' there was a nearer 'cynosure of neighboring eyes,' 'bosomed high in tufted trees,' which captivated our attention to their gay and high-colored draperies. We had before us the beau ideal of poetic rhapsodies, and almost realized that serenity which is to belong to the age of the righteous. The sunset was indescribably beautiful. I returned to town by a rich moonlight, which, struggling with the haziness of autumn, invested every thing with a sort of sleepy magnificence."

He also found many a pleasant episode, amid his daily round of duties, in his quiet and discriminating observation of the traits of character in the men with whom he was brought in contact. Having met a celebrated comedian at a public dinner, he throws off the following sketch: "——, the comedian, was under my eye at table, and was in himself a study. His mind was evidently intent on something more than the feast before him. His object was obviously to divert the guests from his track, by an occasional brilliant remark or lively repartee. A frequent abstractedness of look, and perpetual motion of his lips, betrayed him to the attentive observer. His behavior and deportment were strictly guarded and correct, though his conversation was much courted, and whatever fell from his lips was listened to with expectation and honored with great applause. It evidently costs him severe study to maintain his reputation as a wit, and it seems to be quite a question whether it does not cost him more than it is worth."

The notes of the present year must not be closed without recording a still further testimony of his unwillingness to engage in any pursuit which might divert his mind from the great ends of his ministry. He had not been long settled in Boston before a prospectus was issued for the publication of a new monthly magazine, to be devoted to the interests of the Church, under the title of The American Christian Observer. The plan met with the favor and approbation of many leading Churchmen in New England and other parts of the country, and several distinguished divines and scholars were ready to pledge themselves to contribute liberally to its pages. But it was found extremely difficult to procure the services of a responsible editor, and the office was urged upon the rector of Christ Church. The proposal was resisted from the first to the last; and the following extract of a letter to his father, November 23, will show his reasons, not only for refusing the editorship, but also for an entire abandonment of the whole plan: "At present I am disposed to think it was a happy providence which

placed me here, and I desire no other situation. I do not, however, intend to encumber myself with any unnecessary fetters; and on this account, I feel distrustful about embarking in the American Christian Observer. It is so lately that I have been ground down by this species of servitude, and the release has given such an elasticity to my spirits, that I can hardly reconcile myself to bringing my neck again under the yoke. I never fail to tell my Hartford friends that it is perfect felicity and bliss, in comparison to the two long years of bondage which I spent with them. There are other reasons . . . . to warrant us, I think, in the abandonment of the whole design."

The following Hymn, written and published in the Watchman some two years before, is inserted here, as it was now brought forward, adapted to music, and sung in Christ Church on the evening of the first Sunday in Advent. The general and immemorial usage in Massachusetts sanctioned these musical additions to the prescribed Church service.

HYMN FOR ADVENT.

While the darkness yet hovers,
The harbinger star
Peers through and discovers
The dawn from afar;
To many an aching
And watch-wearied eye,
The dayspring is breaking
Once more from on high.

With lamps trimmed and burning,
The Church on her way
To meet thy returning,
O bright King of day!
Goes forth and rejoices,
Exulting and free,
And sends from all voices
Hosannas to thee.

She casts off her sorrows,
To rise and to shine
With the lustre she borrows,
O Savior! from thine.
Look down, for thine honor,
O Lord! and increase
In thy mercy upon her
The blessing of peace.

Her children with trembling
Await, but not fear,
Till the time of assembling
Before thee draws near;
When, freed from all sadness,
And sorrow, and pain,
They shall meet thee in gladness
And glory again.

The Hymn which follows, "from the Latin of St. Ambrose," first appeared in the Watchman, and is found in his manuscript collections. The piece next below the Hymn was written at about this period, and subsequently appeared in the Banner.

HYMN FOR THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Creator Spirit! come and bless us;
Let thy love and fear possess us;
With thy graces meek and lowly
Purify our spirits wholly.
Paraclete, the name thou bearest,
Gift of God the choicest, dearest,
Love, and fire, and fountain living,
Spiritual unction giving,
Shower thy benedictions seven
From thy majesty in heaven.

Be the Savior's word unbroken,
Let thy many tongues be spoken;
In our sense thy light be glowing,
Through our souls thy love be flowing;
Cause the carnal heart to perish,
But the strength of virtue cherish,
Till, each enemy repelling,
And thy peace around us dwelling,
We, beneath thy guidance glorious,
Stand o'er every ill victorious.

THE BROOK KEDRON.

"He went over the brook Kedron with his disciples." SAINT JOHN.

The Vale of thy Brook, of Life's valley so drear,
Meet emblem, dark Kedron, might be,
As it swelled in its hurried and horrid career
To the depths of a desolate sea:
Unceasingly fed with the blood of the slain
From the Temple's far height was its flow,

Till it seemed like some wounded and wandering vein
That was lost in the distance below.

There David went over, and wept as he went;
There his Son in his sorrow passed o'er,
And his garments were dipped in its crimson descent.
Like a warrior's, wading in gore;
And, wrapped in forebodings of anguish and woe,
It heightened that vision of pain,
When the blood of a mightier Victim should flow,
And the Lamb of the promise be slain.

Now, Kedron, for ages thy course has been dried,
And thy sands are unmarked with a stain,
Since the Victim ordained from eternity died,
And the Lamb of the promise was slain;
The pilgrim now passes dry-shod o'er thy bed,
And the thought to his spirit may lay,
He who drank of the brook hath relifted his head,
And hath borne our transgressions away!

1830.

Early in 1830, a plan for altering the chancel arrangements of Christ Church, which had been agitated during the preceding autumn, began to take a definite shape; and the proprietors of the church, at a meeting called for the purpose, appointed the rector and wardens to take measures for raising, by subscription, the requisite means, and for carrying the project into effect. The subscriptions being filled, the church was closed after the 14th of March; and such was the delay in completing the new arrangements, that it was not reopened for divine service until the 6th of June. But this caused no remission of the duties of the rector. The regular services were held, through the kindness and courtesy of the masonic fraternity, in their hall, which afforded very suitable accommodations; and, either there or in some of the neighboring churches, he continued, three times on every Sunday, to supply the pulpit or the reading desk. Nor were his pastoral labors in the slightest degree diminished. The affairs of the parish were becoming daily more and more prosperous, and the calls for special duties were constantly increasing. For reasons already given, the baptism, as well of adults as children, constituted a large portion of these duties; and in noting the baptism of the first-born son of his friend and brother Doane, on the 17th of October, he incidentally remarks

"It makes the ninety-ninth baptism I have administered since I have been in Christ Church."

There is a peculiar pleasure in inserting here his well-merited testimony to the worth of a gentleman now universally known in the Church as an early, ardent, and zealous advocate of the cause of missions — the Hon. E. A. Newton, of Pittsfield, Mass. On the 15th of January, he accompanied this gentleman and his brother Doane to a neighboring parish, for the purpose of organizing an association auxiliary to the General Missionary Society. After giving an account of the religious exercises of the evening, he says, "Mr. Newton made an eloquent address to the congregation explanatory of the object of the visit, and requesting an expression of their approbation of the designs of the society." In writing to his father, he adds, "Mr. Newton is one of nature's own noblemen, a Christian, a Churchman, and a gentleman. He was long in India, and knew Middleton, and Heber, and Corrie, and all the other famous missionary men in those parts. His spirit there first kindled up with a zeal for the cause; and with the highest ardor and decision of character, he unites the firmest and most uncompromising attachment to the distinctive principles of the Church."

We now come to a scrap of personal history, which it is the more desirable to preserve, as it may possibly constitute nearly all the ancestral lore which the Croswell family may find it practicable to collect. In the autumn of 1829, the rector of Christ Church had discovered, by a singular accident, that there was a person residing in Boston bearing his own name. This person had taken one of his letters from the post office, and had broken the seal, before he discovered that it was addressed to the *Rev.* William Croswell. He immediately sent it by a mutual friend to its proper address, apologizing for the mistake, and requesting an interview. After some delay, which is sufficiently explained in the following correspondence, this interview finally took place. The following note, from the elder William Croswell, is written in a remarkably formal round hand, rather stiff, but neat and well defined, and much resembling the old style of copperplate writing copies: —

Boston, *October* 23, 1829.

Sir: Some weeks past, N. G. Snelling, Esq., informed me that you and he intended to visit me together. I was not then so well as usual. My health is now better; and it will be agreeable to my sister and myself to receive a visit when you think proper.

I am, sir, yours,

Mr. Croswell. W. CROSWELL.

"The following," says the rector, in his diary, January 18, "is a copy of a note addressed to my venerable cognominal, William Croswell, of Bedford Street: —

Dear Sir: I hope my neglect to acknowledge your kind favor of October last will not be misconstrued. It was received just as I was on the point of leaving town, and in my absence it was accidentally mislaid. If it be not too late, however, to avail myself of the privilege then offered, I shall be happy to wait upon you on Wednesday morning, in company with our mutual friend, Mr. SNELLING. In my academical days, my attention was arrested by your work on the mathematics, in such a way as almost to make me for the moment distrust my own identity; and I have been exceedingly desirous of making your acquaintance ever since I knew of your residence in the city. I am not so familiar with our table of consanguinity as I could desire; but I make no doubt, from the coincidence of our names, that the data furnished by an interview would authorize me to subscribe myself your kinsman, as well as Your respectful friend and namesake,

WILLIAM CROSWELL.
Winthrop Place.

BOSTON, *Tuesday, January* 19, 1830.

Sir: As my hearing is somewhat impaired, there was a strange mistake respecting your billet. It will be agreeable to my sister and myself to receive a visit to-morrow morning.

I am, sir, yours,

Mr. CROSWELL. W. CROSWELL.

Of this interview the description is exceedingly graphic, and, without doubt, perfectly accurate to the letter. "*Wednesday, January* 20. At half past ten, waited on Mr. SNELLING, who was to accompany me to my relative in Bedford Street. I was ushered into an upper room, betraying evident marks of poverty, but with some beautiful specimens of penmanship garnishing the walls, and CROSWELL's View of the Starry Heavens on a large map of Mercator's projection. My old prototype stood before me, nearly as tall as myself, but much dilapidated, poorly clad, and his shoes down at the heels. There seems to have been a premature breaking up of the system, as he is but little turned of sixty years. The few hairs that are left upon his head are white, but showed no disposition to crisp; but all the other characteristics of the species are decisively developed, and in his sister, who is younger than himself, are still more distinctly marked. There is the high forehead, the long nose, the gray eyes, and the longitude of thumb. There is the low voice, and, above all, in the male kind, the peevish and irritable temper which we all have to struggle with. The old gentleman was in a disordered frame of mind; but he promised, at some future time, to give me a detailed account of what he knew about us. I gathered, however, some interesting particulars before I left them. The first of our stock, THOMAS CROSWELL, came from Staffordshire, in England, during the usurpation of the Roundheads. Being detected in some scrape, he fled on board a ship bound for this country, and settled in Charlestown. He married PRISCILLA UPHAM, a woman of eminent piety, by whom he had one son, JOSEPH, and seven daughters. He acquired a handsome estate, and maintained a fair and reputable character. His son JOSEPH

married ABIGAIL, daughter of ANDREW STIMPSON, of Charlestown, by whom he had five sons, THOMAS, ANDREW, CALEB, BENJAMIN, and JOSEPH. ANDREW was liberally educated, and settled as a Congregationalist in this city. WILLIAM and his sister are his children. They showed me his portrait, rather the worse for wear, but a very good painting notwithstanding. It was taken when he was forty years of age, and is said to have been a likeness. According to this, he was a full-faced man, with a sparkling gray eye, a respectable nose, and a pleasant expression about the mouth. A printed account (which I was told, however, was not to be entirely relied on) states of the other brothers that 'CALEB died while at Cambridge University; THOMAS and BENJAMIN were mechanics. THOMAS settled and died in South Carolina. BENJAMIN settled and died in Groton, Connecticut.' Our grandfather may have been his son. Of JOSEPH, the youngest, born March 12, (O. S.,) 1712, I was presented with a memorial, with this title: 'Sketches of the life, and extracts from the journals and other writings, of the late JOSEPH CROSWELL, who, for more than forty years, was an itinerant preacher in the New England States, and who died at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, May, 1799, in the 88th year of his age.' 'He was preparing,' says his biographer, 'for an university education, in which he made laudable progress. But such was his diffidence of himself, that he declined the public education for which he had become qualified, and served an apprenticeship to a (*horresco referens!*) '—a baker.' The old gentleman says it should be, a barber. He became a merchant, failed, was thrust into prison, 'but though unfortunate, did not incur the guilt of dishonesty.' He was converted instantaneously, in his thirty-first year, at Groton, Conn., 'on Friday, the 26th of March, about half an hour after two o'clock, P. M.' 'Before that time, he had been habitually under alarming and serious impressions, which were at times exceedingly strong and distressing. But all was not sufficient to control a *naturally impetuous and irascible temper*.' He was one of the most conspicuous of the new lights, rode probably three thousand miles a year, and preached as many sermons per annum. He was a most extravagant and fanatical ranter, but his papers show a great deal of talent and imagination. I meet with this entry in his diary for 'May 3, 1776. As I was journeying from Boston, stopped in Charlestown, and took a survey of Prospect Hill,' (a delightful eminence between this and Cambridge, with a windmill on the top of it,) 'formerly owned by my father, and the place of my nativity. Viewed the mansion house, which I found turned into a sort of garrison,' &c. He had a son and daughter. The son was in the army, and signed, it is said, the commission under which the first armed vessel acted against Great Britain, in behalf of the Plymouth people. I will procure a copy of this book, to be laid up in the archives, and

perhaps it may help to account for preaching three times a day coming so natural. The old lady showed me a little silver cup of her grandfather's. She said that the CROSWELLS all had a restless propensity, were all born with a pen in their hands, that but few of them had talents for making or keeping money, but that all she knew or had heard of bore very respectable characters."*

On the first return of the anniversary of his admission to deacon's orders, he is found thus pouring out, in his private journal, and at the same time in a letter to his father, the feelings of a heart deeply imbued with a sense of the sacredness of his calling: "*Monday, January* 25. This is the anniversary of St. Paul's conversion, and also ('Alas for me, if I forget!') the anniversary of my being set apart for the ministry of the church of God. . . . The year has been full of incident, and marked with the most solemn transactions of my whole life. I believe I did not put my hand to this work without realizing, in some sense, the momentous relations and awful responsibilities of those who watch for souls as they that must give account, nor without a clear conviction of the duty and privilege of assuming these relations and responsibilities. I would put down nothing on this subject for effect, or in a spirit of vainglory; but I desire to record my testimony, that this holy calling, if diligently and faithfully undertaken and devotedly followed, is the path of life, which, for our own happiness, we should choose and covet, and contains all the elements of the purest and highest enjoyment which the corruption and infirmity of our nature admit. I have always refrained, on principle, from making a display of my private religious feelings on paper, lest I should thereby be tempted to give way to the movings of spiritual pride and self-righteousness; and I dare not trust myself to speak of the satisfaction and delight which he cannot but feel whose duty and whose glory it is to preach Christ crucified, and who would direct every thought, wish, and desire to the work of subduing evil and saving souls. I have been deliberately reviewing the principles laid down in my first discourse on this subject; and though, alas! no man living can be justified by that standard, I am confirmed by my short experience in the opinion, that the views which I then took are those only which are authorized by the Scriptures of truth."

PRICE LECTURES. These lectures were founded on the last will and testament of Mr. WILLIAM PRICE, a respectable book and print seller in Boston, and a devoted Churchman, who, in the year 1770, bequeathed an estate, in trust, for certain purposes, the principal of which was *the support of a course of sermons to be preached*

* WILLIAM CROSWELL died on the 7th of July, 1834.

annually in Lent; for which purpose sixteen pounds sterling were every year to be appropriated. The subjects of these lectures, eight in number, the days on which, and the persons by whom they were to be preached, are minutely specified in the will.* The preachers, at this time, were the rector and assistant minister of Trinity Church, and the rector of Christ Church; the place, Trinity Church. The will directs, with characteristic benevolence, that after each lecture there shall be made a contribution for the poor, into which, at each time, five shillings sterling shall be put by the church wardens; the whole proceeds to be divided, on Good Friday, between the ministers and wardens of the parishes interested in the lectures, *for the use of the poor.* The second and sixth of the series, the present year, were allotted to the rector of Christ Church. The first of these was on the *Miracles of Christ:* John vii. 31. "When Christ cometh, will he do more miracles than these which this man hath done?" He says, in a letter to his father, "My idea was, to cluster the miracles in such a way as to present a most striking aspect, and to make the inference from them to the truth of Christianity, and the divinity of the Savior, most direct and irresistible." So well did he succeed in this object, that he was afterwards told that a Unitarian minister, who was present, made several remarks, which, he adds, "were quite too flattering for my modesty to transfer to paper." The other lecture was on *Contentment:* 1 Timothy vi. 6. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

In the month of April, he made a short visit to Connecticut,

* The following is an extract: "And I hereby direct that the said eight annual Sermons be preached on the following subjects, viz.: 1st, Sermon on Ash Wednesday, (the service to begin about three o'clock in the afternoon,) upon the duty, usefulness, and propriety of fasting and abstinence, or upon Repentance, or Faith, or Hope, or Charity, or Christian Morality. The 2d. Sermon on the second Wednesday in Lent, at Eleven o'clock before noon; the Sermon to be against Atheism, or Infidelity, or in defence of the Divinity, or Miracles, of our blessed Saviour. The 3d. Sermon on the third Wednesday in Lent, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon; the subject, the Catholic Church, or the Excellency of the Christian Religion. The 4th Sermon on the fourth Wednesday in Lent, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Sermon to be a Vindication of the Church of England, as to Government, Doctrine, or Discipline, or a discourse against Heresy or Schism, Enthusiasm or Hypocrisy, or on the duty of Obedience to Kings and lawful authority, from all persons professing Christianity. The 5th Sermon on the fifth Wednesday in Lent, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, against Error and Superstition, particularly those of the Church of Rome. The sixth Sermon on the sixth Wednesday in Lent, at Eleven o'clock, in the forenoon, on Detraction or Restitution, or on Contentment and Resignation, or on preparation for Death. The 7th Sermon on the seventh Wednesday in Lent, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on Baptism, or Confession, or Absolution, or on the Duty of Public Worship. The 8th Sermon on Good Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the Passion and Death of Christ, or of the nature, necessity, and advantages of the Holy Communion."

leaving Boston on the 17th, and returning on the 29th. His visits homeward were always full of enjoyment, as he was ever ready to testify. But in the present case, it afforded him but little relaxation of his labors. On each of the two Sundays included in the time, he took the entire service of the church in Stratford. He also preached on a Wednesday evening in New Haven, and, on the 22d, was present and read morning prayer at the consecration of St. Paul's Chapel.

On the week preceding the reopening of Christ Church, he accompanied the bishop, with a few of the clergy, to Leicester, some fifty miles from Boston, to preach at the institution of the Rev. Lot Jones, and to participate in the other services of the day. In speaking of these services, he pays the following well-deserved tribute to Mr. Jones: "He is one of the most faithful and devoted sons of the Church now living. In this little parish, which stands all alone by itself in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, he has made his influence radiate in every direction. It was a day I shall never forget, as one of the days of the right hand of the Most High. He has been there a year, and has already baptized twenty-nine adults, some in the church and some in the living stream. His communion has grown from nine to sixty. Thirty-three persons were confirmed." Mr. Jones yet lives to do the Church good service, having been transferred to a missionary station in the city of New York, where he has fully sustained the character here ascribed to him.

On Trinity Sunday, June 6, Christ Church was reopened for divine service; and the rector not only bore the whole burden of the day, but, in the evening, rode to South Boston with the Rev. Mr. Coit, where he had appointed a missionary lecture, and read prayers for the third time. On his return, he wrote his weekly epistle to his father. The day was unpleasant; but the assemblage was large, and every thing conspired to excite the deepest interest on the part of the congregation. The following original Hymn, prepared by the rector for the occasion, was performed by the choir with fine effect: —

Awake, O Arm divine! Awake,
Eye of the Only Wise!
For Zion and the Temple's sake,
Savior and God, arise!
So shall our hour of gloom be o'er,
And we, a happy throng,
Wake in her hallowed aisles once more
The breath of sacred song.

To thee we'll lift our grateful voice,
To thee our offerings bring,
And with a glowing heart rejoice
To hail thee God and King.

God of our fathers! still be ours;
Thy gates wide open set,
And fortify the ancient towers
Where thou with them hast met.
Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,
Still let them gild our wall,
Nor be our foes nor thine allowed
To see us faint and fall.
The worship of the glorious past
Swell on from age to age,
And be, while time itself shall last,
Our children's heritage.

August 15 is recorded in his diary as "a most delightful and solemn day," the Right Rev. Bishop GRISWOLD having administered confirmation in Christ Church to thirty-nine persons, and, he adds, "none of them children."

The month of September is marked by the announcement of two most afflictive dispensations. On Sunday, the 5th, a report was received of the death of the Rev. Dr. GARDINER, rector of Trinity Church, in England, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health; and before the grief produced by this event had scarcely had time to subside, it was followed by another, — the death of the Right Rev. Bishop HOBART, — still more distressing, inasmuch as it was less expected, and the deceased was overtaken in the midst of the active duties of his office. The following letter will tell how deeply the visitation affected the heart of the writer: —

"BOSTON, *Monday Morning, September* 20, 1830.

"MY DEAR FATHER: The death of Bishop HOBART has made us all desolate and heart-broken. It has thrown a gloom over our minds with which I had thought nothing but the sundering of some dear domestic tie could have overwhelmed me. Though letter after letter from New York had been gradually extinguishing our hopes, the fatal announcement burst upon us, after all, like a thunderbolt, and I sat down and wept like a child. I have renewed my grief day by day, as the papers of the city disclose some new testimony of the universal mourning and woe with which this calamity has filled all sorts and conditions of men. Their columns are occupied with the tributes of affection and veneration for his memory, and show how properly that inestimable loss is appreciated. But

we sorrow not, blessed be God, as those without hope. He died as he had lived, and as every Christian bishop would desire to die. The full account of his last moments, from Dr. RUDD, exhibits a glorious triumph of that religion which carried him faithful to the very death. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of life. We may bless God's holy name for one more servant departed this life in his faith and fear, and beseech him to give us grace so to follow his good example, that with him we may be partakers of his heavenly kingdom. Mr. DOANE preached a most eloquent and effective sermon on the occasion, in the morning. I exchanged with him in the afternoon, and preached on Hebrews xiii. 14: 'For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.' After alluding to the death of Dr. GARDINER, I went on to say, 'While we have not yet recovered from the stunning stroke of a dispensation which so tremblingly teaches us how frail and uncertain is the tenure of our citizenship here, a still more recent calamity calls upon us to renew our lamentations with the whole united Church of God in this land, over the bereavement of one of its most faithful guides and distinguished ornaments. Of all the eminent servants of God whom a season of unusual mortality has summoned to their reward, the death of the Right Rev. Bishop HOBART, of New York, in the midst of his indefatigable and abundant labors, is calculated to call forth our deepest sympathy, and to overwhelm us with feelings of the most acute and poignant sorrow. We can form no estimate of that incalculable loss. The reputation of his name, the splendor of his talents, the purity of his life, the sanctity of his office, the eminence of his station, and the consecrated lustre of his whole public career, have inspired respect and veneration wherever they were known. But many can tell how these feelings were lost in the still deeper emotion of affection and love, as intercourse taught them the charity of his heart, the sweetness of his disposition, the amenity and simplicity of his manners, and the delights of his intimate conversation. In him the genius of true Christianity might be seen at once reflected; and he has left us a model of spiritual exaltation without pride, and of elevated piety without austerity, which no age can destroy. Alas! for our sakes, that even for him there is here no continuing city. He now lives only in the memory and hearts of his survivors, who have this day assembled by thousands to muse on his illustrious example, and to kindle the flames of a vital and energetic piety at the ashes which are yet scarcely cold. His sun was in its meridian power, and its warmth most genial, when it was suddenly eclipsed forever. He fell as the standard bearer of the Cross should ever wish to fall, by no lingering decay, but in the firmness and vigor of his age, and in the very act of combat and of triumph. His Master came sud-

denly, and found him faithful in his charge, and waiting for his appearing. He was that faithful and wise steward whom his Lord had made ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season. And O, blessed, eternally blessed, is that servant whom his Lord, when he came, found watching. His eye had not waxed dim, nor had his natural force abated; and death, after no long suffering, has removed him from a life of the most intense labor and anxiety to the repose and blessedness of heaven. He has put off his earthly mitre for the crown incorruptible. He has laid aside his sacerdotal robes for the pure, unblemished marriage garment. He hears the inexpressive nuptial song. With his loins girt, and his lamp burning, he has gained an entrance where the Bridegroom and His friends passed to bliss in the mid hour of night, happy in having entirely devoted his great powers to the vast spiritual interests over which he presided; happy in being the minister of salvation to ages yet unborn; happy in having established a name before which all the future generations of the land shall rise up and call it blessed. . . . It is in such awful spectacles of mortality, that we see how frail and uncertain our own condition is, and read most emphatically the admonition, "Be ye also ready."' O, pray, my dear father, that it may not be lost upon us. Do not make any public use of this extract. I send it merely because my heart is full of the subject, and I know it is one on which we can mingle our warmest sympathies together. . . .

"Our centennial celebration was very imposing indeed; but my feelings were out of harmony with it, and I thought of Xerxes, as he looked at his great army, or of that plaintive call of the herald at those celebrations in Greece which took place every hundred years, 'Come to the solemnities which no living eye hath seen, and which no living eye can see again.'"

It should be borne in mind, that when these sentiments were penned, it was more than twenty years before the writer's decease, and when he was in the very freshness and vigor of early manhood. The labor of life was all before him, and a brief experience was all that he had to foreshadow his future cares and responsibilities. But he wrote as he felt; and when he saw before him the bright example of the sainted Hobart, it was but natural that he should indulge some faint and trembling hope that he might be permitted to follow, though at humble distance, in the luminous footsteps of such a leader. How far this hope was ever realized, those can best judge who saw him, at the close of life, called away to his reward in a manner even more sudden and striking, in the very field of labor, and clad in all his armor.

In the month of October, while contemplating a visit homeward,

in addressing his mother, he affects to "transcribe a verse or two out of a popular poem book." Not being aware of the existence of such a book, the verses are inserted without attempting to decide whether they are or are not original.

O, when shall I be restored
To the place that is kept for me
Around the hearth, and around the board,
In my father's family?

When shall my mother's eye
My coming footsteps greet
With a look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet?

I know, when the prayer is said,
That for me warm bosoms yearn,
For me fond tears are shed!
O, when shall I return?

On Monday, the 27th of December, he writes as follows: "I have had as happy a Christmas as is consistent with the performance of five successive services, and the effects of the clouds and darkness which are round about it. On the whole, I do not know that I ever felt more comfortably on a Monday morning than at this present writing; and the successful discharge of the arduous but delightful duties of the week have relieved my mind of a great weight, and put me in quite a delectable frame."

After giving some account of his several sermons, on Christmas Eve and the two succeeding days, he speaks of having prepared two Hymns for the occasion, which were sung to appropriate music in his own and two other churches in Boston. Of these Hymns, the following, from the Episcopal Watchman of January 1, is the first, and the other will be found on page 65, of this work.

1.

Glad tidings waft once more,
Angels, who hymned of yore
Messiah's birth;
Sing, voices of the sky,
As in those times gone by,
Glory to God on high,
Peace on the earth!

2.

O bright and burning star,
Be not from us afar,
Distant nor dim;
Lead our frail feet aright,
Silent, but shining light,
As on that hallowed night,
Guide us to Him.

3.

Give thou thy people grace,
Savior! who seek thy face
This favored day.
Incense and odors sweet
May not thy coming greet,
But hearts are at thy feet;
Turn not away.

4.

For in thy blessed shrine
Each garland we intwine
Incense shall breathe.
As each before thee lies,
Emblem of souls that rise
Heavenwards, where never dies
Thy fadeless wreath.

The following lines are found among his manuscripts, under date of 1830, but have probably never been published. They refer to the weathercock on the spire of the place of worship at the North End, Boston, then occupied by a Unitarian society.

OLD NORTH COCK.

Roosted upon his ancient ball,
Last night, sat the Old North cock,
In the midst of a terrible north-east squall
Which made the steeples rock,
And waked the watchmen, one and all,
As the bell tolled twelve o'clock.

With head erect and unruffled form,
The hearty and tough old cock,
Through wind and rain, and cold and warm,

All weathers continues to mock;
And he whisked him round to face the storm,
And breasted himself to the shock.

O image of triple *guilt*,* quoth I,
I should very much like to know
If you have a bit of reason why,
While all these changelings here below,
Like Peter of old, their Lord deny,
You never was known to crow.

Whist! whist! quoth chanticleer, you're slow:
How could I crow so fast, sir,
As these my fickle friends below,
And each misguiding pastor,
And the *Priestly*† men who teach them so,
Deny their Lord and Master?

1831.

The record of this year is not remarkably full. In his diary there is a large hiatus, extending from the middle of January to the beginning of October; and during the remainder of the time, the entries are little else than brief sketches of his daily duties and services. But the deficiency is in some measure supplied by his correspondence; and although, for reasons already stated, it would be improper to draw largely upon this correspondence, it may, nevertheless, furnish many facts, incidents, and reflections, as aids in conducting the narrative.

January 2, he writes, that, after having performed his customary round of three full services, he finds himself able to sit down and prepare a Hymn for the Howard Benevolent Society. Of this Hymn the following copy is taken from a manuscript collection: —

Lord, lead the way the Savior went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasure still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor;
Like Him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

* Gilt.
† An obvious pun on the name of the great apostle of Unitarianism.

For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Among the occurrences of the year, the commencement of a new Church periodical in Boston may be here noted. The plan of a monthly magazine having been previously relinquished, a number of clergymen and laymen of the diocese conferred together, from time to time, on the expediency of establishing a weekly paper, to be afforded at a low price, for the purpose of securing an extensive circulation, and thus promoting the interests of the Church. After some ineffectual attempts to secure the services of an editor, the two friends consented, though evidently with much reluctance, to undertake the work themselves. Under this arrangement, the first number was issued, by Messrs. STIMPSON and CLAPP, on the 3d of September. It was a neat little "folio of four pages," entitled THE BANNER OF THE CHURCH. The contents, in prose and verse, were chiefly original, and were generally contributed by one or the other of the two friends. Some of the poetical productions of the junior editor had been previously published; but others appeared for the first time in the Banner. From both of these sources a few specimens may be gathered. Of those transferred from other publications, the following may be deemed peculiarly worthy of preservation, though the writer speaks of it to his father in the language of apology. It was called forth by the death of Colonel PUTNAM, a most highly esteemed and venerable member of the Church in Brooklyn, Conn., and was transmitted to the daughter of the deceased, the late Mrs. SUMNER, of Hartford, with the following apologetic note: "The melancholy subject on which I wrote you last has pressed much upon my mind since; so much so, that it has been one cause, perhaps, of unfitting me for doing better justice to your honored father's memory. I have waited for leisure to do better; but this has been denied me, and, as I now foresee, must be denied me for a long time to come. After so much unseasonable delay, I submit this hasty effusion (for such it truly is) to your disposal with fear and trembling. But however I may have failed, I know you will appreciate my motives."

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED SERVANT OF GOD.

"Fortunate Senex."

I was in spirit with the crowd
Who stood around thy bier,
When grief, though deep, was yet not loud,
As each in turn drew near,
And, mutely bending, o'er and o'er
Fond kindred lips were pressed
Upon thy placid brow, before
They laid thee to thy rest.

No stain upon thy clear renown,
Descended from the brave,
Brought thy gray hairs with sorrow down,
Tried veteran! to the grave;
We saw thee hastening, calm and sage,
On to thy perfect day,
And, in thy green and good old age,
Serenely fade away.

Peace to thy patriarchal dust!
From yon old solemn shrine
Breaks forth a tone of loftiest trust
That better things are thine;
Thy light shone ever there to bless,
And on thy hoary head,
Found in the way of righteousness,
A crown of glory shed.

Nursed in her aisles, and truly taught
By her to live and die,
Our grief finds refuge in the thought
That there thou still art nigh;
It treasures there a precious store
For sweet and soothing calm,
To read thy favorite prayers, and pour
The same victorious psalm.

Thus shall thy memory be a spell
Of strong but silent power,
Within the church thou lov'dst so well,
And round thy household bower;
Yea, every spot is sanctified,
Amid this vale of tears,
Where thou, for heaven, hast laid aside
The burden of thy years.

The following is one of his earlier productions, and was first published in the Watchman, in 1827, and copied into several papers. It was now republished in the Banner, under the author's own revision.

CLOUDS.

"Cloud land! gorgeous land!" COLERIDGE.

I cannot look above, and see
Yon high-piled, pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how Thou wast seen
On Israel's desert way,
Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
Pavilioned all the day;—

Or of those robes of gorgeous hue
Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravished from his followers' view,
Aloft his flight he bore;
When, lifted as on mighty wing,
He curtained his ascent,
And, wrapped in clouds, went triumphing
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many-colored dyes
That high above, o'ermantling all,
Hangs midway down the skies?
Or borders of those sweeping folds
Which shall be all unfurled
About the Savior, when he holds
His judgment on the world?

For in like manner as he went —
My soul, hast thou forgot? —
Shall be his terrible descent,
When man expecteth not.
Strength, Son of man! against that hour,
Be to our spirits given,
When Thou shalt come again, with power,
Upon the clouds of heaven.

The following has probably never appeared, except in the Banner.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.*

Pet lilies of your kind,
Effeminate and pale,
That shiver in the autumn wind,
Like reeds before the gale,
Ye have not toiled or spun,
As sister lilies might,
Nor are ye wise as Solomon,
Though sumptuous to the sight.

O fair, and well arrayed!
And are ye they to whom
The world is under tribute laid
For finery and perfume?
And have ye no delight,
Nought else that may avail,
To weather that eternal night,
When these expedients fail?

This also was among his first contributions to the Banner: —

CHARITY HYMN.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

Thou who on earth didst sympathize
With mortal care and fear,
And all the frail and fleshly ties
That man to man endear,
The sorrower's prayer, the sufferer's sighs
Still reach Thy gracious ear.

Though, pierced by many a pang below,
The heart may sorely ache,
Touched with a feeling of our woe,
A bond no time can break,
Thou wilt not leave us, Lord! we know
Thou never wilt forsake.

* See Young, Night Second, lines 232–253.

Freely Thou givest, and thy word
Is freely to impart;
And oft as from that law we've erred
With unfraternal heart,
The deeper let us now be stirred
To be, even as Thou art.

With the opening of the Banner, the editors commenced a series of papers, under the title of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, (suggested by Keble's work,) which was kept up, with very little interruption, to the end of the volume. The pieces which constituted this series were partly in prose and partly in verse, some selected and some original, while others were contractions or variations of some of the longer pieces of Keble. They were all designed to explain and illustrate the services of the Sundays and holy days of the Church throughout the year. The few poetical productions here selected are found among the manuscript collections of the junior editor.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

O Savior, for whose blesséd sake
Saint Andrew left his all,
Beside the Galilean lake,
As soon as Thou didst call;
Grant us, thy servants, later born,
That grace which led thee first
To bear the cross of shame and scorn,
And to endure the worst.

While skiff, and net, and hempen coil,
The tackle and the oar,
Remind us of their patient toil,
The fisher's part who bore,
O, teach us what our work must be,
Their fellowship to win,
Who follow them and follow thee,
In holy discipline.

And let no follower come alone,
But each his kindred bring,
As Andrew did, to see and own
One common Lord and King;

To count, like him, all gain but loss,
To tread temptation down,
And, through the triumph of the cross,
Secure a glorious crown.

HYMN FOR SAINT MATTHEW'S DAY.

"And as Jesus passed forth, he saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, and he saith unto him, Follow me; and he arose and followed him." *Gospel for the Day.*

By Babel's piles, how heavenly fair
To see God's light dispel,
With beams divine, the stifled air
Of Mammon's gloomiest cell!
It cheers the soul that even there
Our holy faith may dwell,
And thrive amid the dreary glare
Of this world's citadel.

There still the Savior makes his call,
Drowned though the accents be;
O "Lord, make Matthews of us all,"
To rise and follow thee;
To leave whate'er we prize as gold;
Our treasure and our heart
Transfer, where we may safe behold
Earth and her idols part.

Thus, as our feet through labyrinths glide,
O, let thy voice sublime
Be heard above the stunning tide
Of human care and crime;
And as our busy task is plied
By dusky lane and mart,
Its unction ever there abide
Like music in the heart.

LAST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice. The Lord is at hand." *Epistle for the Day.*

Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim;
The Chief of all the sons of men —
Who will not welcome him?
Rejoice! the hour is near; at length
The Journeyer on his way
Comes in the greatness of his strength
To keep his holy day.

With cheerful hymns and garlands sweet,
Along his wintry road,
Conduct him to his green retreat,
His sheltered, safe abode;
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave verdure o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival.

And still more greenly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
"So blessed was the time;"
And underneath these hallowed eaves
A "Savior will be born"
In every heart that him receives
On his triumphal morn.

THE EPIPHANY.

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." *Gospel for the Day.*

We come not with a costly store,
O Lord! like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shores of gold;
No weepings of the incense tree
Are with the gifts we bring,
Nor odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But still our love would bring its best:
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified;
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in thy sight.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him." *Gospel for the Day.*

O humblest and happiest bridal of earth!
O Cana of Galilee, blest
With the sanction of Christ for thine innocent mirth,
Thou first saw his glory confessed!
A glory enlivening the festival board,
Increasing its generous store,
And cheering the hearts that in wonder adored,
Till the cup of their gladness ran o'er.

And who will unbless what the Savior has blest?
What being of arrogant mould
Will dare at the bridal where He is a guest,
The cup of his favor withhold?
And why are thy bounties, O Master! disdained,
When thy smile so indulgent will be,
If with conscience unwounded, and spirit unstained,
They remind us of Cana and Thee?

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Poor, and desolate, and blind,
Like the wayside wanderer, we,
Savior! by thy grace inclined,
Fain would guide our steps to thee.
'Mid the tumult of mankind,
Still in love thou passest by;
Still let those who seek thee find;
Hear our never-ceasing cry.

Darkly through our glass we see ;
Shadows wrap our loveliest day ;
Lovelier will the vision be
When the scales shall fall away.
Savior, though a tenfold night
O'er the outward sense should roll,
Brighter let thy cloudless light
Shine forever in the soul.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

Thou who, for forty days and nights, o'ermastered all the might
Of Satan, and the fiercest pangs of famished appetite,—
O Savior! leave us not alone to wrestle with our sin,
But aid us in these holy hours of solemn discipline.

Let not the tempter tempt us, Lord, beyond our strength to bear,
Though, in the desert of our woe, he wildly shrieks, "Despair!"
Let not our humble confidence be in thy promise stirred,
Nor clouds of dark distrust spring up between us and thy word.

Nor let us yet be lifted up by him, the prince of air,
To scale presumption's dizzy height, and left to perish there ;
Nor on the temple's pinnacle, in our self-righteous pride,
Be set for thee to frown upon, and demons to deride.

And O, when pleasure, power, and pomp around our vision swim,
And, through the soft, enchanting mist, he bids us worship him,
Assist us from the revelling sense the sorcerer's spell to break,
And tread the arch apostate down, Redeemer! for thy sake.

From his correspondence of this year, some allusions may be gathered with regard to an incident, the memory of which is recalled with peculiar interest and unmingled satisfaction, as furnishing pleasing evidence of his disinterested kindness, and his natural disposition to encourage the opening indications of genius and merit. He received letters of introduction, by the hand of GEORGE WHITING FLAGG, a young artist of New Haven, who was on a visit to his uncle, the late WASHINGTON ALLSTON, the celebrated historical painter, then residing and pursuing his profession at Cambridge. FLAGG was at this time scarcely fifteen years of age, but he had already made commendable progress in portrait painting. From his very childhood, indeed, his passion for the art was entirely uncontrollable, and absorbed all his energies. Sketching and drawing took precedence of every other pursuit ; and long before

he became a proficient in penmanship or any other branch of schoolboy learning, he was wont to portray the imagery of his thoughts on canvas. His first interview, and its results, are thus announced, under date of August 14: "He won my heart at first sight; and, operated upon by his irresistible grace, I went straightway down to his rooms to sit for my portrait. It is the first call that he has had for this purpose; and as he wishes to have his reputation rest upon it, he is taking great pains with it, and I think will make an excellent likeness. He has two little fancy pieces at the Athenæum exhibition, which opens to-morrow. I have introduced him to several of my friends, who are professed patrons of the fine arts, and who will give him all encouragement. His passion for his pencil is marvellous; and I know not whether most to admire the maturity of his conceptions or the rapidity of his execution. I think he is quite an offset to my little musical prodigy. I have brought them together. Flagg was delighted with her performance; and we have made arrangements for her to sit for a little cabinet piece, which he will execute in his best style."

On the 21st of August he again writes: "Flagg confines me pretty closely with his portrait, but has now nearly completed it. It is exceedingly well done, and is said to be a likeness. As he has hardly received any notice from other quarters, I have been a good deal occupied in carrying him about the suburbs. His childlike simplicity and genuine devotion to his art make him a delightful companion, and I hope he will continue as unsophisticated from his acquaintance with the world. He enjoyed our visits to Pine Bank and Nahant rarely, and kept me clambering up and down the ledges, at the latter place, all the while we were there, though one of the warmest days of the season. He has in hand a small cabinet piece, for which my 'little correspondent' was the sitter, and which he considers as the best thing he has done. This is for me, and will be a beautiful picture."

Again, on the 28th, he writes: "Little Flagg has finished my picture, which is a better performance than any, he thinks, that he has ever before executed. I have been the means of filling his hands with business, and he is very grateful for the attention which he has received from me. . . . In the mean time, he improves very rapidly, and, when known, will be much noticed and caressed. He is indeed a delightful boy."

Thus was it his pleasure to introduce this young and devoted artist, who was yet in his mere boyhood, to friends, to favor, and to patronage; and he had the gratification of knowing, in after years, that his confidence had not been misplaced; that the talents and genius of his youthful friend had not been overrated; and that his highest anticipations had all been realized. G. W. Flagg was soon distinguished in his art, while confined chiefly to portraits; and

having afterwards turned his attention more particularly to historical painting, he has produced a variety of pieces which place him in a high position in this branch of his art, and will secure him an enviable reputation among the men of genius of the present age.

It may be well to introduce in this place a brief notice of the child whose picture FLAGG was engaged in painting, and of whom her pastor speaks in the preceding extracts as his "little musical prodigy," and as his "little correspondent." This child, from a very early age, had manifested an extraordinary devotion of spirit, a remarkable tenderness of conscience, and an ardent love of religion and of the services of the Church. Her taste for music had been much cultivated at the age of eight or nine years, and she had acquired an ease and readiness in epistolary composition seldom or never witnessed in so young a person. Her indications of early piety had induced an over-fond relative to suggest, and rather urge, the propriety of her admission at once to confirmation and the holy communion. From this course, however, she was easily dissuaded by her faithful friend and pastor. But though she delayed to a more appropriate season the outward and public profession of her faith, she never neglected for a moment the regular and systematic exercise of her religious duties. The following letter, addressed to this child, and copied by permission, will serve to show as well her pastor's high appreciation of her character, as his remarkable faculty of adapting his instructions to every class and age, from the tender lambs to the mature members of his flock. It is a gratification to add, that the child of this period is now, and has been for several years, a most worthy, intelligent, and exemplary member of the holy communion of the Church.

"BOSTON, *May* 4, 1831.

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND: You may be sure that I shall love the *notes* you *write*, as well as the notes you *sing;* and I do not know how I could love them better. You may be sure, too, that if you try to be good, God will assist you to be so. The arms of the same kind and gracious Savior who once took up the little children, put His hands upon them and blessed them, will ever be open to receive all of the same tender age. O, love that blessed Being as you have ever loved your dearest friends; for He has loved you even more than they, and has given Himself for you, that where He now is, there you may hereafter be also. Pray to Him, that you may ever continue His own dutiful child, pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated. So will your heavenly songs ever delight His ear. So will you sing in His temple above, with the little ones who sung of old in His temple below, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!'

"I have many things to say to you, my dear child, which I cannot write even with a 'silver pen.' 'It may be better told,' as one of the holiest of men says, 'when I come unto you; for the daughter of the voice is better than the son of ink, and it is a good time when a man speaketh face to face with his friend.'

"God bless you and your little sister, and all whom you most love. Your affectionate friend,

"WILLIAM CROSWELL.

"Miss ———."

To the same child he addressed the following stanzas on her eighth birthday, September 5, 18— : —

Steeped in the soft September light,
What mellowing hues array
The forward view! — so pure and bright
Be all thy life's long day;
A dewy lustre thus be shed,
A sweet and soothing calm
Swim in thine eye, and o'er thy head
Fall on thy soul like balm.

May Heaven preserve each dainty tress
From all that would destroy,
As, in thy playful restlessness,
They seem to share thy joy;
Good angels shelter from all ills
The fast-maturing grace,
That with a saddening sweetness fills
Thy *penseroso* face.

Oft as I turn from year to year,
And days of absence roll,
I'll bind thy vision, made more dear
By memory, to my soul;
I'll pray that he by whom 'twas won
Will keep thy minstrel boon,
A singing heart, in unison
With every darling tune.

The following letter, in answer to an invitation to officiate at the anniversary of the Ladies' Bible Societies, in Boston, expresses, in brief but plain and decided terms, the sentiments generally held by the Church on the subject of associations constituted in conformity with the policy of the American Bible Society.

"DEAR MADAM: While I readily acknowledge the honor intended me by the ladies of the Female Bible Society, I throw myself upon their most candid construction, in declining to attend their anniversary on the 6th proximo.

"With regard to the duty and privilege of aiding in the circulation of that 'glorious gospel of the blessed God' with which his Church has ever been inseparably connected, I am happy to believe there is no difference of opinion among Protestants. But in this, as in all our attempts to do good, regard must be had to the means, as well as to the end; and it was an early lesson of my childhood, which has strengthened into conviction with my strength, and been fortified by the opinion of a long line of saintly men, from the Reformation to the present day, that the indiscriminate and promiscuous union, for religious purposes, of the maintainers of every opposite sentiment, only serves to encourage and perpetuate error. Painful, therefore, as the duty is, I feel that I could not, in any case, be justified in shrinking to bear my testimony, insignificant as it may be, against the practice.

"Trusting that my motives will be considered in their true light, I beg you to believe that I am, with every sentiment of respect and esteem for the intentions of the society, your friend and servant in the faith, WILLIAM CROSWELL."

A few further extracts from his diary and letters will close the record of the present year. These are the terms in which he recommences his diary on the 4th of October. The passage is inserted to show with what untiring energy and perseverance he devoted every moment of his time to duties, either voluntarily assumed or devolving upon him in the regular pursuit of his calling.

"After so long an interval, I again resume my journal, with the determination, in dependence on divine grace, not to intermit a day again, so long as God shall please to spare me ability. The press of duty upon me never was, and probably never will be, greater than at this moment. The care of a laborious and difficult parish, expecting religious services thrice on the Lord's day, with much attention in the course of the week; the superintendence of a weekly periodical, small indeed, but on that account the more select; the secretaryship of several societies, requiring an unusual amount of correspondence; together with all my own private letters, and the numberless and nameless vexations attendant upon all, leave me but little of that leisure which my nature and temperament make so luxurious. But there is a rest remaining for the people of God. May it be mine at last."

It is sufficient to say of this journal, for the remainder of the year, that what is here compressed into a brief compass is but a foreshadowing of the minute details which make up the daily

record. Amid his severe and manifold labors, however, he seldom complains of fatigue or ill health. The following entry is the only exception. On Sunday, the 27th of November, he preached twice, taking the whole service, and, in the evening, read the prayers for the third time. Speaking of the morning, he says, "Somewhat nervous from exhaustion; was obliged to stop for some minutes, in the second lesson, till I could recover myself." He closes the record of the day: "Retired early, much fatigued."

Of the great variety of topics embraced in his letters, no particular classification will be observed; but the selections will follow generally in the order of their dates. Hence, a grave reflection, a solemn thought, a touching allusion, a graphic description, a vein of pleasantry, may be brought into close proximity, as called forth by passing incidents, which cannot, for obvious reasons, be given in detail. Here is a caustic sally, drawn out by a correspondent, who had spoken of some hostility, in a certain quarter, to Christmas decorations: "*January* 2. Your last shows a breaking out of the old puritanical spirit in a new place. This loathing of Christmas greenery is worthy of that 'gang of canting rogues' who broke down the carved work of the sanctuary, and who, forgetting that we had bodies as well as spirits, seemed to aim to make religion as uncomfortable and nauseating as possible, and to deprive it of every thing which is calculated to enlist the senses, the taste, and the imagination on its side. . . . But it is a genial time, and should be prolific of every thing that tends to elevated and refreshing associations."

Here is a piece of pleasantry, addressed to his mother, February 13, on the subject of an eclipse of the sun: "It being a pleasant day yesterday, it was distinctly understood that the eclipse was not to be postponed. Accordingly, smoked glass was the circulating medium all the morning, and the glaziers sold more broken panes than they ever mended. Even Master Burke, who is supposed to be the most wonderful creature now living, seemed to excite less attention. We were disappointed in the spectacle. After so long a note of preparation, and attempt at effect, it was quite a failure. We wanted it to be darker. I had intended to '*improve*' the phenomenon, in a sermon, to-day, but concluded my congregation would think me at a great loss for edifying subjects, if I made so much of this disastrous twilight."

From his own account of his parochial labors, it will be sufficient to make an occasional extract. The following, addressed to his father, Sunday evening, March 6, may be taken as a specimen: "I am quite tired, though a perfectly well man. The day has been dismal, the duty arduous. I visited two Sunday schools this morning, prayed, preached, and administered the communion. During the intermission, I visited and administered the communion to the

sick; and again prayed and preached this afternoon and evening. All this comes after a very toilsome week. I have seen more dead and dying within a short time, in our parish, than during all the rest of my ministry. There are, at this moment, several cases of severe sickness, arising not so much from the prevalence of any single disease, as from this critical season of the year, which brings so many lingering cases to a fatal conclusion. We find, of course, that as is the life, so generally is the death. It is delightful to visit the sick beds of those who have passed an exemplary Christian course, and have, while in health, made their peace with God — whose loins are girt, and whose lamps are burning. I have been called to communicate their situation to several who have been far gone in consumption; and I have had much evidence of the difficulty of making persons with that complaint realize their bodily condition, much more their spiritual."

The same letter contains a brief, but just, tribute to one of the most distinguished of our departed bishops: "Mightily have I been confirmed and refreshed over the volumes of Ravenscroft. That saintly man was truly a burning and a shining light; and would have been, in the most glorious eras of the Church."

In a letter, dated on Easter Monday, he mentions the fact, that, including the Sundays, he had, in the course of the week preceding, preached seven times, and read twelve entire services, besides discharging considerable other parochial duty; and yet, he says, "I thank God, I have got safely through with it."

Agreeably to the practice of the governors of Massachusetts, who have commonly appointed the annual fast during the festive season of the Church, and on a day never recognized as a fasting day, the appointment, the present year, was on the Thursday after Easter. The following extract from a letter of Sunday evening after Easter, will show how it was observed by the rector and congregation of Christ Church: "The neighboring clock has just struck eleven; and the ancient and quiet watchman, who patroles this well-ordered part of the town, has signified that 'all's well.' Deep sleep hath fallen upon all, apparently, round about; but I feel so fresh and wakeful, that I have no inclination to follow their example; and I have little doubt that I should rest the better when I have one the less duty to discharge. By keeping out of my study as much as possible, I have completely recruited myself since my last; though I have not been able to get through the week without preaching, on Tuesday evening at South Boston, and again on the day of the annual fast. But though I submitted to this last ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, I studiously avoided the recognition of it as a day of humiliation. I gave all the services the character which belongs to the festal season; for I could not consent to put our little flock out of harmony with the holy Church

throughout the world, to accommodate the narrow-minded prejudices of the founders of the Bay State."

His next letter gives the details of a frightful stage accident, which occurred on his passage from Lowell to Boston. The stage, after a long run, was upset in Charlestown, and nearly demolished; but though there were nine inside passengers, including four ladies, and two small children, and four outside, none of them were seriously injured. "An hour afterwards," he says, "I could not, and do not now, realize as I ought the immediate peril to which I have been exposed, and the marvellous deliverance which has been wrought out for me."

On the 25th he writes, "You will see by the papers the circumstances of brother DOANE'S institution, [as Rector of Trinity Church.] It was a most solemn transaction, and affected me deeply. I had not entirely recovered from the agitation of my escape; and I have not been so overcome by my feelings at any solemnity of the kind since my own ordination."

On the 6th of June, speaking of the approaching session of the diocesan Convention, he says, "I shall have an encouraging parochial report to present. The baptisms alone exceed seventy, ten or twelve of whom are adults." In the same letter, he describes a certain irregular proceeding in a neighboring church; a portion of which is selected, not so much for the purpose of casting reproaches upon others, as of showing his own extreme, but laudable sensitiveness, on the subject of the order and discipline of the Church: "We have had a beautiful performance at ———, which may, perhaps, surprise you; but here we are surprised at nothing from that quarter. I allude to the manner in which ——— thought proper to advance the cause of *prison discipline*, by breaking through all those rules which regulate *discipline ecclesiastical*. Just conceive, for a moment, of ———'s successor stepping into the desk, in a thin undress, reading a chapter, setting aside 'common prayer' as a sealed book and a dead letter, and breaking out extemporaneously into those '*un*common,' and until lately '*un*known strains,' with which the Congregational houses resound. I should have expected to have seen something *white* on such an occasion, if it were but the *spirits* of confessors and martyrs reproachfully flitting through the gloom, or to have heard the very beams crying out from the wall."

The following extract is illustrative of some of the most interesting traits in his character. It is found in a letter addressed to his brother, to whom he had presented a book for his religious edification: "No man can read it, with a desire to be instructed, and not feel his principles of piety invigorated and confirmed, and his mind refreshed. I hope you will study it with attention and singleness of heart, not so much for my sake as for the object with which it was written, the attainment of a religious character. It will

teach you how to lead a holy and happy life here, and, by adorning the doctrine of God your Savior in all things, to grow in meetness for a state of acceptance and perfect bliss hereafter. It is now the critical and turning period of your life. It is the time of your greatest blessings and your greatest dangers. The evil days have not yet drawn nigh, and sinful habits have not become inveterate. Young men exhort to be sober minded. You are so, I believe, in the main, and, I trust, not far from the kingdom of God. Seek it first, seek it early, and you shall find it. There is nothing, of course, about which I can feel so much solicitude, as that ours may be a household fearing God, and partakers of the like precious faith together; that we may be bound more and more in love, now our little company is so much broken down; that considering how we are united to the future world by a portion of ourselves already gone thither, we may live as heirs of the same glorious inheritance, and continue throughout eternity with those to whom we have been so tenderly related, a family in heaven, not one of us being lost, in that day when our Lord maketh up his jewels. . . . Our religion was not intended to make us dismal or wretched, but to make us cheerful within the limits of becoming mirth. Its happy title is, the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

It might be deemed hardly justifiable to draw such a letter as the following, addressed to his cousin Elizabeth Sherman, from the privacy of domestic custody, were it not accompanied by a subsequent letter, in which he explains, and apologizes for, the sportive and playful style which many might suppose inconsistent with the gravity and dignity of his profession: —

"Boston, *June* 27, 1831.

"My dear Cousin: Though time is scarce, I cannot spare you any longer. I dare say, you take it very unkind that I have neglected to answer your last letter so long. I know you consider yourself but as an indifferent scribe, and, because I have taken to writing for good and all, think I might write to you a great deal oftener. Another thing which I dare say you think is, that I ought to be thinking of coming back, as it does not look well for young people to be away too long from their own relations, who must, in the nature of things, care most about them. I dare say, you are not the only one in the house that keeps a-thinking so. I think myself that it is possible you are more than half right, and will not gainsay it.

"Trust me, cousin Bess,
Full many a day my memory has played
The creditor with me on your account,
And made me shame to think that I should owe

So long the debt of kindness. But in truth,
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
I toil on mainly in one twelve hours' race,
Time leaves me distanced. Loath indeed were I
That for a moment you should lay to me
Unkind neglect. Mine, cousin, is a heart
That smokes not. Yet methinks there should be some
Who know how warm it beats. I'm no sworn friend
Of half an hour, as apt to leave as love.
Mine are no mushroom feelings, that spring up
At once, without a seed, and take no root,
Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,
The little circle of domestic life,
I would be known and loved. The world beyond
Is not for me. And, Bessy, sure I think
That you should know me well, for you and I
Grew up together; and when we look back
Upon old times, our recollections paint
The same familiar faces . . . and so on . . .

"I dare say you are all delighted with whatever I have told you delights me. I dare say you think it is all very fine and very grand, and so forth; but still, if I don't write to you very often, and I don't come home very often, I dare say you will still begin to have a little half-wondering kind of doubt on the subject of my remembering. To tell the truth honestly, I should be, *if I were you*, a little, if it were but a little, jealous, lest these fine things and fine people should put you all out of my head, even when you are too just to suspect any thing of the kind. Lack-a-daisy! if you knew how often I have a sort of sailor-boy's dream in the broad daylight, and think what a store of delight awaits me when I can get home again, and tell you the histories, omitted in my letters, 'of all I have seen.' To think of the bustle in anticipation! mother, travelling from the attic downwards, smoothing down bed quilts, setting chairs at the precise angle of precision, putting the contents of drawers in order, wiping for the twentieth time every scrap of furniture, dusting things perfectly free from dust, and stepping into the kitchen to give Hetty directions about puddings and pies, watching the rumbling of every vehicle, and, when the genuine one does come, what a meeting, what a greeting, what peals of salutation from every direction! . . . I dare not read over what I have written, lest I should decide to burn, instead of mailing it."

But turn now to his apology. Writing again to his cousin within a few months, he says, "I should be sorry to have you, or any that

I hold dear at home, form any estimate from my letters of the anxiety and interest which I feel upon subjects to which I appear sometimes inconsiderately to allude. You know that my duties here are severe, and that I cannot but be constantly and closely brought in contact with scenes of distress and affliction. When I sit down, after the fatigue of parochial cares, I am fain to seek relaxation and relief by diverting my attention with correspondence and society; and if, in conversing with my absent friends, I appear to indulge in levity and trifling, inconsistent with my solemn relations and responsibilities, it is because I know that I am dealing with those in whose minds no misconstruction can arise. I write of course, therefore, only for the ears of the family; and I feel that it would always have been well, if my letters had been destroyed as soon as they had been perused."

The following passage, selected from a letter of the 9th of October, is a pleasing specimen of his easy and graceful manner of recording the daily transactions of his life: "The last week has been busy as usual. If I had been able to have been at nine places at once, I suppose I should have been wanted in them all. But it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth; and I find that every duty brings its own peculiar pleasure. I accompanied Mr. CLARK* to Lexington on Friday, to the desolate house of his ancestors. The day was cold, the season in its sere and yellow leaf, and every thing as rueful as need to be. The old gentleman could not but have considered it as probably his final visit, though he is still in good health and spirits. I saw the monument to the first victims of 'British tyranny and oppression,' and read the inscription (poor as it is) with something of a thrill at my elbows."

Early in the month of October, his brother SHERMAN removed from New Haven, and became jointly concerned with his cousin, EDWIN CROSWELL, in the Albany Argus. From two letters, addressed to him at Albany, the following passages are selected: "*October* 10. Father writes sadly enough about 'this severing of the members of our family,' and of its tendency 'to weaken the strong attachment for the spot where they were reared.' We must counteract this by strengthening and multiplying our *lines* of communication, and binding ourselves as strong as may be in the bonds of ink and paper." "*December* 4. I have been reading with great, though melancholy gratification, the Memoir and Remains of the late EDMUND D. GRIFFIN. You will find a short expression of my views and feelings in the last Banner. My acquaintance with him was but slight; but my appreciation of his character was always

* THOMAS CLARK, Esq., senior warden of Christ Church. A melancholy interest is imparted to this extract from the circumstance of Mr. CLARK's death, which took place on the 29th of May of the following year.

very high. I saw him last in the pulpit, and the circumstance invests his image in my memory with solemn and beautiful associations. The coincidence between his age and my own has served to deepen the impression which the perusal, under any circumstances, cannot fail to produce, and gives freshness and awe to the warning, 'Let your loins also be girt about, and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves as men that wait for their Lord.'"

The last letter, of the present year, from which any extracts can be made, is addressed to his father, under date of November 7: "This is my birthday, and I hope its beauty and brightness are pledges and earnests of many more such to come. Life is wearing away at a round rate, and I ought to be a wiser and better man than I am. I have not entered upon a new year without many solemn resolutions for the future improvement of time, some of which, by the blessing of God, I trust I shall be enabled to keep. I need not ask your prayers that I may be enabled to do so, for I know that I have them always."

In the same letter, he thus expresses his strong solicitude and Christian sympathy for a beloved cousin, who was, at the time, withering away under the ravages of a pulmonary consumption: "I am sorry for poor JOHN. Assure him of my love and sympathy, and that I shall not fail to bear him on my mind and in my prayers. I hope he will not long remain a stranger to the covenant of promises in the gospel. What can sustain us in our hour of distress but its consolations? Our afflictions are sanctified to us, if they convince us of our sins, if they make us realize our wretchedness, if they melt down our hearts, if they wean us from the world, and turn our anxious thoughts to a Savior. Then let him cast himself upon God's mercy through Christ, and endeavor, in dependence upon the Spirit of grace, to live a life of faith in the Son of God. Joy, and peace, and all the fruits of the Spirit will follow; for him that cometh with such a disposition of mind, He has assured us He will in no wise cast out."

After the decease of this young man, which occurred within a short period, he addressed the following letter of condolence to his sister: "On an occasion like this, it is my vocation to be, like Barnabas, a 'son of consolation,' and it would be mockery if I did not follow the deepest impulses of my feelings. The intelligence of cousin JOHN's death, under any circumstances, could not but have deeply affected me; and prepared as I thought myself at any moment to hear it, I found that it was still so unexpected, that it greatly shocked me. I cannot but reproach myself that I had not expressed the strong desire and anticipation that I had of seeing him once more on this side of the grave. If I could have had an idea that his departure was so shortly to have been accomplished, it would certainly have hastened my return. I was ever sincerely

attached to him, and believe that our regard was mutual, and would gladly have given you occasion to feel and say, 'Behold, how he loved him!' . . . But though absent in body, rest assured, dear cousin, that I am with you in spirit. I bear you in my mind, and in my daily prayers to that divine Being who is touched with a feeling of our mortal woe. *He* is still with his followers, of whom it was truly said, 'If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' The same blessed promise of comfort with which he once stayed the bier, still bids the mourners 'weep not;' and though the young man do not now immediately sit up and speak, yet it is but a little while, and 'your brother shall rise again.' Rely upon this gracious assurance, and implore the aid of his blessed Spirit, to support, to soothe, and to sanctify. And as our little company is one by one broken down, let us who survive be bound more and more in love together. May we endeavor to devote our future lives more entirely to the service of our Redeemer. As friend after friend departs, may our affections be carried forward with them beyond the world, and may we live as becomes those who are heirs of the same immortality. So may we all at last attain to the blessedness of the redeemed, of which we have such good hope that your brother, by the merits of Christ, has become a partaker; not one of us all being lost in that day 'when the Lord maketh up his jewels.' . . . Wherefore, comfort one another, and especially your widowed mother, with these words; and let us commend ourselves and each other to God, and to the good word of his grace, which is able to build us up, and to give us an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

1832.

The selections from the correspondence of this year will be sparingly made. This course is plainly dictated by an expression in one of his own letters, where he says, "It would be my wish to have all my correspondence destroyed as soon as it has secured its purpose." He doubtless apprehended, though perhaps without any good reason, that by some possibility, his letters, if filed away and preserved, might eventually fall into hands where their free and confiding language might be construed to his disadvantage; and hence he adds, with a very natural and significant pun, "The vipers will have enough to gnaw upon, without gnawing upon any such *files*."

Many of his letters were written in a light and buoyant spirit,

often full of sparkling wit and sprightly sallies, and sometimes with a keen spice of satire, but all mingled with the kindest feelings and reflections. There were times, however, in the course of the year, when his letters, as well as his diary, betrayed a tendency to depression of spirits and unwonted anxiety of mind. This was doubtless to be imputed to his excessive bodily and mental labors, and such vexatious cares and afflictive dispensations as very naturally affected his health, and brought on occasional turns of nervous excitement and consequent debility. Such was the anxiety of his friends on his account, that they earnestly recommended a sea voyage; and it was even thought advisable to procure for him, if possible, a chaplaincy in the navy. And, at the same time, he had frequent applications, direct and indirect, to change the scene of his pastoral labors. But it will be seen that every inducement of this kind was resisted, and that he still remained at his post, allowing himself only the occasional relaxation of a visit to his parents and friends.

Of the extent of his parochial labors enough has already been said. But in addition to these labors, with the joint care of the Banner, his share of the Price Lectures, and his various engagements with missionary and other societies, he was called, the present year, by the popular voice, to the irksome and responsible office of a member of the school committee, which, from the thorough manner in which the business of teaching in Boston is conducted, proved to be a most formidable burden.

But all these labors and cares were not sufficient to check the current of his poetical musings. In his journal of January 2, he records the writing of the following, for the ensuing number of the Banner: —

THE SYNAGOGUE.

> "But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the vail is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away."
> SAINT PAUL.

I saw them in their synagogue as in their ancient day,
And never from my memory the scene will fade away;
For dazzling on my vision still the latticed galleries shine
With Israel's loveliest daughters, in their beauty half divine.

It is the holy Sabbath eve; the solitary light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day, a lustre nothing bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance it falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's phylacteries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart before the Eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with chanted prayers between;

And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed, of many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in their jewelled scarfs, the sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest, a silvery-headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence o'er the backward letters ran;
And often yet methinks I see the glow and power that sate
Upon his face, as forth he spread the roll immaculate.

And fervently, that hour, I prayed, that from the mighty scroll
Its light, in burning characters, might break on every soul;
That on their hardened hearts the vail might be no longer dark,
But be forever rent in twain, like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs in Christ distinctly seen,
Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Nazarene.

The following also appears in the same number of the Banner, and has been copied into several "extract books."

FOR A CHILD'S ALBUM.

Dear child of many a hope and prayer,
Write in this little book
No thought on which thou wouldst not dare
To have thy Savior look.
On every line, O, may he pour
Some glimmering of that ray
Which shineth ever more and more
Unto the perfect day.

Thine be a daily growth in grace,
Whatever else betide,
In favor with our rescued race,
And God be on thy side;
In holiness and purity
An upward path to trace,
Till, with thine angel, thou shalt see
In heaven thy Father's face.

The following tribute to the memory of an esteemed classmate and friend, is found in a letter of the 11th of March, on the first afflictive intelligence of his death: "Your last, my dear father, is a

checkered leaf, with much of good, but, like the world of which it is an emblem, with some of ill. It is my endeavor to keep my feelings open to all aspects of Providence, whether cheerful or melancholy, and to endeavor to derive such impressions from them as may be turned to permanent benefit. This is the use which our heavenly Father intended, doubtless, should be made of them, as instruments of our moral discipline for another state of existence. But I have no time to moralize; and this is not the place, even if I had. Your letter gave me the first intelligence of Daniel Whiting. I should be ashamed of myself if it had not made an abiding impression. I loved him dearly, and lament his death with unaffected sorrow. It has not been long out of my mind since I heard of it; and if my engagements allow, I shall not resist the impulse to arrange some thoughts in verse, as a slight memorial of my esteem. The shock to his parents must be almost insupportable, for Daniel was not only their favorite, but the favorite of all his friends. I trust we shall meet hereafter."

The verses here suggested were written, as appears from the date, while on a subsequent visit to New Haven.

IN MEMORY OF D. W.

"Heu! Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

Once how my exiled schoolboy heart
Would with impatience yearn
For those dear vernal holidays
When I might homeward turn!
And "haven where I would be" then,
How fondly would I say,
Thou wert too fair to look upon,
Save on such holiday!*

And still thy bowers are beautiful,
Thy walks are fair to see,
But time and troublous thought have worked
A dreary change in me;
And year by year thy loveliness
Has on my sense grown dim,
Till thou hast scarce a charm unbroke
Since thou art spoiled of *him*.

* "When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, — that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays." Walton.

A grief for which all words are weak
Has pierced me to the quick,
Nor dare I trust myself to speak
The thoughts that crowd so thick;
I yield me to the consciousness
Which death and sorrow bring,
That all of earth we dote upon
Hath no continuing.

New Haven, *May*, 1832.

While absent from Boston on this visit, he suffered a severe bereavement in the death of his venerated and much-esteemed friend, the senior warden of his church, Thomas Clark, Esq. Such a loss, under any circumstances, would have been to him a sad trial; for Mr. Clark had been not only a warm personal friend, but a faithful church officer, and a most discreet and judicious counsellor. But in the present case, he felt the dispensation the more keenly, because he could not be present to administer the last consolations of religion, nor to officiate at the funeral solemnities. As communications could be made from place to place, at that time, only through the tardy mails, and the passages by stage or by water, the only modes of conveyance, were long and somewhat uncertain, it was found impossible for him to return in time for the performance of these offices. This was a source of much grief, though not of self-reproach; for the obstacles were entirely providential, and beyond his control. On the receipt of the melancholy tidings, he wrote a letter of explanation and condolence to the bereaved family, and hastened his return to Boston, being, as he expresses himself in his diary, "very much affected by the intelligence." On the Sunday following he preached a funeral sermon, from the text, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Prov. xvi. 31. "The church," he says, "was full to overflowing, and the appearance of the black hangings on the gallery and wardens' seat was very solemn and imposing. The occasion made the sermon an affecting one. It was, however, a trying duty to me; and I am relieved that it has been discharged, and so satisfactorily." In the mean time, the following well-deserved tribute appeared in the Banner of the 2d of June: —

"With unfeigned sorrow we announce the death, on the morning of the 29th ultimo, of Thomas Clark, Esq., for many years the senior warden of Christ Church in this city, and a member of the standing committee of Massachusetts. The Church has nowhere left a more devoted servant than is thus lost to her on earth. We will go further than this: we have never known the man who, with

the same opportunities, has done the church such valuable service; and the simple secret was, that, like good Hezekiah, 'in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, *he did it with all his heart*, and prospered.' It is not our purpose to write an obituary notice of Mr. Clark. That, at the proper time, will be done by a more fitting hand. We could not suffer our paper, however, to go to press, without this brief commemoration of one of the most memorable of the servants of God within our knowledge. Of few can it be said, as of him, that he identified his own interests with the Church, — nay, that he postponed them to it. The faithful and devoted guardian of the temporalities of Christ Church for many years, his last days were literally spent in its service. Mr. Clark was seventy-three years of age, and for more than three has been evidently sinking under the weight of infirmity and age. Yet emerging from an indisposition which confined him during nearly all the last winter to his chamber, he undertook and prosecuted, and, under God, by the energy which he inspired, — for he possessed universal respect and confidence, — virtually accomplished an enterprise which men much younger and much stronger than he counted as hopeless. It was among the chief satisfactions of his last hours, that God had so far prospered his heart's desire. 'They have done nobly,' he said of the members of the parish — 'they have done nobly, and God *will* bless them.' But Mr. Clark was not a Churchman outwardly alone. His heart was in the Church, as the Church was in his heart. Next to laboring for the house of God, his delight was to stand within its courts. As his last public act was in its service, so the last place in which he was, except his dying chamber, was the sanctuary of the Lord; and his last desire was, that he might commemorate the dying love of his Savior 'according to the rites,' as he emphatically added, 'of the Protestant Episcopal Church.' On Sunday afternoon, the sacrament was administered to him in the presence of the family and friends of his love, and never was its administration more impressive. From a stupor of many hours' duration, he aroused himself so completely as to unite throughout, with full and fervent voice, in the sublime service of the Church, and, after receiving the last pledge of redeeming mercy, to commend his soul — not forgetting, as he never forgot them, pious wishes for the prosperity of the Church and the happiness of his friends — to its merciful Creator, in simple and sincere reliance on the merits of the Savior. During the evening, he continued able and disposed to converse, using mostly the language of the Scriptures, and with especial fervor the Psalms — dwelling most delightedly upon the promises to the Church and her anticipated triumphs, and often adding, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul!' and with characteristic energy, 'I *will* praise the Lord while

I have my being!' From this he sank again into a state of apparent insensibility, only awaking for a few moments before his death, at half past one on Tuesday morning, to express his perfect resignation to the will of God, not only in regard to himself, but — what he had once said constituted 'the bitterness of his cup' — his bereaved family.

"Mr. CLARK was in all the relations of life an excellent and exemplary man. In the public station which for years he held, he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all. He was well known to exercise a benevolence beyond his means; and the writer of this has occasion to know, — though Mr. CLARK was ignorant that he knew it, as his retired and quiet spirit would have had all men ignorant, — that his secret charities were of the most delicate, munificent, and unostentatious character. To the service of the parish of Christ Church he not only devoted his time, his influence, and his exertions, but he embarked in its interests a great portion of his little property; and it may be said without presumption, in more senses than one, that the zeal of God's house consumed him. He was for many years a faithful and efficient delegate to the Conventions both of the commonwealth and of the diocese, and a useful member of the standing committee. It was a trait in his character to do well whatever he undertook. In every thing, he aimed to be sincere, open, generous, steadfast, uniform. He was always on the side of sound sense, sound principle, good order, and good morals. He was a good citizen. He was a devoted, exemplary, and consistent Christian. He was a Churchman through and through. He wished, during his sickness, for the prayers provided for him by his mother, the Church, and he would have no other. Her services, as they were the choice and glory of his manhood, so they were the refreshment of his old age and the solace of his death. He is gathered to his fathers, as a shock of corn fully ripe. May *we* die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his."

In explanation of the allusion, in the foregoing extract, to an enterprise on which Mr. CLARK bestowed the last energies of his life, it is proper to say, that when the Rev. Dr. EATON resigned the rectorship of Christ Church, the parish, in grateful consideration of his past services, settled upon him a liberal annuity for the residue of his life. It was soon discovered, however, that the raising of this sum annually was a cause of great embarrassment to the parish, and had a tendency to retard its growth, besides rendering it inconvenient to make suitable provision for the new incumbent. Hence, an arrangement was proposed, and accepted by Dr. EATON, by which, on the receipt of a stipulated sum from the parish, he was to surrender all claims to the annuity. In making this arrange-

ment Mr. Clark was chiefly instrumental. He lived to see the enterprise so far accomplished; but it was only by a slow and laborious process that the means could be raised for carrying out the contract on the part of the parish. It was a cause of great anxiety to the new incumbent; but he applied himself with all his energy and influence to its completion, and he had the satisfaction of succeeding, and of paying over the stipulated sum to his venerated predecessor on the day before the ensuing Christmas. Speaking of the festivities, he says, "Our congregation felt that the congratulations of the season were enhanced by a settlement with Dr. Eaton, which was accomplished the day before."

Among the records of this year there are many spirited, not to say indignant, allusions to the proceedings of the diocesan Convention of Massachusetts, which commenced its session in Boston on the 20th of June. The following remark precedes a full and minute account of the transactions of this Convention in the Banner: "There was no extraordinary business transacted at the Convention, though some of the ordinary business, as will be seen below, was done in an extraordinary manner, and led to extraordinary results." It is not desirable, nor is it necessary or expedient, to awaken the painful recollection of these transactions, or to mingle up with these personal memoirs the working of party machinery on that memorable occasion. But in this connection it must be said, in justice to the deceased, that with every disposition to cultivate a spirit of forbearance and harmony among his brethren, he could look on these proceedings only with disgust, and with utter distrust of the wisdom and integrity of party counsels.

To turn to more pleasant themes: The following greeting to his namesake and godson, after having been sent home in manuscript, was published in the Banner: —

TO MY NAMESAKE, WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE,

ON HIS BAPTISM.

"Formose Puer."

Childe William, I have little skill,
But much of heart and hope,
To clear from every sign of ill
Thy happy horoscope.
The occult gift is hid from me,
Nor may my art divine
Thy life's unfolded destiny
From this sweet palm of thine.

But in thy mother's tender love,
Thy father's anxious care,
And, more, the answer from above
To our baptismal prayer —
In these a hallowed influence dwells,
A charm that's heavenlier far
Than might of planetary spells
Or culminating star.

The power of holiest rites, fair boy,
The tears that oft will wet
Thy forehead from excess of joy —
These be thy amulet!
On these auspicious prospects rest,
These figure out thy fate;
How can they fail to make thee blest —
Blest, if not fortunate?

A childless man, well may I deem
Thy name my highest pride,
Rich in thy parents' dear esteem,
Though poor in all beside;
Well may my heart with gladness ache,
Flower of a noble stem,
If one will love thee for my sake,
As I have honored them.

Boston, *Tuesday in Whitsun week, June* 12, 1832.

In the course of the year, several changes took place in the pastoral relations of the Episcopal churches in Boston. The Rev. G. W. Doane, rector of Trinity Church, was elected to the episcopate of New Jersey; and the Rev. John H. Hopkins, assistant minister of the same church, to the episcopate of Vermont. The Rev. Dr. A. Potter resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's, and the Rev. John L. Stone was called to supply the vacancy. But none of these changes, with the exception of the removal of his friend Doane, affected the incumbent of Christ Church. It was deemed the imperative duty of Mr. Doane to accept the office to which he was elected; but the separation of the two friends, after their long and confiding intimacy, was exceedingly trying to both. The junior foresaw that it would be utterly impracticable to take the whole labor and responsibility of the editorship of the Banner upon himself; and as the income, at the low price of the paper, was inadequate to sustain an independent editor, measures were immediately taken for the transfer of the subscription list to the New York Churchman, and for closing the publication of the Banner in Bos-

ton. Under date of November 27, he writes: "We unfurl the Banner once more at half mast, this week, as a signal of distress, and of our intention to surrender to the Churchman. I am heartily glad to have my hands clear of it, at any expense; and our brethren in New York have no less reason to be glad at an accession to their lists, which will make their paper a source of revenue."

Again, on the 3d of December: "I think our New Haven subscribers will find the Churchman a desirable exchange for the Banner, in its larger size, variety of contents, and chiefly from its being issued from 'head quarters.' It was a thing spoken of at New York, during our late sojourn, as desirable, that I should assume the management of that paper. But God forbid! Except as a correspondent, I purpose never to have any further connection with the periodical press."

The following is found in his manuscript collections, under date of New York, October 31, 1832, the day on which his friend DOANE was consecrated to the episcopate of New Jersey. This sufficiently explains its meaning.

AD AMICUM.

Let no gainsaying lips despise thy youth;
  Like his, the great Apostle's favorite son,
  Whose early rule at Ephesus begun:
Thy Urim and thy Thummim — Light and Truth —
  Be thy protection from the Holy One:
And for thy fiery trials, be there shed
A sevenfold grace on thine anointed head,
  Till thy "right onward" course shall all be run.
And when thy earthly championship is through,
  Thy warfare fought, thy battle won,
And heaven's own palms of triumph bright in view,
  May this thy thrilling welcome be: "Well done!
Because thou hast been faithful over few,
A mightier rule be thine, O servant good and true!"

In his letter, dated on the last day of the year, he says, "To-morrow we open church again, in commemoration of the Circumcision, and intend to do so on all the holy days throughout the year. This has become the more desirable, in consequence of Trinity Church being closed on those days, since Bishop DOANE abdicated the rectorship. I expect that we shall commence with great spirit, and I have endeavored to secure a better attendance than I have ever yet seen in the great central churches."

After a few touching reflections on the death of friends during

the year, he closes this letter thus: "Alas! how many are the dead of 1832, and some of them how dear! Who are to be the dead of 1833? None of us, I trust, who shall be found otherwise than as those who wait for the coming of their Lord. Amen."

1833.

Among the leading incidents of this year may be recorded the result of a negotiation which is alluded to in one of the letters of the last. He had declined an informal proposal to resign the rectorship of Christ Church, Boston, for the purpose of assuming the editorship of the New York Churchman. But this refusal was by no means satisfactory to his New York friends; and early in the present year, a new and more formal effort was made to induce him to change his purpose, and to consent once more to enter upon the cares and responsibilities of editorial life. In a letter to his father, of the 4th of March, he speaks of a direct overture from some of the leading Episcopalians of New York to accept, with a liberal salary, the entire management of the Churchman; and his friend Doane so far favored the plan, that he offered, if it should be thought desirable, to divide the responsibility, and act jointly with him in the enterprise. He continues: "I soon convinced him, however, that it was a line of life any thing but desirable, and one which all my past experience has led me to regard with loathing and dread. But for this experience, I might be tempted to regard such a proposition favorably; but if I ever embark in such a business again, I do it with eyes open to all the anxieties, privations, and weariness of the flesh which is sure to follow the oversight of any press. . . . Nothing but the most entire convictions of duty could ever again overcome my reluctance to encounter this painful drudgery; and as no such convictions of duty are upon my mind in this case, I instructed him most peremptorily to decline. . . . A still and quiet parish for me; and the less I have to do with the great world, so much the better. God willing, I shall let nothing divert me again from this original purpose of my heart: though not my will, but His be done!"

But notwithstanding this peremptory refusal, his friends in New York seemed unwilling to abandon the plan; and he soon received from one of the soundest, and most judicious, and influential clergymen of the city an urgent appeal to every motive that might be deemed most likely to govern his decision, to review the case, and endeavor to give them a favorable answer. The letter was written

in the most kind, persuasive, and flattering terms; and it produced, as he acknowledges to his father in the subjoined extract, some doubt and misgiving as to the correctness of his decision. "My dear father, on the subject of the proposal contained in the above, I have already expressed my sentiments. I must confess, notwithstanding, that I am somewhat staggered by this appeal. I am mistaken, if it does not move you also. I hope I am not variable; but, more than this, I hope I shall always change when change is for the better. Though I am not prepared to avow any alteration in my disposition to entertain favorably this plan, as already given to you, it is obvious that it cannot consistently be rejected without much reflection and consideration. With regard to my situation here, I never felt more perplexity. My parochial prospects were never more unclouded than at this moment; but my apprehension is that they will not long be suffered to continue so. All I can say is, that mine hour is not yet come. . . . I cannot help shrinking at the idea of linking myself once more to the weekly press; and yet when I consider what a paper *might* be made at New York, with such coadjutors as ——— and ———, my spirit kindles again within me, and I feel willing to devote myself to such prospects of usefulness; and then, again, I pause to inquire whether I am not building an unsubstantial pageant, the baseless fabric of a vision, such as can never exist except in an ardent and ill-regulated imagination. Whether real or fanciful, however, these thoughts of my head trouble me. I commit the case to God in prayer, and to you in this wise. To no other human being here can I open my mind, except Bishop Doane. I would like to have you review your own opinions, and communicate by the very first mail; and till I hear, I shall feel much in suspense. Understand, however, that I can bring myself to contemplate the acceptance of this invitation only on condition of its being associated with some easy parochial cure in the neighborhood of the city. At my time of life, I would not willingly withdraw from the ranks of the working clergy; and with my present stock of sermons, I should have no difficulty on that score. In short, to end as I began, I know not what to do. I am not sure but it will be my duty to go; and I trust inclination will surrender its claims, if I can find out that it has any for a different course. You can of course view the question in all its bearings more dispassionately than I, and I shall be governed mainly by your opinion."

To this dutiful and affecting appeal his father had but one answer to give; and this answer was founded on long experience and observation, and was in perfect accordance with all the former opinions which he had expressed on similar subjects. Whether right or not, it had the effect to fortify the son as to the correctness of his previous decision; and though a parish was offered him, in

addition to the other inducements, he felt it to be his duty to decline the proposal. His own language will best express his feelings. In a letter of April 3d he says, "I confess I have had a great strife of feeling with regard to ———'s application; and all the changes of mood and various fluctuations of my irresolute mind have been laid by turns before you in my frequent letters. You will perceive by my last, in which I express myself without reserve, as in all before, that I have at length settled down into the same convictions which you yourself entertain; and if I had been doubtful, I need not assure you that yours, received this morning, would have satisfied me that it was not my duty to take a step so contrary to your wishes. On this subject, therefore, you may set your mind at ease; and, at the same time, I shall relieve my own from all its past perplexity, by sending in the next mail a peremptory refusal to the gentlemen of New York. I never did any thing more cheerfully than I shall do this; and I shall once more bend myself, with fresh interest, to the duties of a parish, of whose entire and unshaken devotion to me I was never so fully assured."

But this subject must not be dismissed without adding, in justice to his own memory and to the credit of his warm-hearted correspondent, a few extracts from his reply to his last letter.

New York, *April* 11, 1833.

Rev. and dear Brother: Your letter of the 4th instant was received in due course, and was last evening submitted to the trustees of the press, in lieu of that which I had fondly hoped to present — a ratification of an arrangement to do your Master's work in the wide field to which we would have called you. That you have been calm, single-hearted, and conscientious in making your decision, I *cannot* doubt; that it has been judicious, I *will* not question; that it has been grievous in an extreme to those, whom, had you known as I do, you would, I think, have been more anxious to help in their work, I know but too well. In one way only can you make amends for the pain you have given us. Let that pen, the powers of which appear so plainly even when it is attempting to prove its own weakness, be *statedly* and freely employed as a coadjutor in the work, to which you have refused to consecrate its whole energies. Pray, help me with scraps — if they be *but* scraps — of thoughts, doctrinal, practical, devotional, or critical, in prose or verse, on subjects old or new, foreign or domestic, such as come to you most naturally, and such as give pleasure, relief, or comfort to a mind tasked with other things. Thus you can do something to alleviate a burden, which, I fear, you have fixed on me, even till it *may* crush me, and thus can at least show more kindness than he deserves to your faithful and true friend and brother.

The next prominent incident to be recorded is a most perilous accident, which occurred on his return from a long visit to his friends in New York, New Jersey, Albany, Troy, Catskill, and New Haven. The first intimation of this accident received by his family in New Haven was through a paragraph in a Boston newspaper, stating the simple fact that the Rev. William Croswell had been severely injured by the upsetting of a stage at Walpole, a post town

some twenty miles from Boston, and had been taken up in a state of insensibility. There was neither telegraph nor railroad at that time, nor was there any direct mode of conveyance except by the mail stages. His friends, therefore, were compelled to wait in painful suspense for the arrival of the eastern mail. But the mail, when it came, brought no letter; and this circumstance very much increased their anxiety. It was now resolved, therefore, to despatch his brother SHERMAN by the first stage, to ascertain the true state of the case, and to be ready to render any assistance that might be required. He took his seat, and had been gone half an hour, when his father, on stepping into the post office, found a letter, in the handwriting of WILLIAM, which had been miscarried to Newark, N. J., on the previous day, and was now returned by the southern mail! Learning from this letter that the injury was not as serious as had been apprehended, it was thought advisable to prevent his brother's proceeding on the journey, under all the painful suspense necessarily arising from the circumstances; hence a messenger was despatched to overtake the mail stage, to relieve him, as well from the fatigue of the journey as from the anxiety of his mind. The letter above mentioned, under date of May 20, after giving a graphic and pleasing account of the commencement of his journey, from New York to Providence, in the splendid steamer "Boston," proceeds thus to describe the accident and its results: "For the remainder of my journey, I am sorry to say that its end did not correspond with its beginning; though, by the mercy of God, I am the monument of an almost miraculous preservation. We arrived at Providence at half past four o'clock on Saturday morning; and I immediately took my seat in the mail Pilot, which goes considerably in advance of the other coaches. We got on rapidly and safely to the half-way house at Walpole; but as we drove headlong towards the door, with a smart flourish, the carriage separated from the wheels, and precipitated every thing to the ground with great violence — baggage, passengers, and pieces of the carriage, all in one tumultuous heap. Marvellous to relate, though the carriage was broken to fragments, by the divine goodness no person was seriously injured; but your son and servant, who was on the box with the driver, with characteristic misfortune, made the nearest approaches to it. I was somewhat stunned by the shock, and, when I recovered, found myself in bed, with my forehead considerably scratched and defaced, but not in the slightest degree endangered. When the physician arrived, however, he insisted on bleeding and giving medicine; and that the operation might have its full advantage, I consented to remain another day at Walpole, and had excellent care taken of me. Rumors of my shipwreck, more or less exaggerated, in the mean time reached Boston; and my friends were soon on their way in troops to see me. Early yesterday they

came in a close carriage, and got me into town very comfortably before nightfall. Of my health to-day you may judge something by my ability to write this letter, but more from my solemn and explicit assurance that I am perfectly sound, mind and limb, and, excepting a little weakness and soreness occasioned by the jar and straining of the cords, my health is excellent. What most was apprehended was some affection of the head and brain; but of this there has not been the slightest symptom. You must not allow yourselves, therefore, to have your apprehensions excited by any thing you may see in the newspapers, or from irresponsible sources. The rumor, no farther off than Boston, was that several of us were killed instantly. More than half of my parish would have been at Walpole to-day, had I remained. I need not tell you with what kindness I have been overpowered, the moment my friends heard of the circumstances."

In a letter a week later, May 27, after speaking of the gross carelessness which occasioned the delay of his first letter, and caused so much suspense and anxiety among his New Haven friends, he says, "Had I known that you were all in the dark about me so long, without any information but those exaggerated and contradictory rumors in the papers, which were worse than ignorance, I am sure it would have had more of a tendency to retard the progress of my recovery than the accident itself. As it was, I had gained a great start before your letter came to hand; and having the whole of the drama before me, with all its scenes of doubt and perplexity clearing up to a happy and satisfactory development, a feeling of gratitude predominates over all the rest, and I cannot find it in my heart to make a clamor and outcry about it. I should be sorry indeed to have had SHERMAN taken his wearisome way hither, with such painful impressions on his mind; but I need not assure him and you that we should all be exceedingly glad to have seen him."

In a subsequent letter, Sunday, June 2, he indulges in a line or two of pleasantry on the subject of this accident: "The 'reverend clergyman,' your son, who has figured of late so much on the 'stage,' in the higher walks of tragedy, has proved to-day that his powers are still undiminished in another line, by preaching thrice, and baptizing, besides attending Sunday schools and Bible classes, and sundry et ceteras." But he does not close, without returning to that serious train of thought which pervades all his writings. Speaking of his mother's proposed journey, he says, "I sincerely rejoice that no part of it need be in the perils of mail coaches. We are equally in the care, however, of a superintending Providence, whether in motion or at rest, and, with all earthly appliances of comfort around, can never say, *Now am I secure*. It is right that it is so, that we may feel at every moment our entire dependence on our almighty Preserver. My first sermon, on my return to my

my people, was on this subject, from Paul's noble avowal, when in danger of shipwreck, "Whose I am, and whom I serve," showing how we are God's by right of creation and redemption, and the duty of avowing and exhibiting by our conduct that we are his, in whatever circumstances we may be placed.

Again, on the 10th of June, he writes, "I am still well to do, as you may easily judge by token, having sustained without flinching three entire services yesterday, performed the baptismal office three times, and done all other things which a Christian minister can do in the Sunday school, Bible class, &c. Let no man's heart fail him, therefore, because of me. God has been truly gracious, and his holy name be praised."

It is evident from these extracts, and from several corresponding notes in his diary, that he felt no apprehension from the effects of the accident. But it is to be observed that, from this time forward, he frequently alluded in his letters to some irregularities in his system, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Headache and chills, languor and inertness, coldness and irritability of the stomach, and an excessive degree of nervous sensibility, at times disturbed him. Nor is it improbable that a most singular involuntary contraction of the muscles on that side of the face and head on which he fell, by which he was sorely afflicted in the latter years of his life, may be imputed to this cause; and there is but too much reason to apprehend that it laid the foundation for the malady, which finally, in such a sudden and extraordinary manner, terminated his life.

In collecting the poetical productions which are preserved in these pages, it is easy to perceive the peculiar appropriateness of one of the terms by which the writer himself chose to characterize these various gems. They were indeed "fugitive." With the exception of those which were expressly prepared for publication, during his connection with the periodical press, they were often thrown off without any pains to mark their origin or the occasion on which they were written. Sometimes they were conveyed in private letters to his friends, sometimes sent anonymously to the public newspapers, and sometimes put aside among his miscellaneous papers, without date or signature. But some few of them were transcribed, probably by his own sanction, in a manuscript collection; and by the help of these, with occasional allusions in his diary and correspondence, it is not difficult to arrest and identify many of these fugitives, and restore them to their rightful owner.

Among these the following is found. It was addressed to a young and warm-hearted friend, Captain Joseph P. Couthouy.*

* Mr. Couthouy's name will frequently appear, in the subsequent pages of

when on the point of embarking for the Mediterranean, in a merchant vessel, named, under his own direction, "The Heber."

All gentle gales,
Serene and smiling skies, thy course attend;
The "winds of God" and goodness fill thy sails,
My faithful friend.

And if the trust
Be not in vain, that Heaven does still assign
Our guardians from the spirits of the just,
Be Heber's thine!

And when 'tis o'er,
The stormy passage of our life, may we
Meet in that world where he has gone before,
Without a sea. W. C.

The following, as he states in his diary, was written at midnight of the Epiphany, and is found in the manuscript collection. It has probably never appeared in print.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

'Tis the very verge of the midnight deep,
And I hark for the passing bell
That will presently come, with its solemn sweep,
To bid the last hour farewell;
A lonely vigil it is to keep,
As I sadly think of those
Who have sunk away to their long, last sleep,
And their undisturbed repose.

But O, how happy to think, this night,
Of the eyes that are shut, like flowers,
To open again more fresh and bright,
With the brighter and fresher hours.
The hosts of God, who pitch their tents
All good men round about,
Protect their slumbering innocence,
And "make their dreams devout."

this work, as the friend and correspondent of the rector of Christ Church, and especially at a later period of his life, while he was attached to the scientific corps of the South Sea exploring expedition.

Of the following he writes, January 20, "You have perhaps discovered that some stanzas on Bishop WHITE, in the last Churchman, sound like mine. I hope you will not think them unworthy of me, much less of *him*."

WHITE.

"Clarum et venerabile nomen."

It was a consecrated place,
And thought still lingers there,
Where first I saw thee face to face,
And heard thy voice in prayer;
Though thousands thronged each long-drawn aisle,
I dwelt upon thy mien,
As though alone it filled the pile,
So saintly and serene.

And there, arrayed on either hand,
A goodly sight to see,
Rose up our apostolic band,
A glorious company.
And still I deem that hour most blest
When round the shrine they stood,
With thee, the father of the rest,
A holy brotherhood.

Age had forborne thy frame to bow;
Thine eye, without eclipse,
Seemed ready, like thy reverend brow,
For heaven's apocalypse;
And well the thought that o'er thee stole
Might be of triumph high,
Like those which swelled the patriarch's soul
When he desired to die.

For lo! the vine thy hand did plant
Extends its grateful shade,
Where every tired inhabitant
May sit, nor be afraid;
Its fair succession spreads apace,
Till scarce the land has room,
Foretold, like Banquo's kingly race,
To stretch till "crack of doom."

O, may thy light, which lingers yet,
Long to our wishes fond,

Give promise, by its glorious set,
Of better things beyond:
A happy fate, old man, be thine,
Deserving of thy fame,
And robes reserved in worlds divine,
As pure as thine own name!

Next he is found indulging in a lighter strain. On the evening before Valentine's Day, he amused himself in penning a valentine, one copy of which he sent to his cousin ELIZABETH, with the following playful note: "Do not flatter yourself that the valentine had any personal direction to yourself or any body else. It was merely a trial of my amatory skill, to which I was challenged, and to show what sort of a lover I *could* make, if I had any *beau ideal* of a divinity in my thoughts." He also sent a copy to his brother SHERMAN, to be published in the Albany Argus, accompanied by this caution, in the same strain: "You need not fancy any personal direction in my valentine, the ——— streak in question being only the *beau ideal* of a bachelor's aspirations."

A VALENTINE.

TO ———.

I stand the fated hours among;
And ere their spell depart,
I would not leave thee all unsung,
Fair lady of my heart!
Though wintry airs are wondrous sharp,
Though storms obscure the moon,
And cold has snapped thy strings, poor harp!
My heart is still in tune.

Yes, let the world without be chill,
Let all be wild and wet,
The fire within glows brightly still,
The pulse throbs warmly yet;
Nor will it throb, dear maid, in vain,
How rude soe'er the line,
Thy gentle heart will not disdain
Thine own true Valentine.

On an unoccupied page of a letter of March 30, he transcribes the following touching lines; and, in a subsequent letter, he says,

"As they are yet unappropriated, you may put them into *any* 'Mary's' Bible that you like."

FOR MARY'S BIBLE.

Who sees, where in the sacred leaves,
The name of some dear friend
Its tribute at God's hand receives,
And saintliest lips commend,
And prays not that the Book may bear
For *her* that witness true,
That all the hallowed name who share
May be like-*minded* too?

Wouldst have thy name in heaven's own page,
With heaven's own colors writ?
Learn, in thy green, unsaddened age,
At Jesus' feet to sit;
By faith unfeigned, and holy love,
And penitential prayer,
'Tis graven in the Book above,
And kept unfading there.

In his diary of June 25, he says, "Wrote valedictory stanzas to my sister." These stanzas probably never appeared in print. They are copied from the manuscript collection, where they appear under the above date.

TO MY SISTER.

How like, alas! in their estate
Are home and heart! the one
Is left unto thee desolate,
Its thousand ties undone;
The other, as the winds go by,
Sore charged with storm and rain,
Hear in their sound the dismal cry,
"When shall we meet again!"

But hush, fond heart! there is a home
Not made by hand of clay,
Where change and chance shall never come,
In heaven's eternal day.

For that loved rest thyself prepare
By deeds of holy strain,
Till, in the many mansions there,
We meet, nor part again.

The following lines were written under circumstances particularly worthy of note. It was on the morning of the 4th of July, and amid the festivity and pageantry of the day, that he broke away from the company by which he was surrounded, and, according to an entry in his diary, "went home and wrote a piece of poetry." This is the production of such an hour; and when it is recollected that his friend DOANE had now left the city, and removed with his family to his episcopal residence in New Jersey, the significancy of its language and sentiment will be well understood and appreciated.

TO G. W. D.

I miss thee at the morning tide,
The glorious hour of prime;
I miss thee more, when day has died,
At blessèd evening time.
As slide the aching hours away,
Still art thou unforgot;
Sleeping or waking, night and day,
When do I miss thee not?

How can I pass that gladsome door,
Where every favorite room
Thy presence made so bright before
Is loneliness and gloom?
Each place where most thou lov'dst to be,
Thy home, thy house of prayer,
Seem yearning for thy company:
I miss thee every where.

The following appears to have been written at about the same time, when he speaks in his diary of having "opened a new vein of poetry."

TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Much do we miss thee from thy gentle task
  Of love and mercy, on the Sabbath day,
As gather round thy little ones to ask
  What keeps their kindly Teacher far away.
The sweet and solemn quiet of the hours,
  The sounds as solemn and as sweet as they,
In sevenfold cadence flung from yon old towers,
  Where thou so oft hast met with us to pray —
These and the blessing on each head that brings
  Young souls from darkness into light divine,
Connect thy memory with all heavenliest things,
  And make a day of glorious prospect shine,
When they shall rise on strong, immortal wings,
  And like a starry firmament shall shine.

In his diary of July 13 he speaks of his having written a sonnet; and he probably refers to the following, which is found in the manuscript collection, without date. It is transcribed because it is, as he styles it himself, an "exculpatory sonnet," and seems to explain a trait in his deportment, which had been sometimes imputed to studied *distance* and *reserve*, in his intercourse with society. He here raises in his defence the example, and avails himself of the language and sentiments, of an old English poet, who, it seems, some three hundred years before, had suffered under the like imputation.

SONNET.*

Because I oft in dark, abstracted guise,
  Seem most alone in greatest company,
  With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
  That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
  So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
  Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;

* "For the first ten lines of this exculpatory sonnet I am indebted to that paragon of euphuists, worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney; for the remainder he is not responsible, nor for any violation of the first canon of Horace, 'de arte poetica,' which may be involved in them."

But one worse weakness I must needs confess,
That deep embarrassment which doth, alas!
Both mental powers and bodily oppress:
Hence rises *my reserve*, and not from willingness.

The following bears date August 23: —

DE PROFUNDIS.

"There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud."

My soul were dark
But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God indeed is good. Enough to know,
Without the gloomy cloud, he could reveal
No beauteous bow.

In his diary of September 5, he speaks of having received a paper containing the "Traveller's Hymn," of which a copy is found in the manuscript collection.

TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

"In journeyings often."

Lord! go with us, and we go
Safely through the weariest length,
Travelling, if thou will'st it so,
In the greatness of thy strength;
Through the day, and through the dark,
O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
Bring us where we fain would be.

In the self-controlling car,
'Mid the engine's iron din,
Waging elemental war,
Flood without, and flood within,

Through the day, and through the dark,
O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
Bring us where we fain would be.

The verses which follow probably never appeared in print. They were found, under date of November, 1833, in his own handwriting, and were subsequently transcribed, in a letter to his father, with the playful inquiry, "By what art do you think I have recovered the following?"

FROM THE ANTIQUE.

"Fons Crucis, Fons Lucis."

BY THE NAME OF CROSSE-WELLE.

Welle of the Crosse! would I might be
In spirit, as in name, like thee,
Whose gentle flow from Calvarie's mount
Covers the nations like a sea;
Drowns in its depths the Egerian fount,
And older wave of Castalie.

Welle of the Crosse! would that my name
Were emblem of my being's aim,
Upon whose face, in tranquil rest,
The purest hues of heaven might glow,
And through its deep, transparent breast,
Fair truth be seen far down below.

Welle of the Crosse! would that I might
Thy glorie with thy name unite:
That, cleansed by thee from every stain,
My soul might gladly count but loss
All worldly thought, all worldly gain,
To bear the burden of the Cross.

O, yes, for thee, Welle of the Crosse!
Fain would I count all gain but loss;
For thee fain would I live and die,
Nor covet ease, nor toil decline,
So I all sin might crucify,
So I but conquer in that sign!*

* "In hoc signo vinces." *Constantine's Vision.*

With a few brief extracts from his correspondence, the record of the present year is concluded. In a letter, dated Sunday evening, January 6, he says, "I have just returned from a solemn oratorio at the Handel and Haydn Society, where they have undertaken, for the second time this season, to go through that wonderful performance, THE MESSIAH. Than the choruses nothing can be finer. The effect is not to be described to one who has never heard it. I can only say that some strains equal all my conceptions of what is worthy of the solemn and sublime sentiment of which they are the vehicle. They still thrill in my ears; and if I had the assurance of good Dr. ———, of ———, I might catch something of his rapture, when he exclaimed, 'That is such music as *I* shall hear in heaven.' Certainly, on this side of the grave, nothing can come much nearer. This entertainment is only to be had on Sunday evenings, when all the performers have no engagements elsewhere to interfere. Otherwise I should prefer some other opportunity, although I cannot but consider the services of the day as very proper preparation in order to receive the full benefit of this religious and sublime composition. I have come away with new ideas of the power of music, and with new conceptions, I trust, of the character of Him who has been the subject of it."

A letter of November 4, addressed to his father, is written in a moralizing strain, and contains sentiments highly creditable as well to his heart as his head; but as the allusions are generally of a private nature, only here and there a passage can be selected. "Let us not attempt by our over-hastiness to forestall the divine wisdom. Let us cheerfully resign every thing to his righteous disposal, who worketh in us both to will and to do. He that believeth shall not make haste. If we pass through indignities and trials, we know who hath forewarned us that these things must needs be. It is our business to bear up under and profit by them; 'for what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto ye were called,' &c. . . . I did not intend to moralize over so much of my sheet; but I find it so necessary and refreshing to take this view of the doctrine of the cross, in what cometh upon me daily, that I find it the favorite remedy when called to administer to the troubles of others. Has our religion, indeed, done its perfect work upon our hearts, if we have *any* will of our own, or if we do not cheerfully acquiesce in the will of God, which is signified in all the dispensations of his providence? Pureness, long-suffering, love and faith unfeigned — these are the gold which is to be purified of baser alloy in the fiery trial, and to be stamped as fitted even for the Master's use."

1834.

The extract with which the record of this year is commenced brings to the mind of the biographer some exceedingly painful reminiscences. How delightful the anticipation! how distressing the result! It is dated on the day when the Rev. William L. Keese commenced his regular services as associate rector of the parish of Trinity Church, New Haven, to which office he had been unanimously called. He had preached with entire acceptance in the two churches which were then embraced in the cure; and though the day was extremely stormy and unpleasant, his ministry began with the most flattering prospects; and during the short period in which he was permitted to continue his services, he secured the love and esteem not only of the senior rector, but of the whole parish. But the day of disappointment was near at hand. Before the year had half expired, he began to sink under a disease which prostrated his strength, unfitted him for duty, and finally brought him to an early grave.

"Boston, *Sunday Evening, January* 12, 1834.

"My dear Father: This has been rather an inauspicious day for the commencement of brother Keese's labors at New Haven; but in our present state of being, we must be content to take the evil with the good; and it is well, perhaps, that we should not have too much to exhilarate us at first. If physical 'cold' was among the trials of the apostle, the weather reminds us that we, who are not apostles, must not expect to do better. Make my best and most brotherly salutations to your new coadjutor, and assure him of my prayers for an abundant blessing upon the relation which he this day assumes. I need not tell you that I have had you both in my thoughts; and, next to those of heaven, they keep my spirit warm within me, this severe weather."

It is pleasant to record the next extract from his correspondence, January 19, as illustrative of the character and disposition of the writer, though constrained to say, that the good offices thus tendered and accepted were not destined to produce any very lasting effect. "I have been doing, this last week, what, a year ago, I thought I never could have done; but it is because, I hope, I have twelve months' more teaching in the school of Christ. The estrangement between the rector of ——— Church and myself has, of late, been becoming daily a subject of remark and inquiry, and made detrimental to the welfare of the Church. I determined that the fault should not be mine, if we were not on such terms of ministerial courtesy as

to take from the adversary any argument to our disadvantage. Without consulting with flesh and blood, therefore, I wrote to him very kindly, requesting him to officiate at our church next Sunday evening; and he has answered *as* kindly in acceptance of the invitation."

But while thus endeavoring to cultivate a kindly spirit with his clerical brother, he could by no means close his eyes against the folly and absurdity, to apply no harsher terms, of the erratic course pursued by that brother in the ministrations of his parish. Take, for example, the following, under date of February 10: "You have seen the notice, which I marked in the Transcript, of a 'series of lectures on the evidences of Christianity, to be delivered in ——— Church, by four clergymen of as many different denominations.' Shades of our fathers! it was too true a bill. There was no mistake. The series was commenced last night, the rector himself reading prayers, and WINSLOW (Dr. BEECHER'S own successor in situation and sentiment) delivered the Introductory. It is too late to say, Tell it not in Gath; for it was published beforehand in all the streets of Askalon, and the sons and daughters of Philistia have rejoiced in our shame. We are entirely dumbfounded and taken by surprise, and open not our lips. It *must*, however, react. It is as impolitic as it is unnecessary, dishonest, and unkind to his brethren of the same name, who are thus indirectly reproached for sectarianism, exclusiveness, and bigotry, and what not. One effect must be, to hasten the removal of all who love the Church from that . . . ; and another, to place the rector in a very disadvantageous contrast with his associates, who are, WINSLOW, (Orthodox, so called,) STOW, (Baptist,) and WALKER, (Unitarian!) the last by far the ablest man, and one of the most thorough-paced supporters of the sect. I repeat, therefore, that there must needs be a recoil, and such a one as he is by no means in a state to sustain."

In a letter, dated some months later, this significant paragraph occurs with regard to the singular policy of the same clergyman: "Still another sign! as the newspapers say. On my way to Cambridge, the other day, I picked up a number of the Boston Daily Antimasonic Advocate, a week or two old. It contained a curious account of the temperance anniversary held the previous evening at ——— Church. The editor observed that Mr. STOW was not so interesting as usual in the pulpit, (now Mr. STOW is a Baptist minister,) and that Mr. MATTHESON, (the Presbyterian delegate from England,) though very fervent, was rather too *longthy* in his prayer. You may see by this to what pass things have gone, and may judge whether the force of latitudinarianism can be carried any further."

But to turn, for a moment, to a more agreeable topic. The following is found in manuscript, under date of February 6. It has probably never been published.

TO A FRIEND

WHO SENT ME A WATCH CASE AND THERMOMETER.

How much, O Time! at every beat
My faithful watch has said
Of thine unseen yet quick retreat,
Thy never-ceasing tread!
And friends have given me, day by day,
A clearer power to see
How fast thy circles wear away
Into Eternity.

But howsoever times may range,
Let not this token be
A type of like mercurial change
Between my friends and me.
Howe'er the quickened silver mount,
Or shrink into the ball,
Be our dilated hearts unwont
To either rise or fall.

In his letter of March 3, he mentions his delivery of the Price Lecture on "the Holy Catholic Church;" and he adds, "For which, on descending from the pulpit, I received, according to the will of the late Mr. PRICE, two sovereigns, besides sundry compliments not provided for by the testator. I am so little used to handling gold, that I was obliged to inquire its value, (not so with the congratulatory phrases.)" He also speaks in this letter of his having written some poetry, a copy of which is subjoined. "My famous godson, WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, entered upon his third year yesterday; and as poet laureate to the heir apparent, I sent him his usual birthday ode. The 'little brilliant,' I dare say, had rather have a sugar plum, by half, than all the verses in the world." But be this as it may, the bishop himself, he adds, "has been so much pleased with them, that he has enclosed me a lock of the little fellow's bright golden hair, which is the best piece of 'unwritten poetry' that I have had in a long time. What so beautiful as the sunny and delicate ringlets of a child?"

TO MY GODSON,*

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE : MARCH 2, 1834.

It seems, dear boy, but yesterday,
Since to the font we came,
A happy and delighted throng
To answer in thy name:
And I, thy father's chosen friend,
Joyed o'er thy father's son,
To hear the priestly blessing blend
Our allied names in one.

But ah, how cloud has followed cloud!
How many a thrilling scene
Of trial and of triumph crowd
The narrow space between!

* These lines were presented to the young child on a subsequent birthday, and being carefully preserved until he came to years of manhood, called forth this grateful response, which was addressed to his godfather a few months before his death : —

W. C. D. TO W. C.

Full nineteen years of yesterdays
Have sought the silent grave,
Since, from the font, baptismal drops
My infant brows did lave:
The drops that gave my father's name
With *thine*, for me to bear,
And made me, with the Cross's sign,
Christ's soldier, heaven's heir.

And many a time, his hand and thine,
With priestly power endowed,
Have given me grace, in part to do
What then, for me, you vowed;
And many a time, both thou and he,
In bearing Jesus' cross,
Have taught me what the world counts gain,
For Christ, to be but loss.

And though, by Apostolic hands,
Those vows on me are laid,
Which by the consecrated font
Thy lips, for me, once said,
For silent prayers oft breathed for me,
And loving acts oft done,
Thou hast till death, my father's friend,
Love from my father's son.

RIVERSIDE, *July* 31, 1851.

And we are sundered far and wide,
Who framed in happier hour
The ties which time shall not divide,
Nor death shall overpower.

Let not thine eye to me be strange,
Whose smile has been so sweet,
And I can bear what other change
Awaits us ere we meet.
And sure the love which thus began
Must bind us to the end,
And never can thy father's son
Forget thy father's friend.

But from these delightful, and, as the event has proved, prophetic strains, our attention is again called back to plaintive and melancholy tones. He had been already apprised of the dangerous illness of the Rev. Dr. MONTGOMERY, of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia; and in his letter to his father, March 10, he says, "I believe I told you that our most estimable brother, Dr. MONTGOMERY, is drawing near to his end with consumption. Death has indeed few fitter victims, none more worthy to enter upon the reward of the faithful; but, humanly speaking, how premature it is!" And after citing a paragraph from a letter of Bishop DOANE, he adds, "The ravages of mortality among the clergy of our generation has indeed been fearful, but it is, I trust, because God is making up his jewels; let your loins be therefore girded, and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves as men who wait for the Master's coming." Dr. MONTGOMERY died on the 16th of March; and Bishop DOANE immediately communicated the sad intelligence to his friend, with a full and most affecting account of his last hours, and the triumphant manner of his departure, concluding with this just and beautiful testimony: "Never was the bed of death a preacher of righteousness more eloquent. Never were the peace and joy of the believer more signally manifested than in him who now sleeps in Jesus." And to this testimony is added, in a letter to his father, "Such an example should not be confined to a corner, but is the property of the whole church of God. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;' much more should they be precious in ours." That such an event should draw forth one of the happiest effusions of his pen is not strange; and it appears, by a subsequent letter, that the following lines were sent to Bishop DOANE, on the receipt of his last letter. "They seemed," he says, "to arrange themselves almost spontaneously, and have received little or no correction."

My brother, I have read
Of holy men, in Christ who fell asleep,
For whom no bitter tears of woe were shed —
I could not weep!

And thou thyself art one,
O man of loves, and truth without alloy!
The Master calleth, and thy work well done,
Enter thy joy!

To such as thee belong
The harmonies in which all heaven unite,
To share the "inexpressive nuptial song,"
And walk in white!

But O, thy Church! thy home!
Thy widowed home! — who shall forbid to grieve?
How may they bear the desolating gloom
Such partings leave?

Great Shepherd of the flock!
E'en Thou, whose life was given for the sheep,
Sustain them in the overwhelming shock,
And safely keep!

A few months later, but before the memory of this painful event had been in the slightest degree effaced, while the strains of his plaintive lute were still sounding in the ears and touching the hearts of thousands, his sympathies were again awakened by the death of another of his clerical brethren. On this, as on every other subject, it is expedient, as far as practicable, to copy his own words, because no other language could so thoroughly illustrate the devout spirit which constituted the brightest trait in his character. Under date of October 20, he says, "Of the many instances of mortality among the clergy, which come to us with a solemn warning to be also ready, there is one which circumstances have brought near to me in a most affecting manner. I allude to our brother Blanchard, late of Annapolis, and last of Baltimore. He died after a short confinement, and has entered, I am sure, upon the rest that remains for the people of God. He was here on his annual visit to his friends in August, and preached for me. He was in fine health and the prime of life, and few, apparently, had a surer tenure on existence. He spent several hours with me, and I was delighted with his conversation and society; so mild was he, so gentle, and so courteous, and yet so firm and decided. He was indeed a perfect

pattern of Christian 'conciliation without compromise;' and it was impossible to know him and not to love him. I was much shocked to hear of his death on Monday, with a message from his sister (who resides here, and by whom he was almost idolized) to come and comfort her. I did what I could; but, alas! how poor and unavailing were mere human sympathy, if we could not 'rejoice for the consolation' of the divine teacher. This consolation the friends of the deceased must be favored with in the most eminent degree, for he was a good man, and the Holy Ghost was upon him. His life was upright, and his end was peace. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A page or two must now be devoted to personal matters, for the purpose of showing with what steadiness and uniformity he resisted, up to that time, every inducement to draw him away from the post of duty which he then occupied. By the death of Dr. MONTGOMERY, the rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, had become vacant; and he was soon informed, by his friend Bishop DOANE, that his name, without his knowledge or consent, had been enrolled among a number of candidates for the place, and that there was evidently a preponderating influence in his favor among the leading members of the parish. It was but natural that his friend, with his characteristic kindness and affection, should urge him to look favorably upon a suggestion so apparently advantageous; and he was advised at least to accept an invitation to visit the parish, and officiate for a Sunday or two in the church. Flattered as he may have been by this proposal, he was nevertheless exceedingly mortified that his name had been thus brought into view; and he was so impatient to express to his friend his utter aversion to any such measure, that, without even consulting his father, which he seldom omitted to do on any important question, he promptly replied; and the substance of his reply is thus given: "I instantly issued my 'solemn protest,' and entreated my excellent friend DOANE, by the love he bore me, to have my name withdrawn without loss of time; that I felt injured in my own estimation by the use that had been made of it; that I was content to abide as I was, and to die even here within these walls; and that if I ever felt that I was thwarting my destiny by a city life, it was when I dreamed of some quiet little nook, fast by a river side, where my days might pass away as smoothly as the gentle stream; that I had never, and would never, because conscientiously I could not, voluntarily place myself in the attitude of a seeker for any change, and least of all such a change as he contemplated; that were I to receive a unanimous call from St. Stephen's to-morrow, I should think it misdirected, and feel it my duty to decline."

Having already made arrangements for visiting Burlington, he

did not feel, after this plain and unequivocal avowal, any delicacy in carrying out these arrangements. Accordingly, he prepared to commence his journey on the 6th of May, but was detained for a day or two by a violent storm. In the mean time, he states to his father that he had received a letter from his friend DOANE, disavowing any undue officiousness in suffering his name to come before the people of St. Stephen's, telling him, however, at the same time, with accustomed plainness, that his "fastidiousness was whimsical and absurd in the last degree." And "so," he adds, "the baseless fabric of that vision is dissolved, much to my mind, and to the relief of many minds here." He pursued his journey to New York, Burlington, and Philadelphia, and returned by the way of New Haven, where he spent several days, and, in consequence of the illness of the Rev. Mr. KEESE, was persuaded to supply the pulpits of the two churches in alternation with his father. He finally returned to Boston on the 31st of May, having, according to his own account, had a most delightful excursion. His first letter after his return, June 2, is full of thanksgiving and praise. "Laus Deo! Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name. . . . To conclude as I began, I trust I have a grateful sense of His mercy, who has thus far kept me under the care of his good providence, and conducted me in safety to the end of my journey, and shall endeavor to manifest it by more singleness of desire to live to his glory."

June 9, he speaks of having heard, from his friend DOANE, that his parish at Burlington had provided the means for employing an assistant. "Of course," he adds, "of all the world he would prefer me. But no: I have one answer for that and all other applications at present. My hour is not yet come. When the clock which I am set to wind up here runs down, and it is all over, I shall flee to some other city. But I cannot conscientiously go yet. I think better days will come, and that speedily. Whether or not, I trust I shall have patience given me to wait and see." In another part of this letter, he alludes with much sadness to the impaired health of Mr. KEESE: "I am sorry for the cloud that seems destined to darken the brightness of your prospects. Try, however, to relieve your mind of too much anxiety for the future. Hitherto hath the Lord wonderfully helped you, and he will yet mercifully provide. I trust Mr. KEESE's health will be restored, and that the relations so pleasantly begun will yet be continued for many a year."

One event took place this summer, which is here alluded to, not because it is necessarily connected with the subject of these memoirs, but because attempts were very unjustly made, in certain quarters, at the time, to involve him in some censure with regard to the scandalous transaction. This event was the wilful burning of the

nunnery, or Ursuline Convent, on Mount Benedict, in Charlestown, on the evening of the 11th of August. It is first noted in his diary, August 12: "Papers filled with accounts of the abominable outrages of the evening previous, in the destruction of the Ursuline Convent, at Charlestown, by fire." And in a letter of the same date, he says, "I open my letter to state that the nunnery at Charlestown, of which I have told you something, was destroyed last night by a regularly-organized mob, the interior being entirely consumed by fire, and the walls only standing. The superior, nuns, and boarders were allowed one hour only to transport themselves to places of safety. I fear it will be but the beginning of sorrows, the Irish population being so numerous, and their feelings so much exasperated. I know all the particulars from an authentic source, and will give them at another opportunity." These particulars were subsequently transmitted to his father, in the shape of authentic documents, under an injunction that they be returned immediately after perusal. They threw but little light, however, on the causes of the outrage. But the public feeling had probably been somewhat prepared to tolerate almost any species of violence by the exaggerated reports of the iniquities practised in the convent. A Miss Reed, an inmate of the institution, had contrived to escape from what she considered an irksome bondage, and had made representations, the sincerity of which was never doubted, and which were of course extremely grating to Protestant ears. But Miss Reed never manifested any mischievous spirit. She quietly sought the counsel of the rector of Christ Church, and carefully avoided saying any thing that might excite public indignation. Injudicious and designing persons, however, took up the theme, and, by gross exaggeration and exciting appeals to the worst passions of man, no doubt brought about the disgraceful event. Miss Reed, in the mean time, embraced the Protestant faith, became a member, and died in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church.* The outrage

* Miss Reed died on the 28th of February, 1838; and it is but simple justice to record the following authentic testimony of the manner in which she closed her eventful life. It is transcribed from a letter of March 5, in that year. "You have doubtless noticed in the papers the death of Miss Reed, formerly of the Ursuline community. She has been fading away with consumption for the last year. I was not aware of her situation till about two months since, and frequently visited her. Her mind was much weakened by disease, but her faith was clear and her hope bright. She was indeed anxious to depart before her time came, and longed for death as a merciful release from a life of perturbation. I felt it my duty, under the solemnities of approaching death and judgment, to question her concerning the truth of her printed statement respecting the convent; and she assured me, with deep feeling, that it was, to the best of her knowledge, a faithful record; that she did not pretend that she had not been liable to error, but that she had not intentionally misrepresented a single circumstance. I did not need this declaration for my own satisfaction, for I never doubted her design to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, with regard to her connection with the place, but thought it might hereafter be important, in order to put gainsayers to silence. In the

came near to producing the most fearful result. The excitement among the Irish Roman Catholic population in Boston was tremendous, and revenge and retaliation were openly threatened by immense gatherings of these exasperated people. It required indeed all the energy and address of their bishop and resident priests to restrain the tumult, and persuade their followers to leave to the public authorities to punish the transgressors, and indemnify the sufferers for their loss. In dismissing the subject, it is but proper to say, that the offenders were never punished, nor the loss of property ever made up to the Romish Church. Mount Benedict, on which the building stood, remains naked and bare, and covered only with ruins, to tell a tale of reproach which a great and enlightened commonwealth should be impatient to bear.

In taking up again the golden thread which runs through the whole texture of his being, it is but natural to recur, with undisguised satisfaction, to the flattering manner in which some of his earlier devotional poetry was brought, in a substantial form, before the public, blended, too, with a name as familiar as it is dear to the Christian world. He alludes to the subject in a letter of March 10, when, speaking of his friend Bishop DOANE, he says, "He is getting out an edition of KEBLE'S 'CHRISTIAN YEAR,' and talks of gathering some of my favorite pieces in an appendix, 'that he may send us down to posterity together.' The Lord knows I have no poetical ambition; and I wish I had no other, unless, indeed, to help build up the purity and bliss of His Kingdom before I die." In due time the volume appeared, inscribed to the young poet in these kind and affectionate terms: —

"TO MY NEXT FRIEND AND MORE THAN BROTHER, THE REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON, THESE PIOUS BREATHINGS OF A KINDRED SPIRIT ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED. G. W. D.

"ST. MARY'S PARSONAGE, BURLINGTON, *May* 27, 1834."

Instead, however, of gathering these selected pieces in an appendix, they were mingled in their appropriate places, with the explanatory notes, illustrations, and additions with which the work was enriched. The first selection, a "Hymn for Advent," was introduced by this highly complimentary note: "The lines which follow

obituary notice, in some of the papers, I was sorry to see the matter alluded to in any way, and especially in such unhappy phraseology. It would seem to a stranger as if the communion was administered to her as a sort of sacramental test or oath, whereas it was on a separate occasion, and some time previous. I should deprecate any revival of the public agitation with regard to her, and hope her ashes will be allowed to rest in quiet. She evinced great sweetness and purity of character during her whole sickness, and her last hours were very edifying. Her departure was easy and full of peace. I attended her funeral at East Cambridge, on Friday."

are from the pen of the beloved friend to whom this volume is inscribed. Its pages will afford other evidence of the justice with which his name has been associated with the honored name of KEBLE, as 'a kindred spirit.' Were he aware of the designed association, his gentle and retiring nature would, I know, forbid it. But one who, for nine years, was with him almost daily, and shared his secret thoughts, must claim to know him better than he knows himself; and he does not fear that Keble will not welcome the companionship." The other selections were "Christmas Eve," "Martyrdom of Stephen," "Epiphany," "De Profundis," "Clouds," and "The Ordinal." After the work had passed through the press, he writes, "Bishop DOANE's edition of Keble is printed, but not published. I fear almost to see it. My own rhymes will appear very slim, I fear, in the contrast." In a letter of a later date, he says, "I have some copies of Keble's 'Christian Year,' presentation gifts from the editor. Your son's name occurs in it more frequently than his modesty can approve." Writing, at the same time, to his friend, Rev. Dr. STRONG, of Greenfield, Mass., he says, "My gratification at the republication of Keble would have been as entire and unmingled as yours, were my own name less conspicuously connected with it, and none of my rhymes brought into so disadvantageous contrast. I am still so unsophisticated and unpractised in the arts of able authors, that I must blush at such undeserved praise. Of the productions of the editor's own pen, it gives me delight to join in the most unqualified commendation."

The following pieces are drawn from various sources. They were probably written the present year, but in some few cases are without date. The subjoined impromptu was doubtless called forth by an excursion which he made to Nahant, August 11; and those who have ever visited that famous summer resort will at once acknowledge the perfect correctness of the sketch.

NAHANT.

Rocks, sands, and seas,
What charms hast thou but these,
  O desolate Nahant!
Rocks, sands, and seas,
Twelve grotesque cottages,
And six storm-beaten trees,
  Struck all aslant!

But this is but an episode among more grave and solemn strains. The following are transcribed in the order in which they are found in his own manuscript collections.

FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.*

I well remember, from my earliest age,
How, with a yearning heart, I loved to look,
Old Chronicler, upon thy pictured page,
That lent a glory to thy Martyrs' Book;
And as I saw the patient sufferers there,
Like the three children in the furnace flame,
Without a smell of fire, unsinged their hair,
From year to year unaltered and the same,
I thought that even martyrdom was light,
And counted them as happy who endured
A fire no fiercer than it seemed to sight,
Of God's good will eternally secured!
Thus do we look on sufferings yet untried,
Which man can only bear, when Heaven is on his side!

September, 1834.

AFRICA.

Princes shall come from Egypt, and
The path of life be trod
By myriads, when the Morian's land
Shall stretch her hand to God;
Then Cush, and Ophir, and the sea
No idle gifts shall bring,
But soul and body both shall be
Their grateful offering.

The Ethiop may not change his skin,
Nor leopard change his spot;
But God can work a change within,
Though man observeth not.
A holier dawn shall chase the night,
And darkness pass away,
And these shall also "walk in white,"
In Heaven's eternal day.

October, 1834.

* See Fuller's Mixed Contemplations, xxi. p. 92.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.*

Let the infant soldier now
  With the hallowed cross be signed;
Bind the frontlet on his brow
  Time and death cannot unbind!
Words of earnest faith and prayer,
  Drops of consecrated dew,
They can work a wonder there
  Earth's enchantments never knew.

Happy mother! sealed and blessed,
  To your arms your treasure take,
With the Savior's mark impressed,
  Nurse it for the Savior's sake.
So the holy work begin,
  Ever doing, never done,
Till, redeemed from all our sin,
  Heaven's eternal crown be won.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

The sparrow finds a home,
  The little bird a nest;
Deep in thy dwellings, Lord, they come,
  And fold their wings to rest.
And shall *we* be afraid
  Our little ones to bring
Within thine ancient altar's shade,
  And underneath thy wing!

There, guard them as thine eye,
  There, keep them without spot,
That when the Spoiler passeth by,
  Destruction touch them not.
There, nerve their souls with might,
  There, nurse them with thy love,
There, plume them for their final flight
  To blessedness above.

* The reader should be apprised that this Hymn is not strictly original in thought and sentiment, though the versification is all his own. It may be considered as rather a paraphrase of two stanzas of Keble's "Holy Baptism."

TO ——.

Fair child! thou fillest mine eye with tears,
For thou carriest back my mind
To the sinless days which the flight of years
Has left so far behind:
And I search my shrinking self to know
How the spirit, so darkened now,
Can be purged of its manhood's guilt and woe,
And be pure once more as thou.

Again, thou carriest on my thought
To the vision of things before,
When the last great battle with sin is fought,
And the struggle of death is o'er;
For in vain our Heaven we hope to see,
And our Savior undefiled,
Till we learn his lesson of such as thee,
And become like a little child!

Among the remaining incidents of this year, there are few that require any full or special notice. He made an excursion homewards, leaving Boston August 24, and, after stopping for two or three days at Brooklyn and Norwich, arrived at New Haven on the 28th. He expected to have met his brother SHERMAN, that they might enjoy their visit together; but in this he was disappointed, for SHERMAN did not arrive until the moment when he was taking his seat for his return to Boston, on the 5th of September. He arrived at Boston on the 6th, and on the following day, Sunday, he says, "I officiated twice, besides administering the communion, and baptizing four children, and do not feel any uncommon degree of lassitude." Speaking incidentally of the accommodation stages, in contrast with those of the steamboat line, he remarks, "I have never, I am sure, so fully realized the force of what moralists have written *against the stage*, and its dangerous and corrupting influences, as I did when dragging through the mud at three miles per hour, when the rain made the night as dark as Egypt, and the proprietors could not afford lights, crowded in with nine passengers, some of whom would infect a whole community, and all curtained down, to make them the more redolent. O, it has a dreadful effect upon the temper." He proceeds to speak of a subject in which he felt deeply interested: "They have set to work to repair the old church in real earnest. The steeple is invested with scaffolding, and the cellar of the new vestry almost excavated. The business is going on with

great spirit in both parts, and will soon be completed. Think of our weathercock weighing one hundred and sixteen pounds, and more than six feet long — not so light a matter as weathercocks generally are supposed to be!" On the 12th he notes in his diary, "Wrote something to put in the ball of the steeple, arranged in the shape of a cross." Of this composition no copy can be found.

In his diary of November 3, and his letter of the same date, he speaks of the sickness of his friend DOANE, and of his expectation of an immediate summons to attend him; and the information received the following day induced him to proceed without delay. He left Boston for Burlington by way of Providence; and his next letter is dated at Burlington, November 7, and gives a particular account of the severe attack by which the bishop's strength was prostrated. He was now, however, convalescent, with every prospect of a speedy and complete recovery. "To-day," he says, "being, I believe, my thirtieth birthday, and a glorious day indeed for the season, he has walked out with me, for the first time, besides taking a ride of an hour in the carriage of one of his excellent neighbors." Before he closes this letter, he adds, "Notwithstanding the illness of the bishop, he managed to write me a tender and affectionate sonnet on my thirtieth birthday, in a little presentation volume of Coleridge's poetry." It is here transcribed, as exceedingly creditable to both parties.

"PERENNIS ET FRAGRANS."

William, my brother and my bosom friend!
For thrice ten years the sun, this blessed day,
Has lighted thee along life's checkered way,
Serene and placid towards thy journey's end.
One third the distance we have trod together,
Hand grasping hand, and heart enclosed in heart,
Each of the other's life, breath, being, part,
Breasting as one time's rough and rugged weather.
Poet and Priest, as in thy face I look,
So full of thought, so tranquil, so benign,
With pride of soul to hail thee friend of mine,
I greet thee with the legend of this book: —
"Fragrant and lasting" be thy memory here,
And then a fadeless crown through heaven's immortal year!

G. W. D.

He was compelled, while on this mission of love and sympathy, to pass by New Haven, and return to his duties. After apologizing

for this omission, he details some interesting particulars touching his domestic and parochial relations, and thus closes a letter of November 23: "My feet have stood in the courts of the Lord's house thrice this day, and thrice have I opened my mouth between the porch and the altar, none having ministered for me in the order of my course. I am fresh, as if I had had nothing to do." On the week following he details the same amount of services; and then, again, on the 9th of December, he writes, "I had rather a severe draught upon my capabilities on Sunday. After preparing and preaching a funeral sermon during the week, my three services and both sacraments came near to exhausting me. My strength, however, was sufficient, by the grace of God, and not only held out, but left me much less weak and weary to-day than I could have anticipated. I shall be as moderate as I can, and reserve my remaining force, when I most expect to need it, for Christmas and the accompanying festivals. . . . I rejoice greatly in the accounts of your prosperity. May it be ever so. And whether all things be ordered according to our wishes, the Lord give us grace to possess our souls in submission to his gracious will. My own affairs continue to be promising, and I am most grateful that the interests committed to me have not apparently suffered in my hands. I trust it will ever be the first desire of my heart, that I may be able to answer with a good conscience for the awful account of souls, and render that account with joy, and not with grief. Pray for me, even as I also do for you."

In a subsequent letter, after speaking in terms of high commendation of a neat little periodical, issued by Bishop Doane, entitled The Missionary, he intimates his own intentions with regard to the future productions of his pen: "In the department of sacred poetry, I shall lay myself out more than I have done. I am frequently applied to by my friends to make a collection of my verses, but have no ambition to court criticism, or stir up the malicious tribe of rival geniuses to speak all manner of evil against me falsely. I should like, however, to have them preserved in the family, and shall be obliged to you to insert in the volumes which were sent to you any occasional effusion which you know to be mine. I keep a record of all which I have written recently, which I will bring with me on my next visit, and complete your edition."

It is to be regretted that these collections and records have not been found as full and complete as could have been desired. From various sources, however, may be gathered nearly all that will be necessary to satisfy his friends. A few more selections will fill up the record for the present year.

The following lines were sent to his mother, near the close of the year, accompanied by a note demonstrating his truly filial affection

and veneration: "I trust these lines will not be unacceptable, as a token that you are in the multitude of my best thoughts and prayers and feelings. I only wish you were there to as much purpose as I know I am in yours. I have not stopped to consider whether they are good poetry; but I know that the sentiment is true, and that assurance will be worth more to you than any thing else."

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother! many a burning word
Would not suffice the love to tell
With which my inmost soul is stirred,
As thoughts of thee my bosom swell:
But better I should ill express
The passion thus, than leave untold
The glow of filial tenderness
Which never in my heart grows cold.

Oft, as I muse o'er all the wrong,
The silent grief, the secret pain,
My froward youth has caused, I long
To live my childhood o'er again;
And yet they were not all in vain,
The lessons which thy love then taught;
Nor always has it dormant lain,
The fire from thy example caught.

And now, as feelings all divine
With deepest power my spirit touch,
I feel as if some prayer of thine,
My mother! were availing much.
And thus availing, more and more,
O, be it thine, in bliss, to see
The hopes with which thy heart runs o'er,
In fondest hour, fulfilled in me!

It was at the close of this year that he commenced a series of Hymns, which he styles the "Horology, or Dial of Prayer," with the following general caption and appropriate motto: —

HYMNS OF THE ANCIENT TIME.

"No man, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better."

HOROLOGY, OR DIAL OF PRAYER.

Thou who hast put the times and seasons in thine own power. *Acts* i. 7.
Grant that we may pray unto thee in a fit and acceptable time. *Psalm* lxix. 13.

O Savior! I would spend the hours
Canonical with Thee,
As tolls the clock from yonder towers
At nine, and twelve, and three;
At primes, and lauds, and matin bell,
And compline, rise and pray,
And tell my blessed rosary
At the decline of day.

At vespers, and at nocturns late,
When suns have ceased to shine,
On my devotion's dial plate
Still shed thy light divine;
And as the holy vigil yields
In turn to holy dream,
O, let my Savior be through all
My glory and my theme.

I.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

"At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee." *King David.*
"And at midnight, Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them." *Acts of the Holy Apostles.*

Thy praises, Lord, at midnight broke
Through chambers where a monarch woke;
Thy midnight praise, with choral swell,
Rang through the chained Apostles' cell;
Alike to thee each place was made,
In palace or in prison laid;
The royal pomps, the grated door,
The captive and the conqueror.

So grant us, Lord, a song of power
To charm away the midnight hour;

In prosperous state be ours to sing
In spirit with the Minstrel King;
And cheer us, when our hopes are dim,
As with thy servants' dungeon hymn;
And when our watch, like theirs, is done,
May worlds, without a night, be won.

II.

COCK CROWING.

"And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew; and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly." * *Gospel.*

The Eye that softened as it smote,
While crew the cock, with mighty spell,
Far through the maddening crowd remote,
Upon his shrinking servant fell;
Then woke the guilty shame within,
And conscience, which so long had slept;
And He alone who knew the sin,
Could know how bitterly he wept.

If, Master, we thy cause betray,
Oft as the cock repeats its call,
Turn not thy piercing eye away
Till we are conscious of our fall.
Like Peter, let us weep alone
In sorrow, secret as sincere,
Till Thou, to whom our griefs are known,
Shalt dry the penitential tear!

III.

NOONDAY.

"Now Jacob's well was there: Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well, and it was about the sixth hour." † *Gospel.*

O Thou, who, in the languid noon,
By Sychar's well, didst open wide

* "It appears, from a passage of the Talmud, that domestic fowls were not tolerated in Jerusalem; and admitting its authority to be indisputable, it will not be difficult to reconcile this fact with the record of the Evangelists. For as the palace of Caiaphas was at no great distance from the suburbs, the crowing of a cock without the walls might be clearly heard in the stillness of the evening. Unusual as it may have been, the scream of an eagle would not have more startled the ear of the apostate Apostle." Middleton, *Greek Article*, p. 143.

† In the time of our Savior, the day was divided into twelve hours, equal to

To wondering eyes a better boon
Than e'er their fathers' fount supplied;
Up, where thy brightest glories burn,
Our fainting souls, at every stage,
For thy celestial succor turn,
In this, our weary pilgrimage!

When, from the sun's meridian glow,
We seek refreshment and repose,
Do Thou thy heavenly gifts bestow,
And all the stores of life unclose;
Thence, quench the fervid spirit's thirst,
Thence, fill us as with angel's food,
Till, day by day, our souls are nursed
For their divine beatitude!

IV.

ANOTHER FOR NOONDAY.

"Peter went up upon the house top to pray, about the sixth hour; and he became very hungry, and would have eaten; but while they made ready, he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth." *Acts of the Apostles.*

Though on the house top, Lord, unseen,
How oft, at noon, I fain would rise,
Where nought of earth could come between
My lifted spirit and the skies!
But short the conquest over sense;
On rapture's wing though high we soar,
Too soon the fleshly influence
Resumes its reign, and dreams are o'er.

Yet still the Church, let down to earth,
Without a trance, 'tis ours to see,
Where, cleansed from stain of mortal birth,
In Jesus' blood we all may be.
There may the soul its work complete,
And with the hosts of men forgiven,
Enveloped in that mighty sheet,
Be safely taken up to Heaven.

each other, but unequal with respect to the different seasons of the year. The sixth, of course, was at all times answerable to noon.

V.

NINTH HOUR, THREE O'CLOCK, P. M.

TIME OF DAILY EVENING SERVICE.

"Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour; and a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple." *Acts of the Apostles.*

How dear to those on God who wait,
The paths which to his dwelling lead!
And every Christian temple gate,
Is it not Beautiful indeed?
For there our holiest joys unfold,
And trains of lovelier graces fill
These lowly courts, than when of old
His sole abode was Zion's Hill.

O, as thou enterest in, be sure
To try the spirit of thy mind;
Ask if its love to God be pure,
And true its love to humankind.
Bring Faith, and Hope; and be Thou nigh,
The best and greatest of the three,
Binding in one delightful tie
All heaven and earth, sweet Charity!

VI.

EVENTIDE.

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide; and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming."

Beneath the shade of pensive eve,
By Heaven impelled, the patriarch's mind
Could wander from itself, and leave
The grovelling cares of life behind.

Led by the same almighty love,
When all below is dark and dull,
We still may rise to scenes above,
Where all is bright and beautiful.

Our souls may go as Isaac went,
And find, each eve, a lovelier field
Than e'en the gorgeous Orient
To his enraptured sense could yield.

And while, in meditation sweet,
We seem to breathe a heavenlier air,
All that we most desire to meet
Shall bless our longing vision there.

1835.

The record of this year will be drawn chiefly from his correspondence, and, with few exceptions, from his letters to his father, with occasional references to his daily journal. These extracts must necessarily be brief, and may often seem desultory and disjointed, from the constant intervention of private and familiar allusions, which are not suitable for transcribing. No more is selected than may be properly introduced for the purpose of developing the abiding and prevailing sentiments of his mind, and the leading traits of his character.

In the first letter of the year, January 5, after speaking of the extreme severity of the winter, he says, "I have every thing to make me warm and comfortable, and am healthy and hearty; but this cold weather stupefies and benumbs my intellect, and I cannot get on well with my headwork. I do not rise *very* early; but I am up till midnight, and do the best I can to keep up with the time of day. I am growing less and less in love with our northern winters, though they have never harmed me, and I have a perpetual summer in my chamber, where the anthracite is always in a glow." But here, amid these expressions of self-content, his thoughts are instantly called to the suffering poor, among whom he took his daily rounds, and to whose comfort and sustenance he was constantly ministering; and he proceeds: "But then one cannot always keep in his chamber, or in his own house; and if he suffers as he ought with those whose sufferings he sees, his mind and thoughts are filled with dismal imagery." To show that he was not unfavorably affected by his duties, he adds, "Three services, and a wedding, were all that I had for my share yesterday; and I felt, after I had finished, as if I was fresh and ready for as many more."

But there is another portion of this letter which may be alluded to as furnishing a keynote to a series of transactions, which, however annoying and vexatious to the rector of Christ Church, served, at the same time, to call out the latent energies of his mind, and to show the firmness and decision with which he ever stood ready to repel any temptation to a departure from what he considered the

line of conscientious and religious duty. After remarking pleasantly that "all the rest of the week was a kind of a monotone," he proceeds, "We have a rapturous tune, however, in prospect, to be rung from all the chords — *w*rung, I should have said — and the great musician at ——— Church is to lead the choir, and all the characters in Collins's Ode on the Passions are to administer at turns. To come out from the obscure and figurative, *the* Convocation assemble at brother ———'s church for divine services and sermons Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. This is not, perhaps, so strange; but it is a truth, and one stranger than fiction, that I am most graciously invited to attend. Gramercy for your goodness, gentle sirs! I have not concluded what order I shall take; whether to let the invitation go by default, or to give the why and the wherefore. It is of very little consequence which. After the marked exclusion from the company for more than eighteen months, the burden rests with them to explain the reason of this change. *I* am unaltered and the same, and, by the grace of God, will so remain; for, in truth, I should consult my inclination as little as my self-respect in uniting with their assembly. If I say any thing to them, it will be in the spirit of Johnson to Chesterfield: 'The notice which you have been pleased to take of me, had it been early, had been kind. But it has been delayed, till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it.'" Such an answer, as appears from a subsequent letter, was drawn up; but on reflection, he felt reluctant to repel, by an unkind rebuke, an act of seeming civility; and after consulting some of his clerical friends, who had also now been invited for the first time to attend the meeting, it was concluded to accept the invitation. Accordingly, he says, "We made our appearance on the first evening. The following day found me there also, and at evening again I was not missing. After services, Mr. ——— approached me, said the Convocation had brought a certain enterprise to a certain point, and would like to have Dr. W. and myself meet, and consult with them, the next morning. Determined not to fail in receiving any distinct overture, and make myself thereby obnoxious to the charge of separating myself from these pious men, I agreed accordingly. We found them next day in solemn conclave. Their *specimen* number [of a periodical, to be called the Christian Witness] was all ready to be issued; and Mr. ——— asked our concurrence and countenance. The doctor and I said, in general, that any periodical which went to set forth the Gospel in the Church would have our patronage and approbation, from whatever quarter it issued. But I was careful to add, that whether the course which had been pursued was such as was calculated to conciliate the confidence of the whole body of our clergy, they were

as competent to decide as ourselves. And here the subject was about to be left; and if it had, the result would have been most unhappy; the object obviously being to force the thing upon us, and stop our mouths afterwards with the pretence that an opportunity had been afforded us of expressing our opinion, and that the project had received our assent. At this juncture, I set fire to a train, which produced an instantaneous explosion, by asking Mr. ——— if he had not given me to understand that my exclusion from the Convocation was not the result of accident, but design. The battle being thus opened, the fire was hot and heavy; and the fear of man passed away in an instant, and I boldly withstood them to the face. I doubt whether they ever heard the truth more plainly spoken; and I was happy to find the doctor sustaining me manfully in every position. . . . After delivering our message, we shook off the dust from our feet, and departed." With the exception of an occasional remark, nothing more is said during the year, either in his diary or letters, of the Christian Witness. It was considered as the organ of a party or clique known as the "Convocation," and never secured the confidence of the whole body of the clergy, either in or out of the diocese.

In a letter of January 19, after touching in a pleasant manner upon various topics, he thus recurs, in his habitual spirit of humility and devotion, to the approaching anniversary of his ordination: "Next Sunday, St. Paul's day, is the anniversary, as you are aware, of my being set apart to the work of the ministry, six years ago; an interval that seems like a dream, like a tale that is told, but full of the momentous items upon which stands our account for eternity. I would renew the dedication of myself, soul, body, and spirit, to this service, and endeavor, in the coming hours that may yet be granted me, more faithfully to redeem the time, and labor to perfect holiness. Let me have the benefit of your especial prayer on the noon of that day, and let our spirits meet before the throne of grace in my behalf. . . . I cannot close till I have congratulated you on the favorable circumstances and great encouragements with which your labors continue to be blessed. The meridian of your usefulness is not yet passed, as I hope, nor your sun on the decline. May it grow more and more golden towards its set, and so give promise of the glorious dawn to-morrow." This extract is given as a suitable introduction to the following beautiful stanzas, written in Christ Church, on St. Paul's day, at noon, and sent to the Missionary, for publication.

ST. PAUL'S DAY.

"At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

How swift the years have come and gone, since, on this blessed day,
A victim at the altar's horn, I gave myself away;
And streaming through the house of God a glory seemed to shine,
Invisible to other eyes, but manifest to mine.

It was not in his terrors clad, nor with those tokens dire,
The rushing of the whirlwind's wing, the earthquake, and the fire,
Nor yet amid the blasting blaze that makes the sunshine dim,
And pales the ineffectual beams that minister to Him.

Serene was that effulgent noon, and gladdening was the ray,
Which made a heavenly vision there I could not disobey;
And gentle those subduing tones which soothed and tempered all,
As with the holy harmony of voices still and small.

O father, mother, brethren, "friends, no less than brethren dear!"
Who promised, at this solemn hour, to be in spirit near,
Say, is it not your influence in blended prayer I feel,
As now before the mercy seat from many shrines we kneel?

I would my heart might ever thus dissolve with fervent heat,
As here, "fast by the oracle," the service I repeat;
That even in my inmost soul the same rejoicing light
Might burn, like Zion's altar flame, unquenchable and bright.

From the following extract, under date of January 26, it is evident that the notoriety which he had already attained, as a writer of poetry, was not of his own seeking. But it would be worse than affectation to say that he was not pleased with the flattering commendations which he received from time to time, and especially when they came from unexpected quarters. He had more than once, as is well known, resolved to throw aside his lyre, and stifle his passion for verse. But every new stimulus again kindled up the poetic flame, and it was never wholly extinguished, but continued to burn brightly to the end of his days. The Missionary, after its establishment in New Jersey, became, by the earnest solicitations of his friend the bishop, the general medium of his communications. "If I am vain of any of my gifts, I did not intend that any body should know it, and have tried to subdue the influence of all my weaknesses by prayer and supplication. I am, however, sorely tempted to think

more highly of myself than I ought to think, when, for instance, I receive from Athenian missionaries, in the heart of the land of classic song, a letter with such a passage as this: 'Why is it that I no longer see the effusions from your pen in such of the religious periodicals as occasionally reach us? Have you abandoned your lyre, to devote yourself more entirely to the duties of the pulpit? I think that you possess so much of the poetic vein, that you may safely indulge in it from time to time, without its interfering with more serious and sacred duties. Nay, when the subjects are appropriate, — as yours were wont to be, — you may thus at once both aid and grace the cause of our blessed Redeemer. Our language is not yet rich in the songs of Zion. Even in Germany, where the language has been for a much shorter time cultivated than that in which Milton and Cowper sang, they can exhibit a much larger collection of sacred poesy than ourselves, qualified to stand the test of candid criticism. I have lately seen an octavo volume of Hymns, of five or six hundred pages, in German, selected by the present Prussian ambassador at Rome, a pious man, who exerts himself for the cause of the gospel. I hope to see poetry enlisted as an able auxiliary in the diffusion of religious feeling in our favored country; and I feel that you possess a talent of this description which ought not to be neglected. Let me give you a theme, which may aid even our missions here: *the renovation of the ancient Church of Greece.* It will indeed be a blessed and glorious day when she shall resume her pristine beauty and purity. She will once more become a means of diffusing light, the light of gospel truth, to nations now sitting in the valley of the shadow of death. She would be admirably qualified to convey the humbling and purifying lessons of the gospel to the proud and sensual Mahometan, and to gain victories over her old tyrant, bloodless indeed, but far more to her praise than any which her sons have hitherto achieved,' &c. This is more than I expected or deserved from any quarter, and least of all from our missionary in Greece. I have long had my mind upon the very topic to which he alludes; and a letter of Fenelon, written while he contemplated a mission himself to those parts, which I was reading a few days since, fired me with enthusiasm to set about it."

His letters of the month of February partake of the general character of all his correspondence. Like other studious men, he had his alternations of elevated and depressed spirits, and these were transfused into his familiar communications with his friends. In the same letter, he would speak with grateful animation of the amazing amount of labor which he had been enabled, by the help of God, to accomplish, and then turn despondingly to the frequent recurrence of headache and vertigo, which but too often followed his exertions. His letters, as well as many of his sermons, and much

of his poetry, were written chiefly at night and very early in the morning, while his days were consumed with calls at home, in visits among his parishioners, — especially the sick, needy, and afflicted, — and with responses to the constant invitations of hospitality and kindness. Reflecting upon these multifarious demands upon his time and his bodily and mental powers, it is not strange that he should sometimes feel as if his burden were greater than he could sustain. And, at such times, it is not surprising that he should sometimes feelingly adopt the sentiment of his favorite poet. "I long more and more," he says, "for some snug retirement, where from the loopholes of retreat I may peep at the world, see the great Babel, and not feel its stir." And, with the devout and contemplative habits of his mind, it might be expected that few letters would pass from his hands without some serious reflections. For example, such sentiments as these are constantly recurring. Speaking of the death of a young lady whom he had known when a child, and with whose family he had been intimately associated, he says, "The going out of the lights of that pleasant household, one after another, is among the associations which throw a melancholy shadow over the scenes of my earlier years. When I count up the names of those of our own family connections and familiar friends, who, though 'not dead,' are 'gone before,' it seems as if the majority, with whom I commenced the career of life, are already on the other side of the grave. May I make a profitable use of the solemn consideration, and so number my own days that remain that I may apply my heart unto wisdom." He proceeds to speak thus, in a strain of filial confidence: "I often think that I can well remember when you were but a few years older than I am now, and when I looked up to you as a man of many days, and what an infinite interval it seemed in prospect before I should arrive at the same age. But our years are brought to an end, like a tale that is told; and I look back with astonishment and wonder at this period, upon all that is past; so much of life elapsed like a dream, and so little accomplished. Time has not brought with it the maturity of mind upon which I had reckoned; and though a man in years, I am still a boy at heart. This, however, is doubtless as it should be. Whatever advances we may make intellectually, in other respects, such as disposition, dependence, and docility, we cannot safely allow one particle of our childlike traits of character to wear off and be outgrown, for 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Here is comfort, when perhaps I might otherwise have reproached myself with weakness." But while such sentiments are transcribed, the impression ought not to be conveyed that he was fond of cherishing sad and gloomy thoughts. He was among the most cheerful of men; and he was capable of turning away from the most melancholy musings to a style of vivacity

sufficient to show that his bosom was a fountain of sweet serenity and joy, and that he could at all times, by his genial playfulness, light up a smile upon the face of his correspondents and associates. On the very page where he could melt the heart by the tenderest allusions, he could speak with unaffected modesty of a "silly Valentine," which he had sent for publication in the Albany Argus. Of the Valentine itself the reader must judge whether he has not himself spoken too lightly.

VALENTINE.

Again the "fated hours" have come,
As holy legends tell,
When Valentine in martyrdom
A blessed victim fell;
And doubt thou not, one wish of thine,
O gentle maid! would make,
This day, thy chosen Valentine,
A martyr for thy sake.

By ice and snow though severed wide,
Nought else, O maiden true!
Of cold or distance shall divide
Between myself and you;
Though many a bond in sunder parts,
Snapped by this frosty weather,
It shall but keep two loving hearts
Still closer bound together. W.

St. Valentine's Eve, February 13, 1835.

There is an anecdote connected with the publication of this Valentine in the Albany Argus, which afforded some amusement at the time, and which need not be suppressed. A lady, or one affecting the handwriting of a lady, imputing the authorship to a gallant bachelor in the State legislature, whose initial was W., and who was known to have some genius for versemaking, addressed to him, on the succeeding day, the following response: —

A VALENTINE FOR "W."

Saint Valentine's glorious death
Had, doubtless, its struggles and pains,
Yet who would not give up her breath,
To live evermore in your strains?

Sweet bard! may the gods keep your vows,
Nor coldness nor distance long trouble you;
But O, should you sigh for a spouse,
Ten thousand would hasten to "W."

Then why o'er the snow banks go wooing,
In strains little less than divine,
When, near you, your muse is subduing
The heart of a true
VALENTINE?

The following lines were addressed to the Rev. Dr. THOMAS W. COIT, on occasion of his election to the presidency of Transylvania University, Kentucky.

TO THE REV. DR. COIT.

With hope and courage unrepressed,
Go, follow where the orb of day
And Empire's Star, both tending west,
Have pointed out thy brightening way;
And from our dwellings by the sea
Beyond the mountain barriers bear
The bonds which sacred sympathy
Hath sanctified by many a prayer.

And when thy steps are safely led
By mighty marge of rivers wide,
Which, like an earth-born giant, spread *
Their thirsty arms on every side,
O, let their waters, as they glide
Resistless on, thine emblem be —
A stream of many thousand tides
Against the Truth's great enemy. W. C.

March 1, 1835.

On the 3d of March he had a severe attack of sickness, and was compelled, after an ineffectual attempt to throw off the disease by simple remedies, to call in the aid of a physician. He passed through the usual treatment, and was so far relieved within a short time as to be able again to resume the pen, and convey to his father

* "And Trent, like an earth-born giant, spreads
His thirsty arms along th' indented meads."
MILTON, *Vacation Exercise.*

a daily bulletin of his condition. These brief notes are fair exponents of the remarkable buoyancy of his spirits, and of his cheerfulness and contentment, under the hand of providential chastisement. In his letter of March 8, he says, "As I have never concealed any thing from you with regard to my health, so I will not do so now." After describing the nature of the attack, and its treatment, he adds, "It has left me rather weak, though I am entirely free from all disease, and perform almost every function but that of eating and writing, with regard to which I am obliged to keep Lent very strictly, and practise almost total abstinence. I do not say these things to alarm, but to account for my brevity. I beg you will not give yourselves any uneasiness on account of it. I expect to be about, out of doors, in a day or two, and shall take the first opportunity of setting my face homeward. . . . You shall have a bulletin from me daily, keeping you informed of the true state of the case." Accordingly, on the day following, affecting the usual style of such despatches, and speaking in the third person, he gives assurances of his improvement, and gratefully acknowledges the kindness and attention, not only of his excellent hostess, but also of the "troops of friends" by whom he was surrounded, and who were assiduous in their efforts to minister to his comfort. He hopes, by the help of God, to give a still more favorable report the next day, and speaks of his mind as "full and alive with all manner of ideas and imagery, like a quiver full of arrows; but," he says, he "has not yet quite strength to draw the bow that shall send them." On the 10th, after speaking pleasantly of the parting call of his physician, of his continued improvement, and especially of the enjoyment drawn from his books, he adds, "As a thankoffering to Him who has raised me from the threatenings of disease, I have subscribed a hundred dollars for the Seabury professorship, [in the College, now Trinity, at Hartford.] I have drawn, as usual, upon the Bank of Faith, and trust, that, by self-denial and frugality on my part, it will not fail me. Such expenditures as this have never yet impoverished me, but have been attended with a literal and liberal recompense, in some way upon which I had not counted. As done with an eye to the glory of God, I hope it will not perish among the works burnt up." He thus closes his daily reports; and his next letter is dated on Sunday evening, March 15, in which he says, "The fine weather of the last two or three days has helped me along exceedingly. Yesterday I rode out, for the first time, in a close carriage, as far as Roxbury. To-day I felt so far restored to health of body, vigor of mind, and cheerfulness of spirit, that I was able to go to the house of God, to offer him an oblation with great gladness, and to bless his holy name for all his goodness towards me, through Jesus Christ our Savior."

There are in his correspondence, at this period, several allusions

to a probable change of his pastoral relations. In one of his letters, written during his sickness, he expresses his intention, after his recovery, of consulting the wardens of his church on the expediency of resigning his charge at Easter, "simply," he says, "because I think somebody else would do better here, and I should do better somewhere else." Within a few days, however, he wrote to this effect: "My friends have shown me marvellous great kindness during my illness, and I shall find it harder than ever to separate the bond which binds us together." Subsequently he writes, "I have not had much conversation on the subject of my resignation. I mentioned it to my junior warden; but he begged me to defer its consideration till I had *quite* recovered, and desired me to say nothing to his coadjutor unless my mind was unalterably made up." After this, the subject appears to have been dropped for a time; and as his proposed journey homeward was deferred, principally on account of the unsettled state of the weather, he began gradually to resume his public services. On the first Sunday of April, he was able to administer the communion in the morning, and to preach in the afternoon, besides performing some other official duties.

In a letter of the 4th of May, after congratulating his father on the pleasant and harmonious settlement of an assistant, which had been effected in his parish at New Haven, he proceeds: "Every thing connected with our parish looks very promisingly at present, and I hope the whole diocese will soon wear a more cheerful aspect. The bishop has called us together on Wednesday, to see if any thing can be proposed to enlarge the Convocation, so as to include us all, and promote a better understanding. We shall be inclined to go a great way for the sake of peace; and if our propositions are well received, there will be no difficulty. Most of the members of the Convocation would regard such a union favorably." On the 11th he gives an account of this meeting, a portion of which is transcribed as a perfectly satisfactory vindication of his own position. "Preliminary to it," he says, "the bishop called us together, — all, without exception, though but few answered the summons, — to see if any thing could be done to promote harmony. A committee was chosen to report measures; I was one; and we had half an hour to report in. I told them that consistency left me but one course to pursue, but that I would oppose no obstacle to any proposition which united the majority." After a few sharp passages between the different members of the committee, which it is unnecessary to detail, it was proposed to report, that, "if the bishop was desirous that his clergy should unite in the Convocation, and would distinctly express his desires, it should be made a ground of recommendation to each of them to join the Convocation, if he conscientiously could. The report was accepted. The next day we were admitted to the business meetings, and heard the constitution and

by-laws read. Drs. ——— and ——— saw their way clear to give in their adhesion; but I declined. My objections are such as have always operated so strongly on my mind — its exclusiveness, its interference by its missionary plans with the episcopal prerogatives, and placing the interests of the Church at the mercy of a presbytery, the tithe of salary which it levies upon every member, and the irregularities which it countenances, if it does not enforce. Many of the most exceptionable features will doubtless undergo considerable modification, and such men as my two most excellent friends will exert a wholesome and salutary influence upon the majority of the members. . . . I hope the experiment may be happy for all parties concerned. I have no objection to meet the brethren, at convenient seasons, even though with some of them I can have no sympathy or kindredness of feeling."

May 20, having made arrangements for an absence of a month from his cure, he proceeded by railroad and stage to Hartford. He arrived at the house of his friend Dr. SUMNER in the evening, and gladly accepted his hospitalities until the 22d, when he passed on to New Haven. The following extract of a letter, addressed to his esteemed friends at Hartford on this occasion, serves to show with what chastened feelings he revisited the scenes of his childhood: "New Haven never looked so charmingly to my unpractised eye; but it is peopled by such an altered population, so many of the old familiar faces have vanished, persons and places have so changed, and I find the names of so large a proportion of the companions of my childhood and youth on the stones in the burial ground, that I revisit and review its scenes with a kind of melancholy and painful interest; a sort of homesick feeling comes over me, and I realize that we have indeed here no continuing city, that we are strangers and pilgrims on earth. How happy for us, that, like the patriarch in a strange country, we can, by faith, look forward to a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God!"

Though exempted for a short space from the cares of his own parish, he found but little respite from his labors, during this visit. He participated in the services at Trinity Church and St. Paul's Chapel on the first Sunday after his arrival; and, on the following Sunday, he preached three times in the church at North Haven, being assisted in the services by the incumbent, his highly-valued friend and brother, the Rev. C. W. BRADLEY. He had been in daily expectation of the arrival of his brother SHERMAN from Albany; but this was unfortunately delayed until the 4th of June, only two days before his engagements compelled him to leave for New York. From this point he addressed a letter to his father, giving a pleasant account of his passage, of his travelling companions, and of his further proceedings. "Mine host of the Atlantic," he says, "gave me, at sight, the freedom of the house, and, at my request, sent me into the

identical dormitory which SHERMAN had occupied. I found his mirror waiting for him on the stove, but do not see his face in it, though I have looked several times." The day after his arrival, being Whitsunday, he attended service, and joined in celebrating the holy communion at *old* Trinity, (for it was before the rebuilding of this edifice;) a church, he says, which "may be styled by so many of us, like Jerusalem of old, the mother of us all. It is a solemn and impressive place of worship, and I enjoyed the services very much." In the afternoon he attended the services at St. Thomas's Church. "According to his annual practice, Dr. HAWKS had a great christening. It was a most interesting spectacle, and reminded me more of St. Peter and the three thousand, on the day of Pentecost, than any thing I have ever seen. There were upwards of ninety in all, most of them old enough to be ranged in two rows round the chancel, and to receive the sacrament, without being taken into the arms. Some twelve were infants."

On Monday, June 8, he proceeded by boat to Burlington, where, with the exception of two days spent in Philadelphia, he enjoyed the welcome and delightful hospitalities of the rectory at Riverside, and the daily morning and evening services of the church. On Trinity Sunday he participated in three services, preaching in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, morning and evening, and at Mount Holly in the afternoon. On Monday, the 15th, he returned to New York, and wrote to his father stating his plans for the remainder of the week. His first letter after his return, Monday, June 22, shows how far this plan was carried out: "I changed one part of my plan once more, after I got to Pittsfield, in accommodation to circumstances, and found myself here on Saturday, by a route which reminded me of the title of the oft-read article of Johnson's in the English Reader, 'Schemes of life often illusory.' The ride from Hudson carried us through such a charming and magnificent scenery as quite reconciled me to the stage coach. All our company, with a single exception, by a singular coincidence, happened to be Bostonians, who had casually met, for the first time since leaving home, on board the steamboat. . . . The glory of Lebanon was laid open before us, as we proceeded, and a surpassing glory it was. From the heights in the neighborhood of the hotel at the mineral springs, we could, like Moses, view the landscape o'er, and see that goodly mountain and Lebanon. From the top of the richly-wooded barrier which separates, as it were, Massachusetts from New York, you command a lovely prospect of the land between, even to the Catskills, whose summit, at the distance of forty miles, seem to be within an easy ride of half an hour." He reached Pittsfield about eight, and repaired at once to the church, where he heard a sermon from the Rev. Dr. MILNOR. "The Convention," he says, "was fully attended; and the exercises connected with it, as far as I

observed, were regular and interesting. . . . Most inconsistently, ——— introduced a resolution recommending the Witness in the most unqualified terms, and ———, still stranger to say, seconded it; and, most wonderful of all, *I* was the only man that dared to vote in the negative. Some infatuation surely blinds us at times, we know not how; for truer hearted men than these, I am sure, there are not. Hospitality was practised on a most liberal scale at Pittsfield, and we all left much delighted. A party of us set out at five o'clock on Friday morning, passed through Northampton, and arrived here, via railroad, at ten on Saturday morning. I preached thrice yesterday, and baptized. I find the church in complete order, and a beautiful sight to see."

With the exception of one or two strokes of pleasantry, nothing is found to extract from his correspondence of July; and even these cannot be transcribed without an apology, inasmuch as he himself stigmatizes them as "flummery." July 6, he writes, "I perceive, by the Herald, that somebody in New Haven is pretending to conflagrate Moscow in jest, and seems likely to set your little town on fire in real earnest. However imposing it may be, you may rest assured that the *genuine imposition* is here. Moscow is burnt every night at Concert Hall; and though thousands have thronged to see the great sight, still it is not consumed. Maelzel himself is the incendiary, and the only one that is allowed to go at large, without being tried for his life, and is well paid for the business besides." He authorizes his brother to send this to the paper, as an "extract from a letter," provided always that he can get any one to take the responsibility. "A burnt child," he says, "dreads the fire, and I do not care to be considered as an inditer of inflammatory paragraphs."

In another letter, speaking of some writer who had maliciously styled Episcopalians "nothingarians," he retorts, that the poor slanderer ought to have known that the Church is indeed "*nothing-Arian.*"

But the occasions for the indulgence of this playful humor were only the little flickerings of sunlight amid the impending clouds of thick darkness. His feelings were always open to the alternations of grief and gladness, as, in the allotments of Providence, they were severally brought to bear on his sensitive heart; and while it was his delight to rejoice with the joyful, he was equally ready to mingle his tears and sympathies with those who wept. Another month had scarcely begun, before he was called to a trial, the peculiar severity of which his own letters attest. Tuesday, August 4, he writes to his father, "Accept a brief line to-day, which ought to have been sent you yesterday, just to assure you that I am well, though in deep affliction. We were bereaved, on Sunday night, of our junior warden, (Frederick Clark,) an inestimable young man,

and a worthy son of a worthy father; and our parish is all sunk in sorrow. We have every consolation which is afforded by the consideration, that the deceased was a humble and exemplary disciple of Jesus, and died the death of a righteous man. I was with him much during his illness; and being called to bestow such services as might best afford comfort to his wife and sisters in their overwhelming distress, and to minister at the funeral, which took place yesterday, you will not wonder that my hands and heart are full, and will readily excuse my neglect of this sacred duty of writing. I will write to you again, at my first leisure, at greater length. Meanwhile, pray for me, that this dispensation may be sanctified to us, and that we may bow in acquiescence to the divine dealings, however inscrutable."

August 5. "I was quite unnerved and unmanned by the melancholy scenes through which I have of late been called to pass, when I wrote you last. I have since become composed and calm, and am refreshed and recruited by nature's best restorative, sleep, and by such supports, I trust, as can be obtained only from a heavenly source. Mr. Clark's sudden and untimely death is a great blow to me. He was, in truth, my right-hand man, my 'fidus Achates,' and I feel, as rector of the church, as if shorn of half my strength. His loss to his poor wife and sisters is beyond expression; but they have been too thoroughly disciplined in the school of adversity, to be otherwise than submissive and resigned. They know that the judgments of the Lord are right, and that of very faithfulness he has caused them to be troubled. May He, who chastens us for our profit, make us also partakers of His holiness; and though it seemeth not to be joyous, but grievous, may it yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." He expresses in this letter his strong desire and hope of being able to go to the General Convention, which was soon to meet in Philadelphia; and after detailing the great amount and variety of duties, which, on Sunday, immediately preceded his attendance on the death bed of Mr. Clark, and giving some further particulars of his last hours, he concludes: "Excuse me for dwelling so much on this topic. It is uppermost in my mind, and should be. Otherwise it cannot be improved. May it be as profitably, as it is deeply, felt by us all. I know you will remember me at those times when remembrance is of most avail, at your seasons of prayer. Be assured that I continue to enjoy very good health, and that you shall not be deceived in this respect for a moment. I was indisposed, as might be expected, but not seriously, on Monday, but have had time to recover myself, and feel as well, though not quite as strong, to-day, as usual."

August 6. "According to promise, I send you another line to-day, though I have nothing in particular to add to the communi-

cations which have preceded it. I do so the more cheerfully, however, as my mind has begun to resume its wonted composure, and I am also quite recruited in bodily strength. I hope the tenor of my other letters has not been calculated to disturb or agitate you; that they have not excited the very apprehensions which they were intended to allay. I trust this will be sufficient to put them to rest, if such be the case; and if my foreknowledge was as decided as my wishes, I should not lose an opportunity of convincing you of their groundlessness, by exhibiting myself in person before you take your departure for the General Convention. I entertain strong hopes that I shall be able to accompany you, but do not like to hold out any expectation that I may not fulfil. As the time draws nearer, I can tell better. Our afflicted friends, of whom I spoke, are as comfortable as can be expected; and the parish, and city also, whatever rumors there may be to the contrary, continue very healthy. No new cases of the fever, to which Mr. Clark and several of the neighboring merchants fell victims, have since occurred."

In his next communication, Monday, August 10, he says, "I now feel quite like myself again, and with less of weariness than usually falls to my lot on Monday. I reserved myself as much as I could from excitement during the week, but was obliged to prepare resolutions of condolence in connection with my funeral sermon. I accomplished both, however, and got through very comfortably and composedly, being able to command myself better than usual on such occasions."

On the following Thursday, August 13, he writes that he had made up his mind, Providence permitting, to proceed to New York in the ensuing week, to meet his father, and accompany him to the General Convention.

Agreeably to this arrangement, he left Boston on Monday the 17th, and proceeded, by the way of Providence, New York, and Burlington, to Philadelphia. As he had restricted himself to a short absence from his parish, he made the most of his time, which was chiefly spent in Philadelphia, affording him an opportunity to attend the sittings of the General Convention, the meetings of the Missionary Society, and many of the public services of the Church, besides holding much pleasant intercourse with his brethren and friends, and visiting most of the places of public interest. Some two or three days, however, including Sunday, were passed at Burlington, where he divided the services of the day with his father. On Friday he started on his homeward journey, taking the same route by which he had come, and arrived at Boston, in time to resume his duties in his own church, on Sunday the 30th, officiating in three entire services. On the following Tuesday, September 1, he wrote to his mother, apologizing for passing by New Haven on this occasion, and promising, after a few weeks, to repay the neglect

"with interest." "I obtained leave of absence," he says, "only for a single Sunday; and my parish were counting on my return with as much certainty as that of the Lord's day. My character, as a man to be depended upon, was therefore at stake; and by redeeming it so satisfactorily, I shall be the bolder to treat resolution whenever occasion requires." He speaks in grateful terms of the enjoyment which the excursion had afforded him, and of the satisfactory state of things on his return. But he seems to apprehend that some change may be necessary, in his domestic, as well as his pastoral relations; and he again thus feelingly recurs to the recent severe affliction in his parish: "In the death of Mr. CLARK, a pillar has been struck down, on which I chiefly leaned; and it breaks one of the strongest ties which bind me to the parish."

In his next letter to his father, September 7, he thus rejoices over the new missionary organization, which took its date from this session of the General Convention: "The conclusion of the whole matter, at the General Convention, was indeed worthy of its commencement; and I regret that I was not present at a consummation so devoutly to be wished. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The Church being the Missionary Society, by the admission and universal consent of all parties; missionary bishops being practicable on her part; the inference is conclusive, that they become due from her to her scattered population. Nothing seems to me to be in more strict accordance with the spirit of our Master's injunctions and the principles of apostolic order. It carries us back in association to the time when Paul and Barnabas were specially separated by the Holy Ghost for the work whereunto He had called them."

The first missionary bishop, appointed and consecrated under this new movement of the General Convention, was the Rev. JACKSON KEMPER, D. D., then rector of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Connecticut. The consecration was to take place at an early day, and Dr. KEMPER was very desirous of seeing the vacancy in his parish supplied before his removal. His attention had already been drawn to the rector of Christ Church, and he had received communications from Bishops BROWNELL and DOANE, as well as his father and other friends, expressing a favorable opinion of his qualifications. As a preliminary step, therefore, Dr. KEMPER invited him to spend a Sunday, the 27th of September, in the parish. But this invitation he felt compelled to decline; and, writing to his father, September 19, he says, "I should not like to accept it, even if there were nothing to prevent me but my unwillingness to appear there, or in any other parish, as a candidate. I am perfectly willing to receive an invitation from Norwalk, or any where else; but I have not sought it, and am by no means certain that I should be disposed to accept it. I have never been there, and am ignorant of the strength of its claims to

consideration, except, indeed, what ought to weigh much with me, its vicinity to you. I will not, of course, prejudge it, but should be somewhat surprised if I found things altogether according to my taste. As to quiet and retirement, I have found that the larger the city, the more retired and secluded from observation you may be. . . . I have become, indeed, so used to my unpretending old parish, that it is perfectly easy to me, and I begin to think I shall never find just such another. They take so kindly to me, and put up with all my shortcomings, how can I think of leaving them? It is my first love, and, with all its faults, it will be as good as I deserve, if it should be my last. . . . In writing to Dr. Kemper, do not commit me at all with regard to officiating at any future Sunday. I have, perhaps, too much fastidiousness about this; but, next to fortune hunting, I dislike parish hunting. I will try to respect myself, whether or not respected by others."

But only two days after the date of this letter, his sensitive heart dictates the language of apology: "I fear," he says, "I have given you cause to upbraid me with thwarting all the plans which my friends project for my advancement, and counteracting, instead of coöperating with, your efforts to promote my best interests. I know that no help can be expected for those who will not help themselves. Rest assured, my dear father, that I do most highly appreciate your excellent views and intentions in this matter, and am grateful for any and all things that you have done and may do. And if I do not respond so cordially as you wish, do not suppose that it is simply because, like Nym's, it is my humor, but for good and substantial reasons, as I may be able to convince you when we meet. . . . My people love me, and we are assimilated together. The vows of institution are sacred, and I could not expect the blessing of Heaven upon the breach of them. Many of the most eminent saints have been content with much more humble and irksome spheres of duty than has been allotted to me, in the kind providence of God; and I, who am none, have surely no right to complain. Do not, therefore, blame me for what may seem to you unreasonable, until you have heard me at length."

His next letter, September 28, announces the receipt of a formal invitation to the rectorship of the church in Norwalk, and furnishes a copy of the official call, and his prompt answer in the negative. He gives many good and satisfactory reasons for this course, adding, among other things, "I am at present rector of an ancient and respectable parish, in one of our most flourishing and delightful cities. . . . I have one of the most reverend and delightful old churches to be found in this country, a people attached to me, and entirely satisfied with my ministrations, and with every prospect of increasing and permanent usefulness. Why should I relinquish this comfortable certainty for the uncomfortable uncertainties of a

place I know nothing about, and a people to whom I am a perfect stranger? . . . I do not transfer my affections readily or hastily. I am not fond of rupturing old ties for the sake of forming new ones; and, over and above all, I take so much real delight in dwelling among the busy haunts of men, even though I mingle with them ever so little, that the idea of rusticating myself in the country, any where, is repulsive and revolting to me."

Having thus disposed of a matter which had evidently caused him not a little anxiety, he next began to indulge the pleasing anticipation of meeting his brother SHERMAN, in a visit to their old paternal home at New Haven. After some unavoidable delay, this was finally accomplished, in the latter part of October. In the mean time, he had an opportunity to attend a meeting of the Convention of the Eastern Diocese at Portsmouth, and was called to officiate as secretary. The attendance was small, and the business unimportant. The excursion began pleasantly, and he was pleased with every thing he saw at Portsmouth; but he returned in a cold, uncomfortable storm, and retained no very favorable impression of the jaunt.

In a subsequent letter, October 12, he administers a well-merited, though good-natured, stricture upon a practice, which, if unknown to others, will doubtless be well understood by the alumni of Yale College: "The committee of our class have sent each member a copy of a printed circular, anatomizing us all. What a vexation it is to have been to college, when it gives to the gossiping spirit of your accidental associates, not chosen ones, the right to expose to each other your private and domestic affairs — chronicle the events of your life; who has been hung and who married; who is in lock and limbo, and wedlock besides; who has committed forgery, and who matrimony! I am glad to find that they have so few enormities of either kind to lay to our charge, that we have neither crimes nor children to answer for. I should like to know how they prove my title to authorship; but this is their lookout, not mine, and is quite as satisfactory, on the whole, as being made responsible for the paternity of 'two or three boys.' When the class meet again, I hope they will pray more, and print less; and I desire to record my wish, that none of them may be permitted to write my epitaph."

He left Boston, on his projected visit, on the 21st of October, and reached New Haven on the following evening. His brother SHERMAN did not arrive until the 28th. They had, therefore, but two days to spend together at New Haven, before he was obliged to return to his post in Boston; SHERMAN, however, not to be disappointed of his visit, concluded to accompany him, and they both proceeded to Boston on Saturday the 31st. Here they spent ten days, the most happy they had enjoyed together since they had left

the scenes of their childhood. But as the visit was drawing to a close, he seemed to apprehend, that, after so much delightful intercourse, he might feel more than ever the loneliness of his situation. Within a few days, however, he writes as follows: "I should have been more cast down by his departure, if I had had time to dwell upon it; but I have been so much taken up with my accustomed round of duties since he disappeared, that I am hardly able to realize that he is actually gone."

The following entry in his diary bears date at about the same time, and may have been made under the influence of the despondency of the moment. But perhaps not. It is no evidence of an unwonted emotion, but may rather be considered as the habitual breathing of a devout and humble spirit. It is written on the last page of a journal, embracing the record of a single year. "It has been a year fruitful in incidents, of joy and of sorrow, and has called many of the strongest emotions of my nature into exercise. It has brought with it some severe tests of Christian character; and I have deeply felt, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, how greatly I have been found wanting. My progress in the divine life has not been such as to answer the lowest expectations which I had formed, much less in proportion to my advantages. If thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, O Lord, who could abide? My only hope is in his mercy, through Christ. May He be daily more and more my sanctification, as He is my redemption. To Him I renewedly devote myself, and to His service, soul, body, and spirit, with all their powers and faculties. May He fill my memory with the words of His law, enlighten my understanding with the illumination of the Holy Ghost, and may all the wishes and desires of my will centre in what He has commanded."

But amid these prevailing characteristics of his mind, he is found ever ready to turn from grave to gay, as circumstances led to the change. On the opening page of his next journal, speaking of putting his papers in order, he says, "Remembering Curran's saying to Grattan, that he would have been the greatest man of the age if he had used more red tape, I bought a dozen pieces."

The following anecdote soon follows: While returning from Charlestown, one evening, being detained on the bridge by the opening of the draw, "I was accosted," he says, "by an 'ancient mariner,' who shipmated me to his heart's content, and, while the draw was up, and we were waiting, moralized on the obstacles that were met with on our daily walk. Told him he was a *shrewd* fellow. He thought I said *slewed*, which was quite as true; but he took it in good part."

The following lines are found in his manuscript collection, under date of December 28, and have never, so far as we can learn, appeared in print: —

TO A LADY,

WITH A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

O, those were happy times, I think,
When symbolizing leaves
Conveyed, instead of pen and ink,
The thoughts that love conceives.
No soiling, then, of dainty skin:
Besides, the token sweet
From each obtruding gaze kept in
The mystery complete.

Mere words are all too rude and rough;
Nor can the tongue reveal,
In terms half delicate enough,
What raptured spirits feel.
But worlds of tender sentiment
In one green spire may lie,
And kindred hearts know more is meant
Than meets the stranger's eye.

The following is supposed to have been written on the meeting of the General Convention in 1835, and is found in the September number of the Missionary, published at Burlington.

THE MEETING OF THE TRIBES.

"For thither the tribes go up."

The tribes have gone up, not in battle array,
But to keep on God's mountain their festival day;
The tribes have gone up with their banners displayed,
In peace o'er the thousands who meet in their shade.

From the east, from the west, from the south, from the north,
From Dan to Beersheba, their powers have come forth;
From the wide-spreading valleys their ancients are seen,
And the dwellers on Lebanon's mountains so green.

And, Judah, thy lordliest Lion is there,
Unharmed, from the glorious depths of his lair;
For the archers have fiercely shot at him in vain,
And he shakes off their darts, like the dew, from his mane.

In gladness the chosen of Levi pour out,
And the feeblest starts up at the summons devout;
Nor will one of the twelve in their borders abide,
From the ship-covered coast to the Great River's side.

May the dew which, like Hermon's, distils from above,
Sink deep in all hearts, and inspire them with love;
And the grace on the head of the aged high priest
Flow down on the greatest, and reach to the least.

The spirit of peace to their counsels restore,
O God! and let Ephraim vex Judah no more;
The spirit of might and of wisdom impart,
Nor let Reuben's divisions cause searching of heart.

So the least of all seeds shall become a great tree,
And shall spread from the mountains its boughs to the sea,
Till all the wide land with its shelter is blest,
From the dawning of day to the uttermost west.

It is doubtful whether the following has ever appeared in print. It is found in his manuscript collections, and was probably written during the present year.

PICTURE OF PALESTINE.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

"Several travellers, and, among others, Troilo and D'Arvieux, assert that they remarked fragments of walls and palaces in the Dead Sea. This statement seems to be confirmed by Maundrell and Father Nahan. The ancients speak more positively on this subject: Josephus, who employs a poetic expression, says that he perceived on the banks of the lake the *shades* of the overwhelmed cities. Strabo gives a circumference of sixty stadia to the ruins of Sodom, which are mentioned also by Tacitus. I know not whether they still exist; but as the lake rises and falls at certain seasons, it is possible that it may alternately cover and expose the skeletons of the reprobate cities." CHATEAUBRIAND.

I wandered by the Dead Sea brink, in dreaming hour, to gaze
Upon the awful monuments and wrecks of ancient days,
If haply yet its rocky isles might alter on my eyes,
And, like some arch enchanter's pile, in gramarye arise;
If yet the clustering bitumen its rude resemblance bore
To pomps that here had glorified the younger world before,
And peering still above the tide, if summits might be seen,
Magnificent, like Baly's towers, in sunlight and sea green.

A mournful sight it was, I ween, that sea, from shore to shore
Unruffled by one venturous wing, unbroken by an oar;
The air above, the earth around, the desolate expanse
Beneath my feet were all alike without inhabitants;
And, nearest like to living thing, the evening wind was loud,
And Jordan, as its raving streams' contested passage crowd,
And suffocating bursts of smoke that poisons all the air,
Told how God's early wrath had left eternal traces there.

But louder than the Jordan's rush, and deeper than the breeze,
That rustled in the hollow reeds, methought, were sounds like these;
They came up with the sulphurous fumes that from the surface broke,
As if the voice of those below in solemn warning spoke: —
"O, had the wonders here been done which now are done in vain,
Still had these buried cities stood, the glory of the plain;
But darker is thy country's doom, and better shall it be
For Sodom, in the judgment day, than, guilty land, for thee!"

1836.

The year 1836, though full of vicissitude and incident, wrought no very material change in the relations of the rector of Christ Church. It appears, from his journal and correspondence, that there was no abatement, but rather an increase of his cares. Besides the regular services of his own parish, with the customary round of special duties, he frequently added, on Sunday evenings, an extra service at Jamaica Plains, and other places in the vicinity. Though he had no serious attack of sickness during the year, he frequently suffered from slight turns of indisposition, and from the great bodily and mental weariness which followed his labors. But his spirit was always buoyant, and the transitions in his temper and feelings were truly wonderful. At the very moment, for example, when his over-tasked powers seemed ready to sink, he was enabled, by a sort of elastic spring, to rise at once into the region of pleasant fancies, and indulge in the very exuberance of wit and playfulness. He could forget, too, his own want of repose, when the sufferings of others demanded his exertion. A tale of woe, or a call for sympathy, would instantly rouse his latent or flagging energies, and give a new impulse to his movements. So sudden, indeed, were these transitions, that it was not uncommon to witness, at almost the same instant, a countenance beaming with cheerful serenity, while the tears of pity were coursing down the cheeks. From two sources, of a directly opposite character, he experienced some inconvenience;

on the one hand, from his friends, who, supposing, and probably with good reason, that his constitution could not long bear up under his severe and accumulating labors, were extremely solicitous to persuade him to change his pastoral relations. With the most grateful sense of the kindness of these friends, it will be perceived that nothing could induce him to abandon his post; but to refuse, under such circumstances, must of course have cost him a severe struggle. But, on the other hand, he had his enemies; and these were ever ready, most unjustly and ungenerously, to impute his best and most disinterested exertions for the welfare of the Church to the unworthy motive of promoting sinister ends. They could not have assailed him in a more tender point, or in a more offensive manner. But it will be seen with what calmness he repelled every such assault, and how triumphantly his course was vindicated. But it is unnecessary to anticipate.

In opening the correspondence of the year, after saying, "All that can be conveyed in the words and wishes of a 'happy new year' are yours entirely," he proceeds to give the substance of a confidential communication from the Rev. Dr. Rudd, of Utica, containing an account of the then vacant parish of Trinity Church, in that city, speaking of the congregation as large and united, the church and parsonage as forming a very neat and delightful establishment, and the income as liberal, and asking, at the instance of some of the gentlemen of the vestry, whether he could be induced to accept the rectorship. Agreeably to his former practice in such cases, he declined to entertain any proposals. This correspondence was soon followed by a somewhat fault-finding letter from his friend Doane, who urged, but without success, by every argument in his power, the expediency of changing his resolution to decline the offer. A subsequent letter from Dr. Rudd, though very flattering in its terms, must not be withheld: "I have many thanks to offer you for your kind and frank letter; but though you put us at once to silence as to the pressing of our desire to bring you here, you cannot deprive us of one gratification, and that is, the conviction of those who named you, fully sustained by the language of your letter, that you are just such a man as we want here. With all the advantages and promises of usefulness and comfort, and I do think they are many, you reason soundly in relation to your present situation. You reason just as I would have him reason who was to be my neighbor, my friend, my companion, and brother." After citing so much of this letter, he says, "So you see I take it like a good disciple, first on one cheek, and then on the other; for the praises of our friends, to a man who is conscious that he does not deserve them, are like buffetings indeed."

In his letter of January 4, he cites, as a piece of "pleasantry," a brief notice, from the Christian Examiner, of a collection of poetry

called the Boston Book, in which the writer says, "Some of them are by writers who scarcely avow themselves to be such, and are specimens indeed not so much of what they have done, as of what they may do." He then proceeds to give a portion of the Hymn for Advent, with these complimentary remarks, from the same article: "A piece to be admired for its sublime simplicity as much as its pure religion. The dignity of the sentiment sounds, as it were, through the music of the words. It *rings* to us like the church chime in the serene air of a sweet Sabbath morning." This compliment seems to take the author by surprise; and he asks, "Was it occasioned by the delightful influences of our bells, think you? . . . Or is there really in the piece itself so much more than the author ever dreamed of? and am I indeed like those pleasant instruments, all unconscious of the melody they make? If so, *non nobis, Domine!* Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!" But whether the critic be too flattering, or the author too modest, the reader must judge after reading the poem; it appears on page 95.

January 18, he writes, "I am fitting up my room very handsomely in the church, and by this day week, being the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, and the seventh memorable anniversary of my ordination, I hope to be able to speak of myself as one that literally dwells in the house of the Lord — to take possession of it as my permanent study, lodge, and abiding-place. I trust the consciousness of my immediate vicinity to all that is sacred in the habitation of the Lord's house, and the place where his honor dwelleth, may not be without some effect in imparting a proper tone and spirit to my thoughts and conversation." He expresses a hope also that this retreat may afford him some quiet exemption from unnecessary interruptions. He describes one of his rooms (for there were two or three of them) as "a little attic, with one skylight and one side window, opening into the north gallery of the church by a door so small, as the Turkish Spy said, that the least suspicion cannot enter it. You know," he adds, alluding to the study room of his boyish days, "I am an old 'garretteer,' and have spent some of the happiest days of my life in these airy situations, with notions quite lifted up. It is true that the eaves slope down on each side to about half my height, but there are places where you can stand erect; and the pure light of day comes directly down from above; and almost the only sound you hear is the ticking of our old 'abbey horologe,' which tells of the passage of time and the approach of eternity. It is indeed a solemn place for a steward of the divine mysteries to hold high contemplations; and I hope you will have some of the benefit of my removal." This removal was unavoidably delayed beyond his expectations; and after he had taken possession of these rooms, his anticipations were not, in all respects, entirely realized,

as appears from his later communications. But so far as retirement, study, and meditation were concerned, they afforded him great enjoyment; and we doubt not that some of the sweetest of his poetical effusions had their origin in these attic heights. He frequently dated from "Attica," sometimes from "the cloisters of the Old North Church," and occasionally from "the cloisters of Cripplegate." The following most solemn and touching lines, found among his loose papers, and without date, were doubtless written in these sacred cloisters: —

CHRIST CHURCH.

Here, brother, let us pause a while,
And in this quiet chancel muse
On vanished friends who thronged each aisle,
And crowded these deserted pews.
To whom I broke the bread of life,
And poured the mystic cup of grace,
And hoped, when past this mortal strife,
To share with them our Lord's embrace.

Full are the tombs o'er which we tread;
And, with o'erwhelming sense of awe,
I summon back the holy dead
Whom once around these rails I saw.
And how much nearer, at this hour,
Their unseen presence than we know!
This is a thought of thrilling power —
O, speak with reverent voice — speak low!

How oft, at dead of night, when sleep
In heaviest folds wrapped all around,
I've come, my vigil here to keep,
And sighed to hear some human sound!
Alone, amid the scene of gloom,
I've watched for dawn, and felt oppressed
To know, that, in that lofty room,
I was the only living guest.

The ticking of yon ancient clock,
That marks the solemn tread of Time,
Against my heartstrings seemed to knock;
And, hark! those Christmas bells sublime!
So have they rung a hundred years,
And on the ears that heard them first
The chiming of the starry spheres
With their enrapturing tones have burst.

February 13, St. Valentine's Eve, he encloses a copy of the following verses, under the signature of "W.," with the remark, that he has written them for the Albany Argus, "to keep up the mystification of the last year."

VALENTINE.

——"O thou sweet spirit, hear!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!"

Lady! beneath a potent sign,
I hail thee from afar,
For 'tis the night when Valentine
Reigns in the calendar;
And he my patron saint above
All other saints shall be,
Who suffered for devoted love,
And manly constancy.

Few relics of his mortal part,
And fewer still, I ween,
Of his true love and tender heart,
In these cold days are seen:
But if his spirit still may rest
On earth, O, be it mine,
Till I, dear maid, shall stand confessed
Thy faithful Valentine!

It is curious to look back, for a period of some sixteen years only, and read such a record as the following. In a much shorter time than the writer could then have conceived, all his pleasing anticipations have been more than realized, in the opening of railroad communication in every part of our extensive country. He had been to Worcester by railroad, and had returned, highly pleased with this mode of conveyance. "I could not help thinking," he says, "how delightful it will be when this kind of communication is completed to New Haven, and I may be able to see you once a month without being missed here, and without being worried out of all enjoyment by the fatigue of the ride. If this were but a dream, there would be no harm in indulging it; but I believe that we have but just begun to know how to make any thing of this great invention, and that we shall see infinitely greater things than these."

March 7, he announces his removal to his church rooms; and if one may judge from the general tenor of his letter, from which

however, one extract only can be given, his elevation gave a new impulse to his wit. "I have retired," he says, "with the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, to that favorite retreat called *Attica* by the classic writers, but better known in the vernacular as a cockloft."

But these pleasant lines had scarcely passed from his hands, before he was called to mourn, in all the bitterness of grief, for the loss of the Rev. Mr. KEESE, whom he had loved with a truly brotherly affection, and who, as the associate of his father in the rectorship of Trinity Church, New Haven, had endeared himself not only to his senior, but to the whole congregation, as well as a very extensive circle of friends elsewhere. The letter communicating the afflictive intelligence of this loss the editor feels bound, in justice to his own feelings, to copy entire, together with some portions of the letters of GEORGE BRINLEY, Esq.,* detailing the particulars of the closing scenes in the life of this beloved servant of God.

Under date of March 9, he writes to his father, "I have just received from Mr. BRINLEY the melancholy intelligence of the decease of our dear friend and brother, the Rev. WILLIAM L. KEESE, at San Pedro, not far from Matanzas, in Cuba. Mr. B. informs me, that, at the request of Mrs. K., he has communicated the sad tidings, in similar terms, to yourself. But as my letters may be fuller, — for there are two, — I shall copy the larger part of them, in order that you may, if it be thought proper, communicate them for publication in some of the New Haven papers. The friends of our late beloved brother are so numerous, and include so wide a circle throughout the country, that these particulars will, I think, be looked for, and I am sure will be read with deep interest. My feelings have been much affected by the receipt of these letters. They are particularly touched by his kind remembrance of me in his last moments; and my mind is impressed in a manner, never, I trust, to be effaced. In the lateness of the hour I can add no more."

"SAN PEDRO, *February* 18, 1836.

"I have often mentioned the Rev. Mr. KEESE in my letters to you and my family. We have not anticipated any cure, neither has he expected it; but we had every reason to believe, that, early in April, he would accompany us to Charleston, S. C., and be restored to his family and friends. Within a few days, however, there has been a sudden prostration of strength, and it is not possible for him to continue but a short time. He is calm, composed, and resigned. An hour since, I read to him the service appropriate to one in his

* Mr. BRINLEY, with Mrs. B. and daughter, had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. KEESE to Cuba, Mrs. B. being also in delicate health.

situation. His mind is unimpaired. We have an excellent physician in our house, who came in company with a sick lady, and he has his aid freely. But, alas! nothing can now be done; and his strength is almost exhausted. Since I have been here, I have attended two in their sickness and last moments. Mr. K. was present in one instance, and said, 'I am going in the same manner.'

"These events affect us all very much, more particularly the invalids. Mr. K. has heretofore expressed an ardent hope that it would not be his destiny to expire upon this island, where there is an absence of all religious observance at the funeral; and he has constantly said, if he found himself retrograding, he should immediately start for home. His change has been too sudden, however, to carry his purpose into effect; and he acquiesces with true Christian resignation in the necessity. The first person who died here was buried on this estate. The authorities, however, would not permit the same for the second. As soon as a person expires, notice must be given to a civil officer, who brings his secretary, and takes an inventory of the effects. Then you must seek the Padre, for permission to bury in the churchyard, which is granted for a fee, upon the declaration that the deceased was a Catholic. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, a gentleman present cast a handful of earth on it, and exclaimed 'Adieu!' All this excited painful emotions to one accustomed to religious rites; but it cannot be avoided."

"*February* 19, 1836.

"Yesterday I despatched a letter for you to Matanzas, apprising you of the rapid decline of our mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. Keese. It now becomes my painful duty to acquaint you that he expired this morning, at half past seven. I watched with him during the night, and never left him until he breathed his last. He suffered very much during the last twelve hours of his life; his extreme debility preventing him from raising the accumulated phlegm, and he died with suffocation. He was perfectly conscious of his situation, but found it difficult to express himself. At half past three, I read some Scriptures and appropriate prayers, by his request. When finished, he exclaimed aloud by great effort, 'O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Victory — victory through Christ!' He then embraced his wife, thanked his physician, and commended him to God, and placed his wife under my care. After the lapse of a little time, he turned to me, as if he had forgotten something, and said, 'Remember me particularly to Croswell, and kindly to Dr. Wainwright.' The warmth of the weather makes it necessary that the interment should take place to-day; and to-morrow Mrs. K. will leave this for Matanzas, twenty miles, and embark in the first vessel for Charleston, S. C., or New York. I shall accompany her to Matanzas, to give her facilities for embarkation."

After giving these extracts from Mr. BRINLEY's letters, he adds, "The circumstances of her bereavement are indeed aggravating and heartrending. I cannot but consider it, however, as most graciously ordered by Providence, that Mr. K. should have had the comfort of Mr. BRINLEY's society in his last days; that he should have been at hand to administer, in his last hours, not to his bodily wants only, but to those spiritual necessities for which the Church has made such comfortable provision, and to discharge those confidential relations for which his generous and manly nature so eminently fit him. In all those trying scenes which preceded, attended, and followed his death, his judicious counsels, soothing attentions, and equanimity of character must have made his presence an unspeakable blessing; and they shall in no wise lose their reward. May the same holy and triumphant consolations of our faith, to which he was a witness not only, but a minister also, be abundantly shed on his last hours, and those of all who are near and dear to us."

In his remaining letters for the month of March, which are chiefly occupied with matters of private or local interest, nothing seems to require special notice. With the accumulated labors of the season, and occasional turns of slight indisposition, he found but little time or strength to bestow on his correspondence. He announces his intention of taking, immediately after Easter, a little relaxation, by absenting himself for three Sundays from his parish, leaving the pulpit to be supplied by some of his neighboring brethren. Accordingly, on the 4th of April he left home, and proceeded, by the way of Providence and New York, to Burlington. Here, and in Philadelphia and vicinity, he spent some ten or twelve days; and then, after making a visit to New Haven, returned to Boston on the 29th.

On the 30th, he dates a short letter from the "vestry of the Old North," merely to notify his father of his safe arrival, adding, "I find that I have not returned too soon for the good of the parish, and have been received with the most emphatic demonstrations of gladness and good will."

But, on the instant, as it were, the note of sorrow is again sounded, and sickness and death once more enter the circle of his beloved friends. On the 4th of May, he writes that a young and interesting daughter of his excellent and honored friend, Mr. BRINLEY, had, in the absence of her parents, been brought, in consequence of bleeding at the lungs, to the very brink of the grave. Though partially relieved, he speaks of her situation as extremely critical. Again, on the 9th, he writes, "Mr. BRINLEY is daily expected. His daughter SARAH is a little more comfortable, but I fear that nothing can save her from an early grave; and I am apprehensive, not only for her, but for its effect upon the health of Mrs. B. The family have been visited with severe affliction within

the last few years, and there seems to be more in reserve. May God prepare them for, and sustain them under it." Further, on the 16th: "Mrs. BRINLEY returned on Wednesday, having left Richmond on the preceding Friday, and making the more haste as it was considered doubtful whether SARAH could possibly survive till their return. On the way, the state of the case was gradually broken to her; and, considering the fatigue and anxiety of her rapid journey, she appears remarkably well. She is not probably aware of the extreme danger of her daughter's situation; but it will gradually develop itself under her own observation, and I hope will not surprise her unawares, or find her unprepared." And, finally, on the 23d: "Since I wrote you last, Death has extinguished another light, in the household of our friend Mr. BRINLEY. His daughter SARAH departed this life on Saturday morning, about one o'clock. Her religious character shone out brightly at the last, and her death bed exhibited a most edifying scene. She was spared much bodily suffering; her spirit was composed and tranquil, her departure easy, and her hope full of immortality. It was my privilege to be with her in the closing scenes of her life; and I found that I had, until then, underrated the intelligence and maturity of her mind. The propriety of her religious views, and the simplicity of her confidence in the love of her Savior, convinced me that these subjects had occupied her mind more than the family had, perhaps, been aware; that her sickness and confinement had been improved by her to a sanctifying purpose; and that divine grace was fast completing its work upon her heart. Her kind consideration of all about her, and her extreme solicitude lest she should cause her mother unnecessary distress, were very affecting, and left an impression never to be effaced. She united with great fervency in the devotions which were used at her bedside, at frequent intervals, up to almost the last moment; and she joined her unconscious testimony to that of many a dying saint, by desiring to have the prayers of her mother, the Church, before all others. By a great struggle of the spirit over the flesh, she was able to unite distinctly in the Lord's prayer, as often as it was repeated; and in response to the ejaculations of her mother, just before she breathed her last, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' she audibly exclaimed, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus!' So saying, she fell asleep, and entered into rest. We cannot doubt, that to die, for her, has indeed been gain, and that of such is the kingdom of heaven. The conviction that it is indeed so, and that her child has gone to add to the treasures laid up for her in heaven, sustains her mother's fainting heart under this sore bereavement; and she bows herself to the will of God with unmurmuring resignation. For the same reason, I hope it will not be allowed to prey so seriously on her own feeble health as apprehended. In compliance with SARAH's own touching request, her

remains were conveyed to Brookline on Saturday evening, to be laid by the side of her sister in that rural burial-place, and to add another to the consecrated associations which already make that spot like 'holy ground.' Nothing could be more serene and heavenly than the expression of her countenance after her death, when, looking steadfastly on her, we saw her face as it had been the face of an angel." A letter of the same date, addressed to an aunt of the deceased, Mrs. Grosvenor, of Hartford, has been placed in our hands; and had we not already anticipated, in the foregoing extracts, all the principal facts and reflections contained in this letter, we should not fail to avail ourselves of the privilege granted to us of copying it entire. These extracts are given, as well to record a passing tribute to the memory of the lovely child, who, on this occasion, was the object of his tenderest solicitude and kindest ministrations, as to exhibit some of the peculiar traits of this devoted pastor's character, and to show, by this living sketch, the nature of the trying scenes through which he was often called to pass. "Being," he says, at this time, "the only minister on hand, I have had more duty than usual, and my hands are full; but I have never yet found my strength unequal to my day, and am, by the great mercy of God, in excellent health."

But we are now to turn to another episode in his eventful life. During his late visit, he had been led, by some intimations from a correspondent, to expect an invitation to become the assistant minister of the Church of All Saints, in the city of New York. He knew not by what influences, nor through whose well-meant, though unwelcome offices, the attention of the parish had been turned to him. But the call, in due form, reached him soon after his return to Boston; and he thus speaks of it, dating from the "Old North," May 9: "I have received the official communication from New York, including a letter from the rector, another from the rector, wardens, and vestry, and a third from the committee appointed to transmit the same. They are full and hearty, and impress me much more strongly than I supposed they could, after what had been already said to me. They do not go in the least, however, to affect my determination. . . . The invitation from All Saints is gratifying on many accounts; and I have no doubt, if I needed any thing of that kind, that it would be of much service to me here. I have reason to believe, however, that my people already appreciate me quite as highly as I deserve; and I could be in no situation where more readiness could be exhibited to do every thing in their power to make me comfortable and happy. While this is the case, nothing will induce me to leave them." It is not necessary to copy the entire correspondence in this case. The call is made in the usual form, and is well characterized by himself as "full and

hearty." But from his own copies on file, we are enabled to transcribe his letters in reply to the rector, the Rev. WILLIAM C. CLARK, and to the committee of the vestry who transmitted the invitation.

"BOSTON, *May* 14, 1836.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: It is just a week to-day since I received your favor of the 2d inst., enclosing an invitation to become assistant minister of All Saints' Church, New York, from the rector, wardens, and vestry of the same, together with a letter from their committee, in which you all most cordially unite to urge it upon my acceptance. I should do violence to my feelings, if I did not express the deep and grateful impressions which this testimonial of your confidence and regard has made upon my mind; and I assure you, that during this whole time it has occupied my constant and serious deliberation. For reasons, however, with which it will not be necessary to trouble you in detail, I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to decline. Suffice it to say, that they grow not less out of the consideration of the pleasant nature of my present parochial relations, than from a consciousness of my peculiar inaptitude for such a situation as the meridian of New York. It is doubtless true, as you observe, that a parish there presents a sphere of usefulness superior to almost any other; but I feel a deep conviction of my deficiency in those qualifications which I conceive to be absolutely indispensable to ministerial usefulness in such a situation. The noise and bustle of your great city confuses and distracts me; and the stirring spirit which you require is so different from any thing which has been called into exercise in this ancient and quiet abode, where unsophisticated simplicity could hardly be surpassed in any rural cure, and affords me many of the advantages of *rus in urbe*. In declining the invitation, therefore, I trust I have been as mindful of what was due to you and your parish, as to me and mine; and with the value which I am disposed, after some years' experience, to put upon my own services, I am perfectly convinced that their loss at Christ Church would be much greater that their gain could possibly be at All Saints.

"Let me assure you, Rev. and dear sir, that I feel greatly indebted to you for the consideration of personal preference which led to your nomination of myself as your assistant, and hope to see you, at some early day, face to face, and make some fuller acknowledgment of the obligation. In the mean while, accept my best wishes that your attention may be directed to the selection of some brother more apt and meet to coöperate with you in promoting the spiritual welfare of your flock, and that you and they may long continue to rejoice together.

"With great respect, yours truly,

"W. CROSWELL.

"To the Rev. WILLIAM A. CLARK."

"Boston, *May* 14, 1836.

"Gentlemen: I have received a communication, bearing date New York, April 25, 1836, in which the rector, wardens, and vestry of All Saints' Church, agreeably to the nomination of the rector, and the approval of the board of the vestry, legally convened, invite me to become the assistant minister of said church. This is accompanied with the earnest personal solicitation of your respected rector, and a letter from yourselves, as committee of the board, expressing the most anxious desire that I should entertain a favorable view of your wishes. I am also given to understand that the proposed arrangement is in accordance with the wishes of the congregation generally, and receives the countenance and support of your excellent diocesan. I should be insensible not to feel that you have done me undeserved honor; and I beg leave to assure you personally, and through you the highly respectable body of gentlemen, whom I yet know only by their signatures, that nothing could be more gratifying than such an evidence of their good opinion, or more satisfactory than the terms in which it is conveyed; nor can I doubt, that were I at liberty to accept, it would be a pleasure and a privilege to be associated with them in the pastoral connection. At the same time, I should be undeserving of this expression of your regard, if I were lightly to sever the sacred and endearing ties which bind me to my present cure. As I have been anxious to avoid disturbing the minds of our own people unnecessarily, I have not communicated with them on the subject, and indeed have endeavored to form my conclusions without consulting with flesh and blood. In the mean time, I have received so many fresh and spontaneous evidences of the prevalence of the very best spirit on their part, and receive them as such clear indications of duty, that I should not feel justified at present in giving encouragement to any proposals of change whatever. For these reasons, and others alluded to in my letter of this date to your respected rector, I must beg leave to decline the invitation which you have done me the honor to offer, and to express the hope that you may be directed, with the same unanimity in your counsels, to a wiser and better choice.

"I hope I have not kept the parish in unnecessary suspense by any seeming delay in making this communication. It is but a single week since your papers were before me; and a less time for considering and deciding the question would hardly have been consistent with the respect which was due to those who made the call, and the importance of the decision to all the parties interested. . . .

"To Messrs. Pinckney, Walton, and Hanford, Committee, &c."

On the 16th he writes to his father, "I have sent my letters, declining the invitation to All Saints'; and they sound so pleasantly, as a friend observes, that they will be naturally desirous to have me

decline again. If my refusal be so satisfactory, I am almost afraid to ask what my acceptance would be. Meanwhile, my own peculiar people have been showing themselves zealous of good works. Without knowing any thing of what had transpired with respect to All Saints', and without the slightest desire or expectation on my part, they have voluntarily given me the best proof of their regard and attachment, which, under the circumstances of the parish, it was in their power to bestow — by raising my salary. I have not yet sufficiently recovered from my surprise to decide how I shall dispose of my surplus revenue, but think it probable that no small portion of it will go to patronize the public conveyances that will bring me, in the shortest possible time, to New Haven."

This very reasonable suggestion was not forgotten, though his anticipated visit homeward was necessarily deferred for a few weeks. In the mean time, he dates from the "cloisters," and writes in his accustomed free and easy style. June 21, he says, "The consecration of Grace Church, and the services connected with the Convention, have passed off very pleasantly. I cannot complain of not having had my share of honor and attention. Besides being assigned to a part in the consecration, I was subsequently appointed preacher to the next Convention, and a member of the standing committee. I am not sure, also, that I do not figure among the trustees of the seminary and on the board of missions. I was not present at the closing scenes of the Convention, when these appointments were made, and have seen no one who could tell me much about it. The smallest favor thankfully received, and duly acknowledged. I have not aspired to these distinctions; but, like the hero of two wars, — if so great things may be likened to small, — I shall act upon the simple principle, that 'office is neither to be sought nor declined.' . . . My manner of life continues to agree with me," &c.

One week later, June 27, he finds occasion to write in a different strain: "I do not know whether you will be glad or sad, but it rather vexes me, that I have been forced out of my lodgings at the cloisters, by something stronger than superstition or the force of public opinion. Tell it not in Gath. I have been haunted, haunted by a visitation from the tombs; inaudible, unseen ministries, but, alack-a-day! not *unsmelt*." Tombs, it seems, had been erected under the vestry; "and whenever they are opened," he says, "for the reception of a new tenant, they give out, of course, something more doleful than a cry. It is true that this has happened but once or twice; and so potent has been my protest, that it will probably never happen again; but as I am something of an alarmist on such subjects, and value myself too highly to expose myself to the least risk from offensive and unwholesome exhalations, I have made an ado about it, struck my tent, and taken my abode again at the American House. Here I shall remain until I can do better,

retaining my study and sanctum still in the vestry and attic of the church, which grow daily upon my estimation, as the most desirable centres of motion."

Under date of the "glorious fourth," which fell on Monday, he writes, "Three animated services yesterday, a ride to Cambridge at night, and a walk from thence this morning, are somewhat exhausting to the animal frame; and it will not be strange if I find my pen moving rather tremulously and languidly along, —

——'Just like a sick man in his dream,
Three paces, and then faltering.'

The noise and tumult of this day of uproar has not yet invaded the quiet of the cloisters. I should hardly be aware of its arrival but for the sounds from afar. I am hardly tempted out this morning by any thing that reaches my ear. After dinner, I may mingle a little in the stir of the great Babel; and, at night, I shall be hardly able to resist the treat of the fireworks on the Common, (if the weather permits,) which are said to be rather finer than any thing of the kind ever exhibited in Boston."

In the course of this month, he succeeded in effecting a meeting with his brother SHERMAN at New Haven, and making a joint visit of several days. He left Boston on the 14th, and returned on the 23d. On the 25th, dating from the "cloisters of Cripplegate," he thus alludes to this visit: "My last visit convinces me that a good deal can be done in a little time, and that, in this way, we shall be able to come often without being much missed. Though SHERMAN'S confinement is much greater, at certain seasons of the year, than mine, still the facilities for getting home are so much greater from Albany than Boston, that he can easily make his arrangements for seeing you frequently, even if it be but for a day or two. You must urge it upon him; and as often as he will make an appointment upon which I can depend, I will not fail to meet him. I feel indeed that it is a duty, as well as a delight, thus to assemble ourselves together; and it should be repeated with the greater alacrity, while there are no domestic ties to encumber our movements, while the household circle is mercifully preserved unbroken, and we have all life and health to enjoy them. I assure you that I cherish my late visit as among my happiest hours, though rapid, alas! as pleasant in their flight."

In the same letter he thus allludes to the death of Bishop WHITE: "Yesterday I did what I could to make Bishop WHITE'S death remembered. I robed the episcopal chair in black, rung funeral airs on the bells, had the music solemn and plaintive through all the services, introduced one of the collects of the burial service; and though I did not preach, yet the whole exercises were of so marked

a character as to produce an obvious impression on the minds of the people. After divine service in the afternoon, I called the wardens and vestry together, stated to them some of the circumstances of Bishop WHITE's decease, proposed a brief series of resolutions respecting the same, which will be printed, and was requested to preach on the subject next Sunday morning. To-day, at the suggestion of some of us, the bishop has called a meeting of the clergy of the city and vicinity, on Wednesday, at his house, to do what is right and proper in the premises. And I hope what is right and proper will be done."

The hope here expressed does not seem to have been fully realized; for he writes in his next letter, "The bishop did me the honor to take my advice as to the expediency of calling a meeting of the clergy, with reference to the decease of Bishop WHITE. At my suggestion, he prepared some resolutions, and a collect to be used in our churches. The substance of them will be found in the Witness. Strange to say, however, we had some difficulty in getting them passed; and to secure unanimity, they were obliged to undergo some important modifications." Two of the brethren "objected, at the threshold, to every thing, as savoring of idolatrous veneration, or going to magnify the bishop's office above that of his brethren. S——— especially objected to designating him as guide or *father;* and when referred to the Prayer Book in justification of the epithet, he further expressed his regret that it was countenanced by the liturgy. The force of radicalism could go no further, and never did it appear more disgusting. If we parted with increased veneration for the dead, it was with higher contempt and apprehension for the living; so that our coming together, as on many previous occasions, was not for the better, but for the worse." He then adds, "Our church was well filled yesterday; and I preached in the morning on the text which I selected at home, from 2 Kings ii. 3. It gave so good satisfaction, that the proprietors, after service, met, and requested a copy for publication. I shall tell them to come again in nine years, according to the Horatian canon, and I will let them know."

In a subsequent letter, he writes, "The movements in testimony of veneration for the memory of Bishop WHITE seem to have been simultaneous and spontaneous in all parts of the country. The churches here have generally exhibited some badge of sorrow, with the exception of St. Paul's; and sermons have been preached expressly with reference to the event. . . . I was yesterday reading one of Bishop Andrews's petitions for the king, and was much struck with its beauty and the remarkable manner in which it had been realized by the patriarch of our Church: 'Let the dial of his life move slowly on; and suffer not his old age to strike, till those who now stand up about him like the tender branches of the

vine, be seen growing on the banks of this same kingdom, like rows of tall cedars.'"

There is much of pleasant and familiar chit-chat in his correspondence of this period, which we have neither the right nor the disposition to draw forth from the privacy of domestic custody. We will only select, here and there, such passages as may best seem to develop those deep and sympathetic feelings which formed the most endearing traits of his character. Having been informed of the severe and dangerous sickness of an aunt in New Haven, whom he most sincerely loved and honored, he writes, "She has been a kind and attentive friend to the sick and afflicted, and I trust will find her reward, in this her day of visitation. It is a path which we must all travel; and the thought is calculated to make us realize our dependence, not only on God, but on each other, and make us the more anxious to discharge our relative duties while the day lasts." After her death, he writes, November 22, "It is difficult for me to realize that my good aunt is really dead, and that I shall see her face on earth no more forever. I did not know myself how well I loved her till now; and it grieves me to the heart that I have given her so few tokens of what I felt towards her while it was yet in my power. With the sincerity of sorrow I mourn her loss; and, in common with all who knew her best, I desire ever to cherish and imitate the example of uncommon excellence which she exhibited in all the relations of life. With what unspeakable comfort and satisfaction can we dwell upon the manner in which she discharged every duty, domestic, social, and religious. How can we ever forget the many delightful hours which she has enlivened with the playful but innocent spirit of her conversation, her sterling depth of Christian principle, her warm and tender compassion, ever alive to the claims of poverty and privation, and that rare combination of sensibility and energy which exists only in the female breast, and made the sons and daughters of need, of suffering, and affliction ever ready to rise up and call her blessed! She cannot but have entered into peace; and her works, many and beautiful, do indeed follow her; and where she is, like her and her Savior, may we be also."

On every recurrence of his birthday, his thoughts took a pensive turn. Writing to his brother FREDERICK, November 4, he says, "Next Monday will be my birthday; and if I feel as at present, I shall think that I am quite old enough to have completed my thirty-second year. It causes me great searchings of heart that I am no wiser and better as life wears away, and hope that I shall have grace to turn over, with the next leaf, to a brighter and more blessed page." His next letter, dated on his birthday, November 7, is addressed (his father being absent on a journey) to his cousin ELIZABETH: "This is my birthday; and mother, at least, will not forget this day of joy and sorrow two-and-thirty years ago. It makes me

sad to think, how little of comfort to her, how little of usefulness to society, that long track of years has brought. I should despair for the future, but that such a feeling would but aggravate the sin with which the past is burdened. In very truth, my cousin, I feel wondrous old, and am conscious of the want of something like a new spring to reanimate the premature winter of my being. . . . But I will not indulge in this melancholy train of thought, lest it should be contagious to kindred minds. The world is bright around me, my health is excellent, my spirits good, and my heart is not yet dead within me. I hope to be at home soon, and give you living evidence that I can yet stand up, and 'give the world assurance of a man.' I cannot but admit that I long to have the time arrive, and shall count the days of father's absence."

He commemorated this, his thirty-second birthday, also, in the following beautiful stanzas, addressed to his father, introduced by a Latin motto from Milton, and dated from the "cloisters of Cripplegate, November 7, 1836."

TO MY FATHER.

My father, I recall the dream
Of childish joy and wonder,
When thou wast young as I now seem,
Say, thirty-three, or under;
When on thy temples, as on mine,
Time just began to sprinkle
His first gray hairs, and traced the sign
Of many a coming wrinkle.

I recognize thy voice's tone
As to myself I'm talking;
And this firm tread, how like thine own,
In thought, the study walking!
As, musing, to and fro I pass,
A glance across my shoulder
Would bring thine image in the glass,
Were it a trifle older.

My father, proud am I to bear
Thy face, thy form, thy stature,
But happier far might I but share
More of thy better nature;
Thy patient progress after good,
All obstacles disdaining,
Thy courage, faith, and fortitude,
And spirit uncomplaining.

Then for the day that I was born
Well might I joy, and borrow
No longer of the coming morn
Its trouble or its sorrow ;
Content I'd be to take my chance
In either world, possessing
For my complete inheritance
Thy virtues and thy blessing!

From this time he began to project another visit to New Haven, where he expected again to meet his brother SHERMAN; but so many obstacles intervened connected with his official duties, that he was compelled to defer it from week to week, and finally to relinquish it altogether, very much to his own sorrow, as well as the disappointment of his brother and the family at home. December 29, he writes, "My last forlorn hope is gone; and it is now too late to think of getting home in season to see SHERMAN." After detailing some of the causes of the detention, he adds, "All these things seem to be against me; but God knows best. I write with a smile on my lips and a tear in my eye; but it will do no good to weep about it. I wanted to see SHERMAN, but it is not indispensable. Perhaps, too, I can reach him at Albany; at any rate, I shall look forward to a meeting with him in the spring, in the old parsonage."

At this time, he had an unpleasant controversy with one of his brethren of the clergy of Boston. It originated in an entire misapprehension on the part of his assailant, who addressed him in language extremely reprehensible and hurtful to his feelings. It is evident, from his journal and from his letters to his father, that he found great difficulty in restraining his indignation. "I was tempted," he says, "to use harsh language in reply, but, by the grace of God, was brought to a better mind, and have got the advantage of him, by writing such an answer as becomes one Christian minister to send to another." It is quite unnecessary to record this correspondence, especially as it terminated amicably, and in a manner highly creditable to both parties. Mr. S———, after tendering a full apology, and entering into a satisfactory explanation of the whole matter, closes thus: "Allow me now to say, that I exceedingly regret that any circumstance, however originating, should have led to the misunderstanding which has temporarily interrupted the harmony of our mutual relations, and to express my earnest hope that the correct understanding of those circumstances, to which we have now attained, may contribute to future increased pleasantness in our clerical and Christian intercourse." And this is the response of the rector of Christ Church: "I beg you to believe, my dear sir, that I as freely forgive the injury as I would be forgiven under

similar circumstances; I cordially reciprocate the wishes you express for a better understanding between us; and I am happy in the belief, that the exercise of such courtesy as is observed in the common intercourse of gentlemen will preserve, and the influence of Christian charity will surely augment, the harmony of those relations which every consideration of duty requires us to maintain towards each other."

1837.

Before the foregoing controversy had been brought to a conclusion, a visit to New Haven was accomplished. He left Boston on the 4th of January, and, proceeding by the way of Worcester and Hartford, arrived at New Haven on the 5th. This visit appears to have passed very pleasantly, being spent chiefly among his friends and relatives; but it terminated rather abruptly, in consequence of a summons to return on account of the dangerous illness of a parishioner. While on this visit, at the request of two of his young friends, he wrote verses in their albums. This was an act of courtesy, which, from his good nature, he was seldom able to decline. Of these productions, however, probably very few have ever found their way beyond the covers of the books in which they were originally written. In the present case, one of the two was copied into his own manuscript collection, from which it is here transcribed.

ΣΟΦΙΑ.

"The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom."

Such wisdom as thy name implies,
And all who seek may find,
Be ever honored in thine eyes,
And treasured in thy mind;
Its glory more than gold or gem
Thy happy brow shall deck,
Be on thy head a diadem,
And pearls about thy neck.

For they who fear the Lord shall be
Unto salvation wise;
And mighty is the mystery
Which in that sentence lies.

Unmoved by other fear or shame,
Let but that fear be thine,
And in the spirit of thy name
Pursue the life divine.

Of the other it is difficult to speak with confidence; but the following is found in the manuscript collection of a friend, without date, and may be inserted in this place:—

IN AN ALBUM.

Here, Lady, as from some Sibylline leaf,
Read of the after time, when thou shalt know
Thou hast a mightier book than Prospero;
Albeit he of necromancers chief
Boasted his volume of enchanting power,
(As thou hast read, whose leisure loves to pore
On Britain's and thy country's choicest lore,)
To call departed spirits to his bower.
This is the potent tome, which erewhile, spread
At mystic moments, when thy soul has read
Each penman's spellwork, howsoever brief,
Shall straight recall his form in life and limb;
Then Heaven forefend, that gentle hearts, with grief,
Or yet in anger, should remember him.

On his return home, on the 20th, he was much relieved by finding that the condition of the parishioner, whose extreme illness had occasioned his urgent recall, was much less alarming than he had reason to apprehend. But he did not regret his early return, as there was at the time a considerable amount of sickness in the parish, and his presence was much needed. His account of one case is so remarkable that it is freely transcribed, in full confidence that it is in no respect exaggerated: "One young man, in our neighborhood, died the same morning, literally a victim and a martyr to Graham's system of abstinence. Ten months ago he was in the bloom of health; but straw beds, pillows filled with shavings, cold water baths daily, and cold water diet, with bread toasted to a crisp, and the merest vegetable stuff, had reduced him to a skeleton. His mind became diseased, as his body decayed; and nothing could divert him from his delusion. At last, his blood began to stagnate and corrupt. Boils made their appearance. He told Graham of it; but he burst into a horse laugh, clapped him on

the shoulder, told him he was glad of it, that they would do him good, and that he wished he had a hundred! In this respect his wishes were gratified, for Job himself was not more completely covered from head to foot."

In a letter, dated from the "cloisters of Christ Church," on the first Sunday evening after his return, he thus administers a rebuke, which, though applied to the congregations in New Haven, might have been extended with equal justice to a large portion of the worshipping assemblies of the Church throughout the country. The day had been extremely stormy, and he says, "Our congregations have of course been thin; but it did my heart good to hear how heartily and strongly the responses were made by the few who were present. It was in remarkable contrast with the deathlike stillness of your congregations in New Haven, which is enough to chill the warmth of a saint's devotion. Though I have often observed this trait in my parish, I was never so struck with the difference before; and I really felt proud and elevated by the sound, as of many waters, which made the church echo with the responses of the Litany to-day."

January 31, he announces with much gratification the safe arrival of Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, in fine health and spirits, from England, where he had been spending several months. He had brought with him an excellent organ for Trinity Church, which was intended to surpass, and doubtless did surpass, any instrument of the kind then in the country. Of the extraordinary qualities and powers of this instrument, some interesting particulars will be found hereafter. In this letter he also mentions a visit from the Rev. Dr. S———, remarking that it was the first he had ever made him since he came to the city. The interview was long and dispassionate, and led to the concluding letters in the correspondence above mentioned.* At a later date, in transmitting copies of these letters, he says, "I am glad that it has been brought to so creditable a close for me; and I have no disposition, even were it my duty, to concern myself further with the business. I hope the society will not think it necessary to meddle with it; but, at any rate, the clergy must let it alone."

He speaks in this and several subsequent letters of the great amount of sickness in his parish, and of an unprecedented share of duty. But he represents his own health, at this time, as perfectly sound. The records of the year, however, disclose the fact that he was often overcome by his excessive labors, and that certain indications sometimes betrayed but too plainly an impaired state of the constitution. These disclosures are found more frequently in his

* See pp. 193, 194.

diary than in his letters. His diary was a record entirely private, and was designed for no eye but his own. His entries were indeed sometimes made in a dead language, or in stenographical characters, to secure concealment. Here, therefore, he could write with perfect freedom; but in his letters he was more guarded, that he might not excite the apprehensions of his friends. But, not to anticipate, it is sufficient, at present, to cite a passage or two from a letter of Sunday evening, February 19: "I have had no assistance whatever in three full services, to-day, though there have been three clergymen present, besides Sunday school, baptisms, and visiting the sick." Of this last duty he had a great amount. At the close of his letter, he says, "I wish I were going out to Europe with cousin B. I think such a voyage would do me good service, though I cannot plead any necessity on the score of ill health, and should much prefer being well enough at home to being a valetudinarian abroad. I am tired with a hard day's work, but never enjoyed better health."

Another letter from the "cloisters" gives a little further information as to the new organ, imported by the rector for Trinity Church: "It is certainly a wonderful instrument, and excites the admiration of our builders here, who are men of no mean reputation in their business, but who confess that this will far surpass their art. Many of the larger pipes, which we construct of wood, are, in this instrument, of metal; and the doctor says that there is not less than a ton in the weight of all of them together. A peculiarity of this class of instruments is, that the performer turns his back to the organ, and looks towards the people, with his keyboard before him, after the fashion of a piano-forte. The builder, young Gray, who has come out with it, is said to be one of the very best performers in England, and presided at the organ, at the great musical festival in Westminster Abbey, accompanied by seven hundred singing men and singing women, besides the orchestra. . . . Gray says, that, at the first sound of all the music at this festival, the effect was so overwhelming that he burst into tears, as did almost all the performers about him, and cried through the whole of it. Such was their ecstasy that they literally could not contain themselves. We, on this side of the water, have but little idea of any such music as this; but we have the comfort of knowing, as old John Newton says, that if we behave like good Christians, we shall have much better music in heaven."

The following lines were written, under date of March 28, in the oratorio of "The Feast of Tabernacles." They are found in manuscript, and it is doubtful whether they have appeared in print.

"THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES."

Methinks there is indeed a "feast"
In these inspiring words alone,
Which could not even be increased
By music's most enchanting tone.
My inmost sense they ravish quite
With scenes and sounds so dear to me,
They fill my ear, they fill my sight,
And leave no room for minstrelsy.

Raise ye who will the spells of power
In which the sons of song combine:
To sit and muse some silent hour
O'er these transporting leaves, be mine!
Here pitch my verdant tent; for here
He must have felt it good to be,
Who built these tabernacles dear
To Faith, and Fame, and Fantasy!

Among the occurrences of this period, there was one which caused him much conflict of feeling; this was the removal of the Rev. Dr. Eaton to Burlington, N. J., in compliance with an invitation from Bishop Doane, to take a prominent situation in St. Mary's Hall, an institution established by the bishop for the education of the daughters of the Church. The call to this important and responsible post was indeed a high and well-merited testimony to the worth of Dr. Eaton, and as such, was most welcome and gratifying; but to his younger brother personally, and to the general interests of the Church in Boston, it was a severe privation. From the time of his first settlement as rector of Christ Church, he had been permitted to look up to Dr. Eaton, his immediate predecessor in the cure, not only as a venerated father and brother in the ministry, but as a highly valued and esteemed counsellor and friend, on whose judgment and opinion he felt as if he could always rely with the most entire confidence. Dr. Eaton having also occupied, for several years, the post of city missionary, in which his labors were abundantly blessed, his removal could not but be considered, in both respects, as a serious calamity. Writing on the day before his removal, he says, "This breaking up of the doctor makes us all sad, and me, especially, homesick. We shall accompany him, if not to the ship, at least to within three hours' ride of it; and I shall not wonder if some natural tears are shed on that occasion." Accordingly, he notes in his diary, the next day, that a party of

clergymen and others accompanied the doctor and family, and took leave of them at the railroad station house.

This change in his clerical associations, taken in connection with other circumstances of a discouraging nature, produced a momentary depression of his spirits. While he was treated personally with every mark of respect and cordiality, he discovered some indications of restlessness and want of harmony among a few prominent members of his flock; and these local jealousies and dissensions affected unfavorably the best interests as well of the pastor as of the people. Though his own essential wants were decently provided for, there was so little unity of effort among his people that the pecuniary affairs of the parish were much neglected, and suffered to run into a state of embarrassment. Under the pressure of these untoward circumstances, he was drawn, as a matter of course, to seek relief by unburdening himself to his father. In a confidential letter of May 8, he freely states all his difficulties, and suggests the possibility that some change in his pastoral relations may be expedient, if not necessary. He even intimates that he might get over all his scruples about entering once more into an editorial engagement, or, if considered less objectionable, might be induced to teach a few pupils in the higher branches of education, in connection with the more appropriate duties of his office. He concludes, however, with expressions of strong attachment to his parish, and a hearty desire to avoid, if possible, any disruption of their mutual ties.

But these unpleasant reflections were interrupted, and his mind happily diverted, by a train of intervening circumstances. He had already projected a visit to New Haven, where he hoped to meet his brother from Albany. But while this visit was still in suspense, he was induced to change his purpose by a summons to Burlington, to attend the ordination of Mr. E. G. Prescott, a young gentleman of Boston, for whom he entertained a high regard, and to whom he had granted the customary facilities for obtaining orders. Mr. Prescott had been pursuing his theological studies with Bishop Doane, and desired to receive his ministerial commission at his hands. He writes, with reference to this invitation, "He is very urgent on his own account, and brings pressing invitations from all our warm friends there, to have me accompany him; and as I have not the slightest inducement to decline, I have consented to do so. I am laboring just now under a severer cold than I have had for many months, and it is quite desirable that I should have some relaxation at once. Then it is more than a year since I have been in New Jersey, and perhaps I should not find again, this season, so convenient an opportunity."

On his way to Burlington, he dates from the Astor House, New York, May 18; and after giving an account of his passage thus far with Mr. Prescott, he says, "We have fine rooms in this magnifi-

cent house; but this, you know, is not the kind of thing that the heart yearns after, and can do nothing towards satisfying the cravings of the immortal mind. I should be lonesome and homesick to abide here, and would not give one day in the humblest abode of domestic happiness for a whole life to be spent in these mansions of gloomy splendor."

On the following day they proceeded to Burlington; and on the 21st, being Trinity Sunday, he preached both parts of the day, for his friend DOANE, in St. Mary's Church. The ordination of Mr. PRESCOTT took place on the 25th, and on this occasion he had the gratification of presenting the candidate. On the 28th, among many pleasant things, he writes, "A great change has come over the spirit of my dream since the morning we embarked for New Jersey. Every thing here is verdant and vernal, and it is impossible for the spirit to resist the influences which they combine to produce. St. Mary's Hall is a perfect establishment of the kind, and every thing works to a charm. . . . Such bright and sunny faces I have seen nowhere, of late, as on the banks of the Delaware; and I doubt whether Dr. EATON ever enjoyed himself as he does now."

He still lingered at Burlington until after the session of the diocesan Convention; and then, on the 2d of June, took his departure for New Haven, by the way of New York, and arrived on Saturday, the 3d. Though complaining much of fatigue, he was persuaded to preach in both churches on the following day, besides attending a Bible class in the evening. The remainder of the week was spent very pleasantly in visiting his friends, until Friday, when he thought it his duty to return to his parish. Remaining at Hartford over night, he addressed a letter to his mother, from which a few passages are selected, to show his lively appreciation of the beauties of natural scenery: "I cannot say that I ever enjoyed the ride more in this direction. The richness and luxuriance of the vegetation exceed any thing that I have seen on this route before. The variety of scenery is very considerable. Even the lowly meadows of North Haven are glorified with the most beautiful green, and the river winds about in a way which makes it worthy of being famous. The church is the crowning ornament of a most picturesque landscape. All the old shady haunts on the back side of East Rock, towards Whitneyville, were in their best array, and brought back many interesting associations. The bold ridges about Meriden lifted up their verdant sides to the eye in a most inviting manner; and many a traveller, in search of the picturesque, has gone many a weary mile to see what was less worth the labor. Long reaches of meadow and interval, with streams and rejoicing vales, greeted the eye from every ascent, and set the poetical temperament all astir. In short, I felt proud of old Connecticut, as the birthplace of my father and my mother, and wished she might have half as much

reason to be proud of me." But if this be poetry, he does not close without something of deeper import: "I have been most graciously favored, dear mother, thus far, and feel that I have done right in returning to my duties this week. I should have been glad to have been with you longer; but we must be content in this world with momentary gratifications, and be willing 'to meet to part.' A time will come, I trust, in a better country, when your son will be ever with you, and all that he has will be thine."

Of the salutary effects of this journey, and of the manner in which he entered anew upon his duties, he must be allowed to speak for himself. It may be remarked, however, that if he had gathered any new strength in his absence, he found abundant occasion for the employment of all the energies both of his body and his mind. His next letter is dated on Monday morning, the 12th of June: "I am once more immersed in this region of rheum and fogmatics, and *north-easter* anthems. I was weary and chilled when I reached here with the roughest rides from Hartford, the atmosphere being severe enough to make a fire as agreeable as in early winter. My first impressions were those of homesickness. Every thing was in such grating contrast with all that I had left, and seemed to symbolize cold and ungenial hearts. Let me do my dear people, however, no such wrong. The delight which they express at my return ought to stifle every murmur of discontent. . . . On the whole, I cannot express too strongly the satisfaction which my visit has given me, both at the time and in the retrospect. I have gathered a treasure house of precious memories and thoughts, to cheer the mind, when it feeds upon itself, in the hours of loneliness and solitude. I feel as if I had accomplished much in a brief space of time, and can hardly realize that it is but three weeks since I left the city. . . . I had a very refreshing rest on Saturday night, which placed me far above the need of any aid on Sunday. The services of the day were fatiguing, the more so that I felt obliged to undertake the third service at Jamaica Plains."

On the following day, he addressed a letter to an esteemed friend at Hartford, with whom he had spent a few hours while on his recent journey. One of those veins of pleasantry, which are often found in his private correspondence, is selected, by permission, from this letter: "Mr. ——— will read with interest in the papers the account of the Irish row in Broad Street. Brother ——— was in the midst of it, and described it as a most exciting scene. I reviewed the seat of the war, this morning, with him, and he showed me the place where he was tumbled by the crowd over a tar barrel, and made himself redolent with all sorts of low-water smells. Had he been finished by an accidental brickbat, the story would not have told so well on his tombstone. Besides the broken windows, you might know by the heaps of *feathers* in the streets

that there had been some *foul* play. B——— said he had been inquired of as to the merits of the case, but could not, for the life of him, see *any merit* in it at all."

Apologizing for a little delay in his next letter, he says, "If it had been as easy to execute as to plan, I should have prepared my letter early this morning. But, to adopt the figurative idiom of the East, Thoughts are the sons of heaven, Words are the daughters of the earth. The former fly through the universe while the latter are walking across the street." The meeting of the Convention was at hand, and he was much interrupted by the gathering together of the clerical and other members; while the preparation of a sermon for the occasion seems to have caused him no little anxiety: "In the intervals, that dreaded Convention sermon is to be prepared, at least a portion of it; and I shall not breathe freely until that duty is discharged. I am only astonished at myself, that, having such an unaffected horror of being placed in such a predicament, I did not at once decline the appointment. By the time that you receive this, however, it will all be over, and I shall claim the warmest congratulations of all my correspondents." These expressions of self-distrust were doubtless perfectly sincere and heartfelt; but they were entirely groundless. The sermon met with general approbation; and his friends spoke of it in such complimentary terms, that he could account for it only on the ground of undue partiality.

In his diary of July 8, he records the departure of the Rev. Mr. Boone on his foreign mission, and speaks of having presented him with a copy of Keble, in which he had inserted some lines of poetry. Of these lines it is not certain that any copy remains; but the following stanzas, which are found in a manuscript collection without date, seem so appropriate to the occasion, that they are inserted in this connection: —

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

The signal is made from yon mast o'er the trees,
Which nods to the billows, and beckons the breeze;
The anchor's upheaved, and the sails are unfurled,
To carry him forth to the ends of the world.

And now the near headlands already float by,
And the half-shrouded cottages swim in his eye;
And a thousand past joys are recalled by the view,
Which his bosom can never, O, never renew!

At length he puts forth from his own native bay,
And the bark of his country sweeps southward away;

And the heart of the messenger inwardly bleeds,
As each object grows dim on the shore, and recedes.

How can he refrain from the strong burst of tears,
As the land of his forefathers fast disappears,
As the mountains and hill-tops grow dusky and dun,
And turret and spire fade away one by one!

But his bosom, alas! shall more bitterly ache
O'er the tenderer ties which that parting must break;
And the tears will, in spite of his manliness, start,
As affection's full tide rushes back on his heart.

But for these though the flesh in its weakness may yearn,
His spirit is willing, he would not return;
His orders are onward, 'tis his to obey;
He dare not decline, and he dare not delay.

And the day is soon coming those friends to restore,
Whom he loveth not less, but his Savior the more,
When the faithful to death shall receive their reward,
And together partake of the joy of their Lord.

With him, when our own weary voyage is past,
Be the haven of happiness entered at last,
In that "far better country," undarkened by sin,
Where the shouts of the ransomed shall welcome us in!

At this period, he seems to have entered with renewed ardor and energy into the interests of his Sunday school. From his diary we learn, that, on Sunday, the 9th, in addition to the full services of the day, with a baptism, he spent several hours in personally superintending and instructing the children of the school; and on the following day, writing on the subject to a lady of Hartford, with whom he was in correspondence, he says, "I am glad to tell you that my heart warms more to that portion of pastoral duty than ever of late; and I deeply regret that any supposed inaptitude for the work has so long prevented me from giving it, personally, its portion in due season. I intend in future to lay myself out more largely in that field, being well assured that our most glorious harvest, for time and eternity, is to be looked for from the blessing of God upon faithful Sunday school instruction. I have many things to discourage me in my parochial relations; but here, I feel as if the hopes of the Church were secure from disappointment."

Some notes are next found of a sort of missionary visit to Bangor, Maine, which appears to have been undertaken in pursuance of an

arrangement with some of his neighboring brethren of the clergy. "It is an arrangement," he says, July 24, "which does great violence to my inclinations and habits; but I cannot escape from it without the reproach of the rest of the clergy, who have taken their turns."

His next date is from Bangor, August 1. Those who are acquainted with the flourishing city of Bangor, as it is now, will hardly be able to realize that, in 1837, it was in such an unpolished and unfinished state. But such is the fact; and it is a fact that goes to show, among thousands of others, the amazing growth and improvement of our country. "According to promise, I proceed to give you some light from the East. We left Boston in the excellent steamboat Bangor, on Friday afternoon at five o'clock, several of our parishioners accompanying us to the ship. The whole week had been bright and serene; but the skies were overcast before we went on board. The passage to Portland was made somewhat unpleasant by rain and rough weather; but the Bangor is a capital sea boat, and it did not prevent our reaching there by four o'clock the next morning, the usual hour. Thus far I suffered nothing from seasickness; but on the way from Portland to Penobscot, but few of the passengers were exempt, and I did not make an exception. The close of the day, however, was fair and bright, and the passage up the river exceedingly beautiful. The scenery reminds you, in places, of the Hudson, the shores being very bold, but rude and more uncultivated. We had a glimpse of an Indian encampment in the woods, and saw an example of their management of their canoes. Two amphibious animals, with hats on their heads, and gowns, which made it difficult to distinguish their sex, and a glittering plate of metal on their breasts, were paddling along with great swiftness and dexterity, leaped ashore like cats, shouldered their canoe as if it had been an egg shell, and carried it high and dry on the beach. I mention this incident because it was more novel and interesting than any thing I saw, and belongs to a class with which I had no previous acquaintance. I enjoyed this part of the sail exceedingly, and felt repaid for the unpleasantness of the preceding part of the trip. The appearance of the coast is very much as I had expected — innumerable islands, of all sizes, constantly in sight, iron bound and ever green. The substratum is solid rock, and bristling above with the dark verdure of the fadeless cedar, pine, and hackmatack — this last peering above all the rest, like so many millions of spires and pinnacles. We reached Bangor after nine o'clock on Saturday evening, and landed under cover of the dark. I found it, in the morning, a large place, with every mark of high civilization brought in close contact with extreme rudeness. It is built on two clayey hill sides, with a creek running between which they call 'the stream.' Beautiful houses, furnished

in the most ambitious style, and long ranges of stores like those of Boston. In the mean while, the streets, in many instances, remain to be yet laid out and graded, and you have all the land before you where to choose your mode of approach. After a little rain, it is Hobson's choice; and it is equal to Catskill or Hartford, as a town of mud. The church is glorious for situation, and perfect in beauty. . . . I held three services on Sunday, which were all attended by highly respectable congregations; and I think there is a fine opening for the Church, if a suitable clergyman could be secured."

He returned to Boston, after spending a second Sunday at Bangor, and on Monday, 12th of August, writes as follows: "I took my leave of Bangor with all the impressions which I had before expressed to you. . . . From Bangor to Old Town, the head quarters of their water power and prosperity, there is a railroad running through some twelve miles of their interminable pine forests, which look as if they would never *pine away*. It was quite 'a caution' to see their revolving saws cut off the pine logs like a flash of lightning, and making shingles as fast as you could 'shake a stick.' We rode on Monday to Augusta, sixty-five miles, with excellent roads, driver, coach, and horses, and were carried through some scenery that was surpassingly fine. Augusta is a beautiful town, more rural and unsophisticated than Bangor. The Capitol is a substantial edifice of solid granite, and after good models, though rather too short and narrow. On Tuesday we passed through Hallowell and Gardiner, along the Kennebeck, to Brunswick and Portland, where we passed the night. This day's journey was also exceedingly interesting. The next morning we resumed our ride, and reached Portsmouth early in the afternoon. . . . The last day of our travels was the pleasantest, and would have been under any circumstances, did it see me safely returned. We rode to Newburyport in the morning, . . . and arrived at Boston about eight o'clock in the evening, and found all well, though I have since had but little cessation from pastoral duty. Yesterday I preached thrice, attended a funeral, and administered matrimony."

A painful point in our narrative now occurs — painful inasmuch as it gives the first intimation of some disease that was insidiously preying upon his constitution. There is nothing of this intimation in his letters; but in his private diary, on the 31st of August, and in two repeated instances in the course of ten or fifteen days, he mentions that *twitching of the muscles of the cheek and of the eye*, which, in after years, caused him so much trouble and anxiety. At the same time, he was frequently suffering from extreme nervous excitement and violent headache. The physician, to whom he applied for advice, prescribed bathing and prussic acid. To what

extent he employed either of these remedies, or with what effect, does not appear. They may have afforded him some partial or temporary relief. But no permanent cure was effected; and it is well known, that, during his whole life, he was subject more or less to similar affections, and that, for three or four years before his death, they proved a most grievous trial. Not a doubt can remain, that these were the incipient indications of that terrible malady, which, working gradually and almost imperceptibly upon his system, finally terminated, as in an instant, his valuable life.

The following pleasant lines, written after a visit to Medfield, and sent to Mrs. Wheelock, are found in his manuscript collection: —

WHEELOCK COTTAGE, MEDFIELD.

O, worthy of the artist's skill,
And passing fair to see,
That humble cot beneath the hill,
That shadowing willow tree;
The places where, with hook and line,
We dabbled in the pond,
From morning sun to hungry dine;
And all that lies beyond.

But who shall paint the inmate there,
The pleasant face that made
The scene around us doubly fair,
And sunshine in the shade,
Whose cheerful age, reproving me
When I at "luck" repine,
Seems, in its soothing harmony,
So like to "auld lang syne"?

A thousand happy days and blest
May Heaven award thee still,
Dear friend, before thou go to rest
With those upon the hill;
There mayst thou meet, in love's embrace,
The friends thou here hast known,
And see each fond familiar face
As happy as thine own.

Having made arrangements for meeting his brother Sherman at New Haven, he left Boston on the 2d of October, and, taking the route by the way of Worcester and Hartford, arrived at his father's

house on the 3d. The long-anticipated meeting of the two brothers was very much enjoyed, and their time was delightfully spent in visiting their friends, and in going over the old scenes of their boyish days. The visit included two Sundays, on each of which he preached, both in Trinity and St. Paul's. This service was rendered reluctantly, for he was suffering from hoarseness and indisposition; but his friends were urgent, and he was ever ready to gratify them, at almost any personal sacrifice. He had designed to remain for several days longer; but, on the 17th, he was unexpectedly summoned home, a case of pastoral duty requiring his presence. To calls of this kind he was not capable of turning a deaf ear; and so he hastened away, leaving all these enjoyments, to enter again upon his arduous labors. Of these it is unnecessary to speak, except by adding to the records of this month the following extract of a letter, of October 31, in allusion to one of the passing incidents of the day: "Early yesterday, I procured a pass to admit me to the talk between Governor Everett and the braves from the other side of the Mississippi, who are now our guests, and who are making us, I fear, their laughing stock for life. You will see in the papers the particulars of the interview, but no description can do justice to the reality. Most of the poor creatures have colds and other illnesses, from exposure and the severity of the weather. Some have finely-moulded figures; and their shoulders, backs, and arms are as full, round, and solid as so many pieces of statuary. Their style of oratory is bold and impassioned, and nothing can exceed their self-possession. They are dismally disfigured, however, with all sorts of paint, and look like very ugly customers to meet with in the greenwood or on the prairie. We sat from half past twelve to two waiting for their appearance, and the best part of the day was spent on their entertainment. They have literally turned the town topsy-turvy since they have been here. Men, women, and children have been thronging around them, at their lodgings, in the street, and during their public exhibitions. They were to leave, as I understood, to-day for Albany, and the nuisance will be abated."

He commences his next letter, of November 7, by saying, "This ought to be a very choice letter, as it is written on my birthday." But in what follows a sufficient apology is furnished for any shortcomings in this respect: "A great press of that kind of pastoral duty which creates most anxiety, and wears most heavily on the spirits, prevented my writing yesterday. On Saturday evening, after burying myself in my study, from dark till ten, I was sent for to visit a dying child, an interesting little girl, who expired before I left the house, soon after midnight. This was not a very good preparation for the duties of communion Sunday; but I was carried through very comfortably, besides performing the marriage ceremony. On Monday I commenced my weekly epistle, but was

interrupted by various calls in the morning, and attended a funeral at noon, accompanying the remains to Mount Auburn."

In another part of this letter he says, "To-day I have had a hymn to write for the opening of the Lunatic Hospital at Worcester; Dr. Woodward having applied to me, I presume, at the suggestion of one of my crazy parishioners, who has been an inmate there. . . . I was not in a very poetical vein, and cannot tell till I have slept upon it whether or not it will answer the purpose. If I find that I am not ashamed of it in the morning, I will send you a copy." The copy was not sent, but is found in his manuscript collection, and from thence is transcribed, without any fear that his friends will be "ashamed of it."

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE HOSPITAL CHAPEL,

AT WORCESTER, NOVEMBER 8, 1837.

The dearest room of all this pile,
A pile to mercy dear,
Lord, hallow with thy gladdening smile,
And grant thy presence here.
To Thee its walls we set apart,
Who, in our flesh enshrined,
Art pledged to heal the broken heart,
And feel for human kind.

Be here, our great perpetual Guest,
O Savior, night and day,
To give the heavy-laden rest,
And bear their griefs away.
With that still voice that melts the soul
In soothing prayer and psalm,
The tumult of our thoughts control
To thy divinest calm.

Here tune anew the jarring sense,
Life's uncoiled springs rewind,
And garnish for thy residence
The mansions of the mind;
Ascend, O Son of God, thy throne,
Bow reason to thy sway,
Till in thy light we find our own,
And darkness turn to day!

Among the remaining records of this year, nothing requires special notice, with the exception of the following tribute, inscribed to the ancient city where several years of his boyhood were spent. It is copied from the Albany Argus, in which it was originally published.

ALBANY.

——— "Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres atque altæ Maria Romæ."

Instinct with filial love I come, O ancient Albany!
My childhood's faithful nurse, to pay the tribute due to thee;
For in thy dear domestic haunts I learned my earliest song,
And manhood's riper minstrelsies to thee of right belong!
When, after many weary years, again to thee I drew,
And suddenly from Greenbush side the landscape burst to view,
How thrilled my pulse, how swelled my heart, upon that lofty height!
For never in my life, methought, saw I a fairer sight.

Thy gilded spires and pinnacles rose glittering in the sun,
And each familiar edifice I counted one by one,
As, row on row descending steep, they met the river shore,
Which, sheathed in winter's icy mail, with masts was bristled o'er.
Though sharply blew the northern wind, so brilliant was the scene,
So shone the noble stream that lay in glassy bonds between,
I felt thou wert a spectacle of stirring power to see,
And proudly hailed thee as mine own, O ancient Albany!

Yet brighter than that spectacle, that prospect's fair array,
Or nature in her purity that round about me lay,
A dearer vision chained my soul more touching far than these,
And peopled all the pictured past with busy memories.
O, let me in my weakness give these childish feelings way,
That rush upon me as I weave my humble verse to-day,
Nor wonder if the spells of youth, strong as enchantment's chain,
Should bind me to the single theme, and quite absorb the strain.

What troops of stirring images my brooding fancy fill,
Oft as I turn my glistening gaze to Capitoline Hill!
As fast they rush as when, of yore, with many a reckless boy,
I glided down its dangerous slope, and "snatched a fearful joy."
Where are the partners of those feats, the striplings one and all,
Who sat with me at Wisdom's feet in old "Uranian Hall,"
Ere yet the genius of the place her fostering care withdrew,
To gather fitter audience there, and fairer though less few?

How small their living number now! how many in their grave,
The gallant and the generous, the beautiful and brave!
And hearts are broke and eyes are dim which then with lustre shone,
And each stands in the other's sight unknowing and unknown.
While thus our cycles sadly pass, and flesh and blood decay,
How good to know that all we prize has not yet passed away!
That while earth's generations change, as years have come and gone,
Still Freedom's precious heritage of human rights lives on!

Still peers the selfsame Capitol upon the city's brow,
Though loftier to my boyhood's eye, yet not more dear than now;
Nor less illustrious on its rolls its statesmen's glory shines,
True to their common country each, though ranged in adverse lines.
In democratic majesty again around me rise
Its long processions of the past, the mighty and the wise,
The men of reverend name who there discharged their honored trust,
And filled my soul with wisdom's words and sentiments august.
There first I marked his high career, whose early merit won
The choicest of his epithets, "the people's favorite son;"
Who to the triumph in the van led on the Empire State,
And now in highest sphere adorns his country's consulate.

Long may the Alban fathers there in Roman virtue sit,
And tire its echoes with the strains of eloquence and wit,
And, fast emerging from the cloud and din of factious war,
Make our symbolic orb of day rise still "*Excelsior!*"
May God and good St. Nicholas maintain our old renown,
From worthy sire to worthier son to be transmitted down,
And keep beneath their tutelage till time shall cease to be,
The trophies of thy founders' fame, O ancient *Colonie!*

To those whose memories run not back to the time when the foregoing was written, a word or two of explanation may be necessary. The allusion to the winter sports of the boys will be better understood by recurring to the great change which has taken place on the "Capitoline Hill," since that period, by the enclosure of the beautiful park at its summit. Before this, there was a regularly-graded descent from the front of the Capitol down the whole length of State Street, nearly to the river. And this was the grand scene of the "fearful joy" of the boys. The whole descent was often covered with sleds, coursing down amid the teams and sleighs which were constantly passing through the whole length of the street. The old "Uranian Hall" was situated in Pearl Street, and was for many years one of the principal schools of the city; but it has long since given place to one of the most celebrated female acade-

mies in the country. The "Colonie," which was then a suburb, and is now one of the wards of the city, still belongs in part to the immense estates of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer.

1838.

"I OPEN the new date of A. D. 1838, with my best wishes that it may be a happy year to all — to us that live and to those that die." Thus does he commence his first letter on the first day of the new year; and he closes the same letter in a manner clearly indicative of his abiding sense of the close connection of the affairs of this life with the great responsibilities of eternity: "I should like to have been with you on Christmas day; but we continue to be with you in spirit as often as the day passes, and when any thing of interest is occurring there or here. May God preserve us in health and peace to meet again soon, and prepare us for a union in that eternal state where there is no separation of the ties that bind us together."

Some portions of this and other letters, written during the month, relate almost exclusively to the proceedings of the Convention of the Eastern Diocese, which held a special session in Boston at this time. In the transactions of this Convention, which called out much dissension and party feeling, the rector of Christ Church, from his immediate and local associations, was constrained to bear a part. But as he acted with a minority, he felt no responsibility for the results. Of these results it is unnecessary now to speak. They are matters of public record, and ought not to be mingled with the personal history of one who would have gladly avoided the collision into which he was brought on this occasion.

Of his personal history one item here occurs, on which retrospection is painful. January 8, he writes, "My Sundays are getting to be a little more laborious, as I have engaged more earnestly in the Sunday school, and have commenced my third service." In accordance with this intimation, in a subsequent letter the following record occurs: "I have to report three full services yesterday, with communion, baptism administered at two several times, and stirring up the Sunday school, and find my lungs sound this morning, and spirits good, and every thing to be thankful for." At the very moment, however, when he was thus voluntarily and deliberately undertaking these new and more arduous duties, and expressing himself thus gratefully for his preservation, he was actually suffering, as appears from his private journal, from frequent attacks of severe headache,

and from great weariness and lassitude. He restricted himself almost habitually to a plain and spare diet, and resorted to such simple means of alleviation as his own judgment dictated or his physician prescribed. At the same time, his buoyant spirits kept him always on the alert, and stimulated him to return, with renewed ardor, to his labors, whenever he felt relieved from any momentary indisposition. Travelling, and some relaxation of his labors, were kindly and judiciously recommended to him. He therefore obtained leave of absence, for a short time, on several occasions during the year, visiting his friends at New Haven and elsewhere, bearing his part in the commencement of Washington (now Trinity) College at Hartford, and, in the autumn, attending as a clerical delegate the session of the General Convention at Philadelphia. But these exercises, instead of affording him the relief he so much needed, only changed the scene of his exertions, and gave a little variety to his labors. As often as the Sundays returned, he was of course invited to preach; and his friends, imputing his objections rather to his modesty than to his inability to gratify their desire, generally prevailed by their importunities; and hence he was seldom or never, when abroad, exempt from preaching twice, or even thrice, on a Sunday.

But to return to a more pleasant theme; he thus greets the return of a festival which was seldom suffered to pass without notice: "St. Valentine's has passed me again, for the thirtieth time and more, and I still find myself, like old Herrick in one of his ditties, 'without a mate.' I did not let him go, however, without his honors; but as the article was *bona fide*, though nothing to boast of, and inserted in a young lady's album, it would not answer to send it to the Argus. If the old saint, whose favor I have so long sought, continues to cut me in this way, I shall probably cut him in return."

VALENTINE.

—"Nec me meminisse pigebit Elisæ
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regat artus.
Pro re, pauca loquar."

No season this for leaves and flowers;
And wandering birds who seek a mate,
'Mid wintry winds and snowy showers,
Find all forlorn and desolate.
They come too soon, or Spring too late:
A caution, as it were, to me,
Lest I should rashly tempt my fate,
And disappoint my destiny.

My heart, so like the season, cold,
Has lost its once elastic spring,
And warns me I am quite too old
To go again '*philandering*;'
And yet, could youth replume its wing,
And love inspire the thrilling line,
Not Petrarch's self such stores should bring,
To win thee for his VALENTINE.

On the first Sunday in May, having returned from New Haven, after an absence of about three weeks, he reëntered upon his duties, "well, but weak," participating in three full services. And thus did he continue his labors, week after week, with no other relief than the occasional aid of a visiting or resident brother. This assistance was always welcome, and was gratefully acknowledged, conscious as he felt, that, without it, his duties must have greatly overtasked his powers.

At the Massachusetts Convention, which assembled at Boston on the 19th of June, he was "laden with many honors;" among these were his election as president of the standing committee, and his appointment as one of the delegates to the General Convention. These honors came unsought, and were probably unexpected on his part, more especially the latter. He was flattered by the distinction, and was already anticipating the gratification of meeting his father on the occasion, and of spending the whole session in his company; but the thought immediately crossed his mind, that an elder brother, the Rev. Dr. MORSS, of Newburyport, who had failed of his election, was better entitled to the honor; and he forthwith proposed to relinquish the seat in favor of the doctor. The offer was received with the kindest feelings on the part of Dr. MORSS, but as promptly declined. He subsequently writes, therefore, "Dr. MORSS declines taking my seat in the General Convention, and it is settled that I go myself."

July 3, the heat of the weather being extreme, he alludes, in his letter and in his journal, to the lassitude and weariness produced by his "over-work on the preceding day of *rest*." He sought repose and refreshment in poetical musings in the quiet cloisters of the church; but this afforded him only a temporary relief. He longed for a retreat to some cooler region. The Falls of Niagara and the White Mountains presented equal attractions; and he immediately wrote to his brother in Albany, proposing an excursion to one or the other of these delightful places; and, "to stimulate him with the right sort of sentiment for the enterprise," he speaks rapturously of the picturesque and romantic scenery of the White Mountains,

and calls his attention to the following glowing passage in Howitt's Book of the Seasons: "Now it is delightful among mountains. Mountains! how one's heart leaps up at the very word! There is a charm connected with mountains so powerful, that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions." But as this proposed arrangement failed, his pleasing anticipations were not realized; and he remained at his post until the latter part of the month, when he made a short visit to New Haven, and attended the Commencement of Washington (now Trinity) College at Hartford. He was absent from his parish but one Sunday, and this was spent at New Haven, where, as has been already remarked, he preached on both parts of the day.

The session of the General Convention was held in Philadelphia, and his attendance as a delegate called him from his parish from the 3d to the 22d of September. Here was no diminution of his labors; for he who undertakes to represent any portion of the Church, in such a body, must not hope for much rest or relaxation. The occasion, however, afforded him much enjoyment. He met many of his clerical brethren and other friends, and had an opportunity to form an acquaintance with the bishops, and the clerical and lay delegates, from all parts of the country, and passed his time very pleasantly. On his first arrival in Philadelphia, he dropped a note to a friend, which sufficiently explains the circumstances under which it was written: "St. Andrew's Churchyard, September 6. I arrived a few moments ago from Burlington. The doors are closed, and not a soul to be seen. Wandering about the yard, and in the conference rooms, a half sheet of paper, with pen and ink, seem to be a direction to me to address myself to the duty of answering your last letter. I recognize the omen. . . . The place in which I write is a queer one. On the desks and seats about me, the principal book is 'Henshaw's Collection of Revival Hymns,' while the Prayer Books are very scarce. There is one on the desk, the only one, I believe, in the room. 'Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who' is Henshaw, that his *Collections* should supersede the Collects?"

The following touching stanzas derive much of their interest from the peculiar circumstances under which they were written. It was during the intermission of the services of the Church, on Sunday, the 12th of August, while reading in the book of Job, with Clarke's Commentary, that his attention was drawn to a striking illustration of the passage, "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" After some remarks on this passage, the commentator adds, "There is a beautiful verse in the Persian poet Khosroo, that is not unlike the saying of Job: —

'I passed by the burying-place, and wept sorely
To think how many of my friends were in the mansions of the dead.
And in an agony of grief I cried out, *Where are they?*
And *Echo* gave answer, and said, *Where are they?*'"

This apt illustration was sufficient to awaken his poetic imagination, and the result may be related in his own language: "It arranged itself," he says, "without any effort of my mind, but as it were naturally, and without doing the least possible violence to Clarke's version, as it stands in the first stanza; and, in the evening, I added the second, to show, by contrast, the beautiful light which Christianity sheds upon the same dreary scene."

NATURE AND REVELATION.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF KHOSROO.

I wandered by the burying-place,
And sorely there I wept,
To think how many of my friends
Within its mansions slept;
And, wrung with bitter grief, I cried
Aloud in my despair,
"WHERE, dear companions, have ye fled?"
And Echo answered, "WHERE?"

While Nature's voice thus flouted me,
A voice from heaven replied,
"O, weep not for the happy dead,
Who in the Lord have died;
Sweet is their rest who sleep in Christ,
Though lost a while to thee;
Tread in their steps, and sweeter still
Your meeting hour shall be!"

In a copy of the Book of Common Prayer, presented as a "gage of amity" to his highly-esteemed friend, Captain JOSEPH P. COUTHOUY, who was on the eve of embarking in the exploring expedition, he inscribed the following beautiful and appropriate lines, from Southey's "Madoc:"—

THE LITURGY.

"O, hold it holy! it will be a bond
Of love and brotherhood, when all beside
Hath been dissolved; and though wide ocean roll
Between the children of our fatherland,
This shall be their communion; they shall send,
Linked in one sacred feeling, at one hour,
In the same language, the same prayer to Heaven,
And each remembering each in piety,
Pray for the other's welfare!"

To this the following original, and no less beautiful, Sonnet was returned in reply: —

TO REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL.

Whether I sail beneath ungenial skies,
Through glacial seas, or 'mid those gorgeous isles
That image forth man's forfeit paradise,
By fragrant Ind, where ceaseless summer smiles,
O friend beloved! thy "gage of amity"
A sacred monitor shall ever be;
And often as its holy lines are scanned,
As exiled thus from home and love I stray,
In heart revisiting that fatherland
Where, thronging up on each glad "holy day,"
Of Christian friends a dear familiar band
Meet in one ancient fane, *their* vows to pay —
To the all-hearing One *my* lonely prayer
For thee and thine shall rise with those ascending there!

J. P. C.

These were communicated to his father, with permission to publish them in the Chronicle of the Church; and in a subsequent letter, after speaking of Captain COUTHOUY in the most affectionate terms, as an intimate friend and parishioner, who, being attached to the scientific corps of the exploring expedition, had just left for Norfolk, where he was to embark, he adds, "He will be a regular correspondent while he is absent; and I shall feel a peculiar interest in their progress on his account." The biographer has in his possession the principal part of the correspondence which passed between the two friends, not only at this time, but during several

subsequent years, until death dissolved the earthly tie, which had been so warmly and mutually cherished. And he will feel justified in availing himself of the privilege of interweaving with his narrative some portions of this correspondence. And perhaps a more appropriate place or occasion for transcribing one short extract cannot be chosen than the present. Writing to his father, November 12, he says, "I have just heard from my near and dear friend COUTHOUY, attached to the exploring expedition, dated Madeira, September 16. He writes in good health and spirits. With some of his messmates, he had performed the service in the state room, the weather not admitting of prayers on deck, with all the chants in due form. 'Fox,' says he, 'plays a good flute, and we made quite a decent choir. I have heard performances often, in a church we wot of, not much superior. We had a very delightful time; and never did I feel more strongly what a bond of fellowship our incomparable liturgy is, to those familiar with its wholesome and comfortable words. We ceased to be strangers from the moment that we discovered, by a sort of free-masonry, that we were children of the same beloved mother. If such fellowship is a privilege on shore, what a blessing is it, cut off as we are from the enjoyment of the ordinary means of grace, to be able thus to take sweet counsel together, and recall the time when we went forth with the multitude, in the voice of praise and thanksgiving, among such as keep holy day!'"

To this letter he replied, under the date of the "cloisters of Cripplegate, November 10;" and after touching on a variety of topics, he says, "It gives me the truest pleasure, my dear friend, to see your religious affections in such warm and vigorous exercise, and your heart, as ever, in the right place. May it ever be so; nor can I doubt that He who hath begun a good work in you will continue it unto the end. Your accounts of your Sundays have especially interested me; and I rejoice to know that you carry the Church so closely with you." He here commences the citation of one of Keble's beautiful hymns, but immediately adds, "I must not fill my page with Keble, however more valuable than any thing which I can write, while you have his inestimable volume at hand, and can take up the passage where I leave it. In the cherished fellowship of those common devotions, let us not fail often to meet each other before the mercy seat, with an affection which distance cannot impair, time cannot change, nor even antarctic region chill."

Again, on "All Saints," he writes, "I find myself often fingering my old globe, to endeavor to identify the spot where you were said to be floating; and we bring you near in spirit, walking by faith, and not by sight. I hope you are by this time in full nightly view of the glorious Southern Cross. May you conquer in that sign. Where this will reach you is more than I can conjecture; but it is

a comfort to know that you will still be, with us, under the hollow of that almighty Hand, who is the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of those that remain in the BROAD SEA."

Two very interesting letters from this highly-valued correspondent may here be noted; the one commenced on board the U. S. ship Vincennes, Sunday, November 11, and finished at Rio de Janeiro, November 25; and the other dated at the latter place, on Christmas Eve. These letters are chiefly filled with details of scientific discoveries, and with matters of a private, domestic, or familiar nature; but there are a few sketches of religious incidents, which may with propriety be transcribed. In his first letter he says, "We had service this morning, and a sermon from our Lord's rebuke to Martha, Luke x. 42. We have only three besides myself to join in the responses, but we all sit together; and as I closed my eyes, and listened to the solemn and comforting language of our Common Prayer, (it is sweet to think that it *is* common,) it would not have been difficult to imagine myself worshipping in our ancient temple, with the voice of 'mine own familiar friend' sounding in my ears." From Rio de Janeiro, November 25, he says, "To-day, being St. Cecilia's day, there was a high celebration at the church of her name, which I attended. The church itself is a fine one, and, on this occasion, was more than usually imposing in its appearance, &c. Upon the grand altar, which was resplendent in gold and jewels, there were seven rows of wax lights arranged pyramidally, and about one hundred and twenty in number, some of them ten or twelve feet in height. A large number of priests officiated at high mass, all in the rich dresses appointed for festivals, which, as usual, were changed several times during the service. This part of the ceremony, however, had but little interest for me, having seen it repeatedly abroad, and because it always has a theatrical aspect. But the music! you should have heard *that*. It was superb. I thought it fine during mass; but afterwards, the choir performed the whole of the Messiah. I was completely carried away. I can only say, that if St. Cecilia could hear such strains, and envy could enter her celestial abode, she would throw her harp aside. My enjoyment was considerably marred, however, by the uproar in front of the church, where they had tar barrels burning, the smoke of which swept in, defiling with its Cimmerian steam the sanctuary where clouds of incense were floating up before the altar! Then there was a continual roar of musketry, squibs, &c., and, every now and then, the boom of cannon, sounds of *war* and *tumult*, strangely blending with the angelic harmony which, within, accompanied the praises of Him who was the Prince of Peace. And this is Romish devotion. Surely 'darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.'" Again, in his letter of Christmas Eve, he writes, "Yesterday I visited several of the churches a second time. They

have most of them a venerable and imposing aspect externally, being built of a dark gray stone. The interior of one or two is very chaste and beautiful; but the greater part are tawdry and theatrical. One that pleased me very much had been pointed out to me as the Imperial Chapel, but, as I have since ascertained, incorrectly. I visited the latter yesterday. It is about the size of our church, the floor laid with rough boards, while the area in front (on entering which, all uncover their heads) is paved with marble. The walls are painted white, and gilt abundantly. The roof is supported by spiral or twisted pillars, the flutings of which are gilt; and the whole of the chancel is richly gilt and decorated with paintings in fresco. Between the pillars are shrines containing images of several saints, before which were burning large candles, in massy ten-branched silver candlesticks. Think of a coarse wooden image of the Virgin Mary, rigged up in an old dusty and faded green and crimson silk robe, with silver halo stuck round her head, broad and flat, like the rim of a Shaker's hat, and dandling a little naked wax doll in her arms, on which she looks as ferociously as some old portraits I have seen, gazing at the nosegays in their hands. I have seen these things before, but never was so struck with them as now. It is hard to say whether the prevailing feeling is a sense of the ludicrous or the impious. These are the disagreeable points in Roman Catholic churches. To go on with the Imperial Chapel: The intervals between the pillars are filled by crimson damask hangings, extending from the roof to the floor, which must have had a very gorgeous appearance when new, but now remind me by resemblance of an old curtain in another church far away. There are two pulpits, one on each side of the chancel, and just above them are two small niches in the wall, for the imperial family, much like the stage boxes in a theatre. There are no pews in any of the churches here, no chance for a comfortable nap during the sermon. All have to stand where they best can, and kneel on the bare floor. It has certainly a very devotional effect to enter one, at other than service hours, and see here and there a person kneeling in prayer, amid the stillness and 'dim religious light' pervading the place, with no one but the Hearer of prayer to witness their worshipping. Another thing, which struck me very forcibly, was the total disregard of rank or station manifested in these churches. The rich and poor, the noble born and the poor slave, meet there on a footing of perfect equality before the common Father of all, which, in our *republican* country, would not be tolerated for a moment. I have seen the field officer, in his gorgeous uniform, enter and kneel by the side of the half-naked slave, without the one dreaming of changing his position, or the other deeming himself at all entitled to precedence or notice, in the temple of Him in whose sight all flesh is vile. This is as it should be; and we

might, in our favored land, well learn from them the lesson it teaches. I have been much struck with the perfect equality which exists here between the free blacks and the whites. There are black doctors, black lawyers, black priests, black generals, and, to make the resemblance complete, black devils. Midnight has just struck; the people outside are firing guns and squibs, and illuminating as we should for the 'glorious fourth.' The two towers of 'Our Lady of the Chandeliers' (Nossa Senhora dos Candelabros) are hung from top to bottom with thousands of little lamps, which produce a most beautiful effect. I wish you, my dear friend, a merry Christmas."

April 30, while on his visit to New Haven, he writes to his friend Couthouy, giving an amusing account of his visit to the halls of the Yale Natural History Society, and expressing his usual gratification amid the scenes of his home. He adds, however, "In sober earnest, my heart begins to yearn towards the spot where my highest duties lie. I long to be with you in those beloved precincts to which our sweet chimes invite, and around which so many sacred associations cluster. There the memory and the imagination most delight to dwell. There may we keep holy day together, my dear friend, and unite in the pleasant feasts of remembrance. My days pass delightfully here indeed, but idly and monotonously. Sundays are indeed an exception, when I do some violence to my feelings by preaching in the synagogue where I was brought up, and where a prophet is apt least of all to be had in honor. Still it affords my father a relief, and others an apparent satisfaction, which make it contribute indirectly to my own." He concludes with the following narration: "My stay has been enlivened by the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of our fathers. The incense, in its usual quantity, was burnt at the shrine of the pilgrim saints, more than enough to make St. Patrick or any of the Roman canonization blush. . . . No Quakers were hung in effigy; and the orator was in keeping with the stereotyped representations with which we are so familiar at the east. I should like to have had him taken a few hints from a certain sermon delivered in our church by Bishop Griswold, from the text, 'Cause them to know the abominations of their fathers;' in which the old gentleman exhibited a good deal of the stern spirit of Ezekiel. A younger brother of mine pencilled down on the margin of the printed stanzas (to the tune of God save the King) the following terse addition, which was *not* performed by the choir: —

'They through their noses sung,
And sundry Quakers hung,
And Baptists too;

They spilled the Indians' blood,
And, for their poor souls' good,
They drowned them in the flood
Without ado.'

"Judging from the effects of the last two centuries, how many more centuries may be expected to elapse before their strong marks upon our character shall be quite obliterated?"

August 25, in a letter to Rev. Dr. STRONG, he says, "At the last meeting of the Board of State Missions, the clerical members were appointed agents to visit all the parishes in the state, with a view of awakening a more general interest in its objects, and of ascertaining by personal inquiry the prospect of the parishes receiving or requiring aid. The whole west was assigned to me. . . . I desire, before entering on this field, to confer with the clergy and leading men of those parts, as to the desirableness or expediency of such an agency. It appears to me that an agent with such powers must trench very materially on the prerogatives of the bishop. . . . Every clergyman should be an agent, each in his own parish; and I have been so much in the habit of thinking that we need no other, that I fear I should not enter sufficiently into the spirit of the work which has been assigned to me. Of this, however, we can speak when we meet face to face." At a later date, he says, "I am reluctantly obliged to give up the western expedition. Brother BALLARD expressed my own opinion when he observed, that though he should be happy to see me among them, yet he thought that every clergyman was the best and cheapest agent in his own parish."

It appears from his letters, that, in the early part of this year, he promised his friend CHAPIN, the editor of the Chronicle of the Church, to furnish him from week to week with a simple, and as nearly as possible literal, version of the Psalms of David. He proceeded in this undertaking as far as the eighth Psalm. Partly, however, on account of the errors of the press, but chiefly from other causes, he abandoned the plan, remarking, in a letter to his father, "I have no doubt that I should be more at home in a metrical arrangement. I may try some day, just for my own solace. But I shall not print any thing of that kind; nor do I aspire to get up any thing to be used in churches, lest I should bring myself under the scourge of the epigram: —

'Sternhold gave pious people qualms,
When he translated David's Psalms:
But how much worse, alas! our fate,
To hear them sing what you translate!'"

Again, he writes, "I have almost made up my mind to the presumptuous and daring attempt, in which so many of the best have failed, of giving a close and simple version of the Psalms in metre. I shall not, however, do so with any idea of publishing at present, but chiefly to imbue my own mind with more of the spirit of the inspired Psalmist. I am surprised, on examination of the English translations, to find them so bald on the one hand, and so loose and paraphrastic on the other." How far this purpose was carried out is not known. A few specimens only are to be found, either in print or in manuscript, and these will be introduced into this work.

The following communication, which he sent for publication in the Chronicle of July 20, is a just, though severe criticism on a new "Red-Letter Edition of the Prayer Book," which had then but just appeared. It is here transcribed entire, with an original inscription appended as a note: —

"From the long advertisement in your paper, I was led, perhaps, to form too high expectations with regard to the edition of the Book of Common Prayer with the red rubrics. Certain it is that I have been greatly disappointed. The enterprise, as first announced, was much to my taste, as I had long been of the mind of Chaucer's 'Clerk of Oxenford,' 'who had rather have at his bed's hedde *twenty bookes in black and red*, than robes rich, fiddle, or salterie.' I have seen manuscript missals, 'on rich creamy vellum,' more than four hundred years old, whose gorgeous vermilion dyes, and glossy raven black, were fresh and bright as if they were executed but yesterday. Volumes of rare beauty are now around me, printed before the time of the Reformation, whose unfaded red letter puts to shame the blurred and diluted tints of this boasted 'topographical novelty.'* It is impossible, indeed, for the slender Italian letter to produce the same effect with the broad surface of the beautiful old English type; and in this respect, as well as in those of paper, ink, and arrangement, our modern publishers might take lessons of the first fathers of the art. . . . If Knight's splendid pictorial Prayer Book, now in the course of publication in

* On the leaf of an old Hebrew Bible, executed in much the same style, is the following inscription: —

Open now the Hebrew page,
Sleek and glossy spite of age;
Unsophisticated text,
By no Masorite perplext;
Where each character you see
In its stern simplicity,
Upright, racy, square, and bold,
Symbol of the truth they hold.
As the eye delights to track,
Row by row, the letters black,
Say, is not each martial line
Worthy of the Word divine? W. C.

England, were but printed in black letter, with the rubrics blushing out between, and bound in embroidered velvet, with silver clasps and corners, and sets of many-colored ribbons, it would be indeed a jewel of a book. My disappointment with regard to the American volume is not, of course, because it does not realize this *beau ideal*, but because it entirely fails in the great purpose for which it was intended, viz., *to insure the rubrics being well* RED! In their present faint, dim, and watery lineaments, 'they lead to bewilder, glimmer to betray.' I hope that this error will be corrected in the next edition, that a better color will be put upon the rubrics, and that they will yet shine out

> —— 'In goodly vermil stain,
> Like crimson dyed in grain.'"

It is pleasant to record the following acknowledgment, which is found in a letter to his father, November 27: "The Rev. Mr. PRICE sent me a token of his brotherly regard, last week, which I have great reason to value on every account, being a small leather case, containing a miniature communion service of silver, manufactured in England, for administering the Lord's supper to the sick. If they have any fault, they are a little too much *in petto*, and might be mistaken by the profane for playthings. Accompanying this was a copy of the new quarto edition of the Miles Coverdale Bible, (1535,) just published in England, and intended to be a *fac simile* of the original, page for page, &c. To the theological antiquarian it is almost inestimable."

The following anecdote of the elder John Adams, noted in his journal, may be original. It was related to him by Major Russell. When the bust of Mr. Adams was put up in Faneuil Hall, the old gentleman pronounced it a very good likeness, but thought it rather ugly. He contrasted his own face with that of Washington, and observed that Washington had one feature to which he owed his ascendency: "Mouth shut close — *mine* always open."

Early in December, having made a short visit to New Haven, he writes from New York, while on his return home, giving a minute account of a private musical entertainment, at which Dr. HODGES presided, and during which a considerable part of the English cathedral service was performed, Dr. WAINWRIGHT officiating as clergyman. Of this performance he says, "It quite transported me for the time to the 'high-embowered roof,' and the rest of the scene described by Milton. The music alone would have been worth the journey, and I feel as if I had been very much favored in being here at the time." He adds the following: "Dr. HODGES told a

good story of Adam Clark, that, after preaching on some famous charity occasion, for which very great musical preparations had been made, he closed by observing, 'The elders of the congregation will now please to pass about the plate, *while our friends in the gallery will* AMUSE THEMSELVES *by singing an anthem!*'"

On the following day, having arrived at Boston, he duly acknowledges "the hand of God's good providence, by which he had been safely led, on his going out and coming in."

Writing again on the 17th of December, he says, "I found, on attempting the services yesterday, that I had a little cold; but it did not prevent me from preaching three times, attending Sunday school examination, and baptizing a child, besides drilling my choir in their Christmas music. Every thing looks well about the old church, and a good spirit prevails. Nothing could be pleasanter than the sweet, rich chime of its morning bells. . . . Our singing is getting to be a very model of simplicity and good taste. We attempt nothing but what is familiar as household words, and the whole church grows vocal as with the song of birds. On Christmas, we shall not allow *our friends in the gallery to amuse themselves with a single anthem.*"

He did not write again till Friday of the following week, December 28, and the reason is thus given: "The fact that we had no Monday this week, [Christmas fell on Monday,] though it did not affect my sensibilities as to the duty of writing, did greatly interfere with the power of carrying the duty into execution. I believe I wrote you last on Monday week, and gave you a good account of my health and performances. I could not have written as much the next day, if indeed I could have written at all. The latent seeds of a cold, probably contracted by the fatigue and exposure of my journey, broke out on Monday night into most abundant fruit, and I was scarcely able to keep about for a day or two." He recruited, however, and adds, "I was able to get ready for the confirmation. On Sunday I baptized five adults and five children, officiated all day, and presented thirteen candidates for confirmation at evening. The services awakened great interest, and the tone of religious feeling which pervades the parish is very encouraging." The next day, being Christmas, "was," he says, "a glorious day, and every body seemed to enjoy it greatly. All our churches were crowded, our own particularly."

The record of the present year closes as it opened, in the same devout and humble spirit. Dating on the last of December, he says, "Annus Domini 1838 takes his leave of us with great serenity. . . . The review of the past, of course, is calculated to give rise to mingled feelings, in which shame, and pain, and mortification have their share. Still I am not sure that the last has not been one of the happiest years of my life, inasmuch as my quiet and contem-

plative habits have been less disturbed, the nature of the interior life has been more developed to my mind, and some little progress, I trust, by the divine grace, made on the way to the heavenly Zion. By the same grace, I hope to be able to give a better account of myself, both in temporals and spirituals, should my life be spared yet another year."

He does not conclude, however, without indulging in a little stroke of pleasantry. Among his Christmas and New Year's presents, he had received from a fair friend a magnificent bronze standish, "which," he says, "from its constant use, cannot fail to keep her pleasant remembrance before me. I wish I could hope that my sermons might be any the better for it; but it is too true, as Swift says, —

> 'That not the desk of silver nails,
> Nor bureau of expense,
> Nor *standish well japanned*, avails
> To writing of good sense.'"

1839.

THERE are but few incidents to distinguish this from the preceding year. He was seldom absent from his parish, and day after day brought the same monotonous call for labor. From the extent and variety of his occupations, he was allowed but few hours for repose; and even these hours, as appears from his journal, were often disturbed by severe headache and nervous restlessness. He indeed found time, though this time was but too often borrowed from the moments which ought to have been devoted to rest, to carry on, as heretofore, an extensive correspondence. His weekly letters to his father and family friends, however, were at this period more brief and sketchy than usual, and were chiefly confined to private and domestic concerns. But he also kept up, in the mean time, as regular an interchange of letters with other correspondents, and especially his friend COUTHOUY, as the distance by which they were separated, and the difficulty of securing a safe conveyance, would permit. From these letters might be drawn, were it deemed expedient, many passages of deep and affecting interest; but the biographer must lay an unwilling restraint upon his inclination, and content himself with a very few extracts, merely as specimens of the pleasant and familiar style in which these devoted friends conducted their correspondence. On both sides, the letters bear a

strong impress of the character of the writers. The pleasant narratives, the thrilling adventures, and the scientific details of the absent professor, are all mingled up with the most heart-touching reminiscences of his distant home, and of the church in which he had been for years a most devout and exemplary worshipper and a worthy communicant; while the resident pastor, besides responding with the kindest sympathy to every sentiment of piety and devotion of his absent friend, enlivens every sheet with those characteristic traits for which his familiar epistles were always remarkable. But he must be permitted to speak for himself. Writing on the 9th of February, after speaking of his frequent communications, and expressing a fear of their want of interest, he says, "It is a comfort to know that you will attach to them all the value which they deserve. According to the Latin verse, they whose course is over the sea change their hemisphere, but not their hearts. There will be always something of yours which does *not* 'suffer a *sea change;*' so we believe, and we scribble on, in the confidence that it will throb with a true Yankee sympathy at the sight of *any* messenger from this cold and cloudy clime. . . . It is now deep into the night; and being sentimentally inclined, I call to mind a passage of Wordsworth, so aptly adapted to our relative positions, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, with sundry accommodations, for your benefit. You will read it, I have no doubt, with as much pleasure as it gives me.

'On this night
Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
My brother, and on all which thou hast been.
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while there
Muttering the verses which we muttered first
In Christ Church cloisters, through the midnight watch,
Art pacing to and fro the vessel's deck
In some far region, here, while in mine ear
The breezes murmur with a sea-like sound,
Alone I walk my room — for aught I know
Timing my steps to thine, and with a store
Of undistinguishable sympathies,
Mingling most earnest wishes, for the day,
When we and others whom we love shall meet
A second time in Salem's happy courts!'"

Under date of the "cloisters of Cripplegate," on the festival of St. Barnabas, he writes, "If this link in the chain which binds, as it were, the two extremities of the earth together, ever reaches you, I trust it will be in some grateful and pleasant haven of the Southern Pacific, where you are refreshing yourself from the toils

and exposures of your long and perilous voyage, and where for the time, removed from all antarctic and antiscorbutic associations, your memories and hopes are full of home. . . . Farewell, my dear friend; keep your anchor within the veil.

'Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Keep this thy servant in thine ark.
Amid the *howling wintry sea;*
He is in port, if he has Thee.'

"So prays Keble, and so prays yours affectionately, W. C."

July 31, he thus affects to describe the soporific effect of the extreme heat on the people and preacher, on the Lord's day: "Our efforts are rewarded by *nods* of approving listeners, and *mutatis mutandis*, we realize that rich scene in Cowper, —

'Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head,
And sweet the clerk below.'

"The slumbers of the day anticipate, however, those of the evening. Our nights are restless, and we toss to and fro till the dawning of the day. To crown our suffering, the terrible insect begins to wind his horn, who cannot be content to bite without bragging beforehand, and whose instincts have not changed since they were described by Homer, as being

'Such as prompts the fly, which oft
From flesh of man repulsed, her purpose yet
To bite holds fast, resolved on human blood.'

"What are all the trials of heat and frost in your compass of sea and land, what all the perils of waters, compared to those which little men invent to plague themselves! Meanwhile, all nature looks gloriously. Never was there a promise of a more abundant harvest.

'He covereth the heavens with clouds;
He prepareth rain for the earth;
He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains:
The pastures are clothed with flocks:
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy; they also sing!'"

December 19, speaking of the following sonnet, which his friend had constructed on the heights of the Andes, he compliments him on its merits, and apprises him that he had sent it to the "Chronicle" at New Haven, for publication: —

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE ANDES, JUNE 21, 1839.

Glory to God on high! the anthem raise!
Where mortal voice hath never stirred the air,
Let the first sounds that break the silence there
Make thee, bleak mountain, vocal with His praise,
Who in his strength hath set the mountains fast,
And girded them about with awful power,
To stand so long as time himself shall last,
Towering sublime, till that tremendous hour
When from his presence they shall melt in fear
Like wax. O thou that sittest evermore
At the right hand of God the Father, hear
Our humble prayer, that when these mountains hoar
Shall quake to their foundations, we the shock
May sheltered bide in Thee, our sure Salvation's Rock!

J. P. C.

It is a pleasure to add, in this place, a few extracts from one of the letters of Mr. COUTHOUY. It is dated, —

"U. S. Ship Vincennes, in Orange Harbor, (south coast of Terra del Fuego,) March 3. I write this, literally, from one of the ends of the world. Orange Harbor is a beautiful cove on the south side of Nassau Bay, about fifty miles north-west of Cape Horn, and is about five or six miles in circumference, shut in on all sides by lofty hills, except a narrow entrance at the north-east end. Near the coast, these are round, and covered with a low growth of birch and beech, the only trees found here; but half a dozen miles inland, they assume a very bold and rugged aspect, frequently towering from five hundred to a thousand feet, in an almost perpendicular wall, their summits broken into sharp, irregular ridges, with deep chasms between, in the bottom of which snow lies the year round. . . . On the 23d of February, I made an excursion, in company with Dr. PICKERING and Mr. BRACKENRIDGE, to a peak, about six miles from the ship, in a southern direction, called the Sentry Box, from a slight resemblance to one which it exhibits in some points of view." After giving a description of the very fatiguing jaunt by which they arrived at the spot, with a series of scientific

observations, he proceeds: "About 2, P. M., we reached the Sentry Box, which we found to be an irregular conical mass, some eighty feet in height, on the crest of a steep ridge. We ascended it, and ate there our bread and cheese, taking a glass of wine to the health of our friends at home, and the success of the expedition. There was just room for all three to be seated, and on the north side we could look down, almost perpendicularly, eight or nine hundred feet, into the valley declining to the coast. Seeing a large, ragged, and apparently higher cliff, about a mile and a half northeastward, we determined on making an attempt to ascend it." This proved to be a most laborious and perilous undertaking; but by great perseverance, the object was effected; and his own graphic description of the scene will show how well they were rewarded for their trouble: "The prospect here amply repaid our exertions. To the northward was Orange Bay, looking like a little cove, hardly fit for boats, and our squadron reminding me of those delicate ships of the toy-shops, on a mimic sea of glass. To the south-west, as far as the eye could discern, stretched ranges of lofty hills, hoary with the accumulated snows of thousands of years. Eastward was Hermit Island, with the southernmost land of America, Cape Horn, distant some fifty miles, standing out in bold relief against the sky, while the coast, for many miles on either side of us, was spread out like a map, showing numerous bays and harbors, similar to that selected by us. One of the most beautiful features in the view was the soft, rosy tint of the snow-covered mountains, where the sun shone upon them. There are some over seven thousand feet high. We saw the smoke of several fires kindled by the natives at different points of the coast, but none in our immediate neighborhood." After some further scientific observations, he again proceeds: "We estimated the height of this peak at about sixteen hundred feet above sea level, and nearly three hundred above the Sentry Box, which has been supposed the highest. Previous to leaving, we tumbled several blocks of stone over the precipice, which, in general, were dashed into atoms long ere they reached the bottom. At last our ambition was excited by a large mass of at least a ton's weight, which seemed nicely balanced on the very edge. After about fifteen minutes' hard work, we succeeded in detaching it; but we came near detaching ourselves also — an arrangement that had by no means entered into our calculations. The smaller stones, resting against it, probably, since the flood, inclined still to keep it company. So far it was very well, as the more the merrier; but as we were seated on them, they seemed disposed to have us accompany them also, which, as having no interest in the race, except as mere spectators, we could not think of doing; but to avoid it, we had literally to *claw* out of the scrape for our very lives. It was no joke at the moment, I assure you. How foolish we should have

felt, to be tumbling over the rocks, one after the other, fifty or a hundred feet at a time, here a head, and there a leg, with nobody near to cry bravo, when we made an extra jump! The effect of the falling fragment, though, was magnificent, and at the same time terrible, from the resistless fury of its course. Down it went, smoking and crashing, hurling with tremendous bounds from crag to crag, and steep to steep; ever and anon dashing off projecting rocks, even larger than itself, which, in their turn, as they scoured along, tore away others in their passage. Sometimes, with a single bound, they leaped down a precipice of a hundred feet, striking the ground with a crash that reverberated among the hills like the roar of heavy artillery, while the thousand fragments into which they shivered rattled onward with a sound like a volley of musketry. Occasionally, however, a block would continue unbroken to the valley, perhaps a thousand feet below, tearing a wide path, and prostrating the shrubs and small trees that were in its way, as if they were spears of grass. It was really a grand sight: and there we stood, on that giddy peak, perfectly wild with the excitement."

Having already spoken of the great amount of his daily labors, and their probable effect upon his health, the reader may perhaps be surprised to learn, that he was led, by his irrepressible zeal and devotion to the interests of the Church, to commit himself, on certain contingencies, to incur new cares, and a still greater weight of responsibility. Early in the present year, overtures were made to him to undertake, in whole or in part, the editorial charge of the "Christian Witness." This paper was then in the course of publication in Boston; but from its partisan character, and from the acknowledged incompetence of its editor, it had failed to secure the confidence or satisfy the expectations of the public; and it was hoped that by placing it under the joint direction of clergymen of somewhat different views, it might yet be sustained. He did not at once reject this proposal, though the idea of a divided responsibility would have been extremely repugnant to his feelings. With all his settled aversion to an editorial occupation, he was willing to take the matter into consideration. On due deliberation, and after suitable consultation with his friends, he finally expressed his consent to take charge of the paper, on certain prescribed conditions. These conditions would have given him the chief control of the publication; and as the original projectors and founders of the paper were not to be persuaded to relinquish their share of the management, the offer was declined or, in other words, no further advances were made on the subject; and, providentially, the rector of Christ Church was left to pursue his proper and legitimate labors, without the additional weight of this yoke of bondage.

In the course of the year he frequently alludes, in his correspondence, to the inconveniences attending a bachelor life; and among many vague and oblique hints on the subject of matrimony, he plainly intimates his settled conviction, that it is not good for *him* to be alone. He often felt the want of a home that he could call his own, and especially in the hours of weariness and loneliness, and when he could not seek the comforts of society abroad. He wished also to have it in his power to exercise hospitality to his brethren and friends in his "own house," even though it were a "hired one." It was not, however, till near the close of this year, that he began to speak so definitely on the subject, as to satisfy his friends, that he had seriously resolved to change his condition.

During this year, he allowed himself time only for three short visits. Two of these were given exclusively to his parental home; but a portion of the third was spent in Burlington, and devoted to his well-beloved young friend and brother, the Rev. Benjamin D. Winslow, who was then prostrate with incurable sickness, and who soon after, at the age of twenty-five, ended his short, though bright career of eminent usefulness, by a most triumphant death. The history of this young and faithful servant of God has been written elsewhere; but with the subject of this memoir his life was closely blended, and the circumstances of this last interview are too full of precious memories to be passed over. Mr. Winslow was a native of Boston, and had been brought up, baptized, and admitted to the holy communion, under the pastoral care and instruction of the rector of Christ Church; and the warmest affection had always been cherished between them. Winslow was at this time assistant minister of St. Mary's Church in Burlington, of which Bishop Doane was rector. And now, at the moment of his extremity, when the bishop was necessarily absent on official duty, his old friend and pastor hastened to his sick chamber, to minister to his comfort, and enjoy the sweet communion of kindred spirits. It appears from a brief record in the rector's journal, that on the night of the 14th of October, he watched with his young friend, that he was restless and sleepless during the first part of the night, and that they spent much time in interesting conversation. Among other things they called to mind the following passage in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Lord Byron, written November 6, 1813, and published in Lockhart's Life of Scott: "Your lordship will probably recollect where the Oriental tale occurs, of a sultan who consulted Solomon on the proper inscription for a signet ring, requiring that the maxim which it conveyed should be at once proper for moderating the presumption of prosperity, and tempering the pressure of adversity. The apothegm supplied by the Jewish sage was, I think, admirably adapted for both purposes, being comprehended in the words, And

THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY!" Mr. WINSLOW now fell into a state of calm repose, but afterwards roused up and remarked, that his thoughts had arranged themselves in a few lines, which he would trouble his friend, as his amanuensis, to write down from his mouth; and these are the lines thus dictated, and thus written. They are lines of which any poet might be proud; and, taking all the circumstances into consideration, it may well be doubted whether any production can be found of more touching pathos and beauty.

"THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY."

When morning sunbeams round me shed
  Their light and influence blest,
When flowery paths before me spread,
  And life in smiles is drest;
In darkling lines that dim each ray
I read, "This, too, shall pass away."

When murky clouds o'erhang the sky,
  Far down the vale of years,
And vainly looks the tearful eye,
  Where not a hope appears,
Lo, characters of glory play
'Mid shades: "This, too, shall pass away."

Blest words, that temper pleasure's beam,
  And lighten sorrow's gloom,
That early sadden youth's bright dream,
  And cheer the old man's tomb.
Unto that world be ye my stay,
That world which shall not pass away.

At the close of this interview, the journal adds, "He gave me Archbishop Laud's Devotions, as a parting gift." And after uniting in fervent prayer, the two friends separated, never to meet again in this world. Of the sincere grief of the surviving friend and brother, his own language is the best index. Writing to his father on the 25th of November, he says, "I received the melancholy tidings of the Rev. Mr. WINSLOW's death, from Burlington, yesterday morning, and they have hardly been out of my mind since. His death, like his life, was an example to us all. He was one of the choicest spirits in the Church, and I cherish his memory in

my heart of hearts. Those beautiful lines which he dictated to me the last night I spent with him, were his sweetest, swan-like strains: —

> 'Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
> But his sweetest song is the last he sings.'

"He will be ever in my thoughts, when we commemorate the departed faithful, in that incomparable prayer for the whole state of Christ's church militant." In a letter of December 2, he calls his father's attention to an obituary notice of Mr. Winslow, written by Bishop Doane, for the Banner of the Cross, and adds, "The bishop intends to prepare an extended memoir of him, with a selection from his 'Remains,' which are of great interest, and in which labor of love I can do much to assist him. This sad loss makes a perfect *Abel Mizraim* of Burlington. The bishop is completely broken down by it, and well he may be; for he will never see such another. How well we all loved him, and how much we loved him, could not have been known till we had seen the weeping and grief which his death has occasioned."

The emotions awakened by this event were by no means of a momentary or transient nature; but for several of the coming years, in his correspondence with his friends, and the relations or friends of Mr. Winslow, he was in the constant habit of recurring, with the deepest feeling, to this bereavement. About a year after, for example, he acknowledges the gift, from a highly-esteemed relative, of a copy of the Lyra Apostolica — "ever," he says, "to be fondly cherished, for its own sake and yours, and more from the value it acquired, as being the favorite companion of our beloved Benjamin's last hours. . . . The little book has been a great comfort to me in my lonely hours, and has served to bind us all, living and dead, as it were, together, and in the saints' communion. The two beautiful pieces which Benjamin selected with so fine an instinct are worth all the rest: indeed, there is nothing else like them." Again, at a still later period, the subjoined elegiac lines, dated at Auburn, on St. Paul's Day, 1843, were enclosed to the same relative, and sufficiently show that the fountain of his grief was still open: "I venture," he says "to send you these lines, utterly unworthy as they are of the theme, in token of affectionate remembrance, in the midst of harassing duties, and with the hope, that you will regard them with indulgence, for his dear sake, *on whom* they were written, and for his sake, also, *by whom* they are written."

ELEGIAC. — B. D. W.

In silence I have wept for thee, and with a grief sincere,
And conscious, dearest Benjamin, that "love was in arrear,"
But shrinking still, lest in thy praise I should myself commend,
So high in merit thou, and I so very dear a friend.

Else I had earlier witness borne, how, watching by thy side,
When thou the hour of thy release didst patiently abide,
At midnight, as the taper's light began like thee to wane,
Thou pouredst in my ravished ear thy last and swan-like strain.

Like Baruch, when the prophet's lips glowed with unearthly fires,
I noted down the soothing words which peace divine inspires,
Preserving since, with hallowed care, thy oft-repeated lay,
So soon to prove its moral true, — "This, too, shall pass away!"

We prayed and parted, when the dawn began too soon to break,
And dear the book thou gavest me, to cherish for thy sake,
And dearer still the pencilled words, the last I saw thee write,
In token of the Master's grace, "who giveth songs by night!"

The vows thy youth had registered, ere yet it lost its dew,
Here, in my life's meridian day, I solemnly renew;
And when, though following far behind, I've run my weary race,
May I, with thee, in better worlds, share in our Lord's embrace.

On the return of his thirty-fifth birthday, November 7, his musings are solemn and affecting: "With regard to the past," he says, "it is as hard to tell what has become of it, as it is to know what awaits us in the future; and yet it is a solemn thought, that all its history is on the everlasting records, for good or for evil. Thirty-five years more would carry me to the verge of the longevity assigned to man; and what is it, at most, but a handbreadth, to the spirit whose faculties require to be exercised on subjects illimitable as eternity? I find myself altered, yet the same; and appreciating, I trust, more and more, the value of time, as the pivot on which our everlasting destinies turn. I should have been disposed to turn the current of my thoughts into verse; but my interruptions have been such as not to favor the inspiration requisite for the highest order of composition, whether poetry or prose." Pursuing the same idea, he remarks in a subsequent letter, alluding to a promise to write in a young lady's album, "I cannot bear to fill up ———'s book with my old rhymes; and as for new ones, I am not at all disposed to add to the stock of bad poetry." So

far as can be discovered, indeed, he appears to have written but little poetry at this time. Among his loose papers, however, is found, under date of "Parsonage, New Haven, 1839," the following translation, with which the record of the year is closed: —

PRISON HYMN, BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

Jehovah, my Savior,
My confidence Thou;
O loveliest Jesus,
Deliver me now.
In closest immurings,
In cruel endurings,
My flesh and my spirit cry out after Thee!
I languish
In anguish,
And bending the knee,
Adore Thee,
Implore Thee
To liberate me.

1840.

This year is distinguished as one of the most eventful of his life; a year of change, and a year of great trial, as well as a year of high enjoyment. An air of sadness pervades the opening records. During almost the entire month of January, he was afflicted with sickness, and was under medical treatment. But he still took upon himself some portion of the public duties of the parish, beside the labor of an extensive correspondence. Writing to his father on the Feast of the Epiphany, he thus alludes to a practice which he had followed for several years, and which he continued to the close of his life: "The last week has been one of unusually solemn interest. New Year's day has ceased, with me, to be a day

* O Domine Deus,
Speravi in Te!
O care mi Jesu,
Nunc libera me!
In dura catena,
In misera pœna,
[Ab pectore imo†] desidero Te!
Languendo,
Gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro,
Imploro
Ut liberas me!

† Interpolated to adapt it to the air of the Coronach.

of much cheer. I see but few visitors, and it brings fewer gifts. The arrangement of all my letters for the previous twelve months calls up a review of all the incidents of that period, in such bright or dark array as can hardly fail for the time to make us sadder, if not wiser. Every revolution of the sort brings so many increasing warnings of instability, in my own personal experience, as well as my daily observation, that I should be hardened indeed if I could steel myself against the impression. I rather seek to yield to it, and to make it most profitable, by God's grace, for the future. . . . I said that I had but few gifts on New Year's day. I had, in fact, but one; but that one so elegant as rather to humiliate than to gratify me. It was the most elegant writing desk, inlaid with brass, that I have ever seen, with all the apparatus to correspond. Beautiful, exceedingly! It came anonymously, but I have no misgivings as to the donor. . . . And now, what shall I say more — for my time is up — but what you already know, but which you will not be tired of hearing repeated for the thousandth time, that you all live in my memory and love; that I long greatly to see you; and that I hope this year will advance each and every one of us, through Christ, on our road towards heaven. Amen."

Previous to his writing again, January 12, he had been prostrated, by an increase of his sickness, for three or four days; but on Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Boyle, whom he styles his "dear and valued old friend," and of whom he always spoke in terms of great veneration and affection, "came to his relief." He adds, "For my own part, I certainly say, that it is *well* to be sick. We should otherwise forget our helplessness, and our dependence on God, not only, but on man also. As soon as I am able to travel, I shall set out on my way towards you."

Two days later, he speaks of some improvement in his health, and of his beginning to indulge his appetite, adding, "My dear friend, Mrs. Sumner, has sent me a copy of Burgess's Version of the Psalms, just in time to complete my list of luxuries; so that, while the body is repairing its strength out of the good things which begin to pour in, I can solace my soul, and expel its evil passions, by striking a few chords from the harp of David. Brother B. is a true minstrel, and has elicited some graceful strains; but his version will not supersede any which are in use in the Church. I was pleased to see that he has adopted the same reading which I gave in my translation of the cxxxiii. Psalm, and which makes it one of the choicest gems in David's coronet."

It may not be amiss to mention, in this connection, that he once conceived the idea of throwing all, or a principal part, of the Psalms of David into easy versification; but he was anticipated in this intention by Mr. Burgess, to whose work he often alludes in his letters, as in the foregoing extract, in flattering terms. But

though he relinquished his general plan, he left among his miscellaneous papers a few specimens, dated St. Peter's Parsonage, Auburn, 1840; and a copy of his version of the first Psalm was communicated to a confidential friend, with this remark: "It was made long since. I was always ashamed of it, and never more so than after reading the version of BURGESS." *

PSALM I.

Happy the man who never walks
Where impious men repair,
Nor lingers in the sinner's way,
Nor takes the scoffer's chair.

But in Jehovah's ordinance
He finds a pure delight;
Enriching thus the orisons
Of every day and night.

He like a fruitful tree shall be,
Set by the water's brim;
His leaf shall never fade, and all
Is prosperous with him.

Not so the impious ones — like chaff
Swept by the wind away,
They with the righteous shall not stand
Upon the judgment day.

They hold no place amid the just,
Whose way Jehovah knows;
And every path of godless men
Shall in perdition close.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Behold, how good it is,
How beautiful to see,
When brethren together dwell
In perfect unity.

* The Rev. GEORGE BURGESS was rector of Christ Church, Hartford, when his version was written. — He is now Bishop of Maine.

Like perfume on the head,
Diffusing fragrance round
The high priest's beard, and o'er the robes
Whose fringes sweep the ground.

Like Herman's dews which melt
Fair Zion's summits o'er;
For there Jehovah's blessing rests,
And life forevermore.

PSALM CXXXIV.

O, praise Jehovah, ye
Who his true servants be,
Jehovah praise!
Ye who to stand delight,
And worship in his sight,
Nor leave his courts by night,
Jehovah praise!

With hands uplifted high,
His oracle draw nigh;
Jehovah praise!
Till he with holiness
His tribes from Zion bless,
And heaven and earth confess
Jehovah's praise!

PSALM CXXXVII.

By the waters of Babel we sat down and wept,
As we called our dear Zion to mind;
And our harps that in joy we so often had swept
Now sighed on the trees to the wind.

Then they that had carried us captive away,
In mockery, challenged a song,
And wringing out mirth from our sadness, would say,
"Sing the strains that to Zion belong."

O, how shall we sing the ineffable song
In a godless and barbarous land?
If the minstrels of Salem could do her such wrong,
Be palsied each cunning right hand.

Let my tongue to the roof of my mouth ever cling,
If aught else should its praises employ,
Or if Salem's high glories it choose not to sing,
Above all terrestrial joy.

Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
How they cried, in Jerusalem's woe,
Her ramparts and battlements raze with the sword,
Her temples and towers overthrow.

O, daughter of Babel! thy ruin makes haste;
And blessed be he who devours
Thy children with famine and misery waste,
As thou, in thy rapine, served ours.

PSALM CL.

"Hail ye the Lord!"

Hail him in his sanctitude!
Hail him in his highest height!
Hail him for his deeds of good!
Hail him for his matchless might!

Hail him in the trumpet's strain!
Hail him with the lyre and lute!
Hail him with the timbrel train!
Hail him with the strings and flute!

Hail him with the cymbal's ring!
Hail him with their loudest chord!
Hail him, every breathing thing!
Hail, all hail, the sovereign Lord!

On Sunday, the 26th, he was able to attend church, and bear some part in the services; and on the following day he writes, "It was truly delightful to get to the house of God once more, after the longest confinement to the house which I have had since entering upon my ministerial duties, eleven years since. My text was, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes;' and I believe that I can enter in some measure into the spirit and sentiment of the Psalmist. May God preserve me from that worst of all afflictions, an affliction lost!"

After a few days of unavoidable delay, he was enabled, on the 12th of February, to start on his anticipated journey homeward. He

was absent from his parish until the 29th, including two Sundays, the first of which was spent with his friends at Hartford, and the other in New Haven, and on each of which he preached twice, besides aiding in the other services. His visit was a source of great mutual enjoyment to himself and his friends. His health appeared to be perfectly restored; and it will be seen, that on his return, he was again ready to enter, with his usual zeal and activity, upon his duties. Writing on Monday, March 9, he says, "On Wednesday, (Ash Wednesday,) I was engaged in three services, appropriate to the season; one of them at Trinity, it being my turn to open the Price Lectures. . . . Yesterday, I had three services, Sunday school, and two baptisms, at separate times. Our congregations are large, and much seriousness prevails." He proceeds here to speak confidentially of some circumstances which evidently disturbed his feelings, and which, doubtless, had much influence in leading to the eventual change in his pastoral relations: "During my absence, some over-kind friends were disposed to sow the seeds of disaffection, and I returned just in time to tread them out. Another week might have been too late. All is right now. Still this single symptom makes some change in my views of duty; and if Auburn should be once more vacant, and fairly presented, I should perhaps never be more disposed to remove to that 'loveliest village of the plain.' Very probably, however, between this and Easter, I shall find abundant cause to be satisfied to remain as I am. Otherwise, I shall be free to entertain proposals for transferring my relations elsewhere." His allusion to Auburn was very natural. During a former vacancy in that parish, his personal friends had endeavored to obtain his consent to entertain proposals for a removal. This, however, was declined at the time, and the place was otherwise supplied.

It is curious to learn, from this letter, what were his first impressions with regard to that great discovery, the daguerreotype, which was then considered as among the deepest of mysteries, but which has since become so common and familiar, that it ceases to excite the slightest wonder: "I have found time, in the midst of my engagements, to look at the daguerreotype, and to share in the '*first* view' given by the artist to 'some of the eminent men and distinguished artists of the city.' In their way, the drawings are surpassingly fine; and though on a smaller scale than I expected, nothing can exceed the sharpness and distinctness with which the minutest parts of the landscape are finished. The wonderful application of chemical agencies to produce, in a moment, what would cost creative genius months of labor to accomplish with less accuracy, makes an epoch in the history of art. The interiors, and copies of busts, statuary, and engraving, as they appear about a

room, are the most satisfactory, if possible, though the different views of Paris are said to be the very life itself. . . . I do not despair of 'royal roads' for all purposes *under* heaven. I fear we shall never find any easier *way to* heaven, or any new facilities for working out our salvation."

On the 20th of March, he addressed a private letter to his father, freely opening his heart on the subject, at which he had hitherto hinted only in vague and indefinite terms. The time had come when he could no longer hesitate as to the expediency and propriety of entering into a matrimonial engagement. His partialities and movements were doubtless closely watched and scrutinized by some who thought they discovered a disposition on his part to make this change in his domestic relations; and he had no difficulty in tracing to their intermeddling the slight disaffection which he had already experienced. It seemed to him as if he could almost hear the half-stifled mutterings, Why should he marry, and thus increase his own expenses, and the burdens of the parish? Or, if matrimony were expedient, why not take counsel of some one more capable than himself of deciding who, among his acquaintances, would be most suitable for a rector's wife? Whether he was right in these conjectures, or not, they doubtless had their influence, perhaps an undue influence, on his feelings.

On the 10th of April, he writes as follows: "My position in the parish is stronger than ever. But my recent experience convinces me that, like all my predecessors, I have some spirits to deal with that are not to be depended on. I should be, therefore, sorry to have any opening closed against me, from any supposed reluctance on my part to entertain it favorably. Let your correspondent, therefore, be apprized that I am not given to change, that I have never sought any, but that I feel at times a responsibility to God and the Church for larger measures of usefulness than I have even any prospect of being able to expect here; and that I should be disposed to listen, with a very partial ear, to any distinct overture from that pleasant parish [Auburn] whenever it is vacant. Till then, of course, nothing can with propriety be said. I respect the present incumbent, and regret that his health is no better."

On the following day, he found it necessary to seek his father's counsel, in consequence of a proposal received from Bishop De Lancey, of Western New York. It appears that in a recent letter written to the bishop, in behalf of a young brother, who was about to visit his diocese, he remarked at the close, that he did not know how soon he might have occasion *to write on his own account*. On this hint, the bishop wrote as follows: "Our friend, Rev Mr. Hackley, at Auburn, thinks of leaving his church, for the more

congenial occupation of teaching a school. I should be rejoiced to see you in his place at Auburn. Would you listen to proposals? Can you visit the place and look at it? The salary is eight hundred dollars, with a parsonage. I write all this on the hint at the close of your letter. Mr. HACKLEY will doubtless write to you, should he resign; and I trust you will view the case favorably." He writes to his father, "I am disposed to reply to this direct proposition, as directly and plainly, that there was a time when I did not think to leave here for life; but that, for reasons of which it is not necessary to speak, I am free to say, that though I would not appear before the people of Auburn as a candidate, yet I would not decline a suitable invitation, without first visiting the parish, and giving a mutual opportunity to ascertain how we were suited to each other. I shall wait to hear from you before replying, and take your advice."

Having received a note of approval from his father, he subsequently writes, "I have just written to Bishop DE LANCEY, as I proposed to do. It costs me some effort to come to the conclusion; for my heart cleaves here, however my judgment points elsewhere. The consideration of being within the reach of his 'friendly crook,' as I have told him, operates powerfully with me. The journey, I have no doubt, will be a pleasant and profitable one, whatever the result may be."

These incipient movements are thus particularly recorded, that no room may be left for misapprehension or misrepresentation. It is proper in this, as in all other cases, that he should tell his own story; leaving others to draw, from his own avowals, such proofs as they may warrant of his ingenuousness and disinterestedness, and of his earnest desire to avoid all just occasion of offence.

Writing on Tuesday in Easter week, after speaking of the weather on Easter day, as being "in fine harmony with the services," he adds, "Every body seemed to enjoy them, and Easter reigned undisputed the Queen of Festivals. With me, it of course mingled much with other feelings, subduing and softening them, that it was perhaps the last Easter which I should spend here. I have said nothing to any one here, except my warden, Mr. FARLEY, of what I expect from Auburn, nor shall I, until I receive a formal invitation. It will take the parish very much by surprise; and will, to the best part, if not the whole, be a source of unaffected sorrow. Their action will probably determine the question." Meanwhile he sought the counsel of many of his friends and brethren abroad, and patiently waited the result.

On another important point he now speaks undisguisedly: "It will be distinctly understood, as soon as I make any declarations on the subject, that I do *not* go to Auburn, or any where else, as an *unmarried man*."

These preliminaries prepare the way, for placing on record the official transactions connected with his removal from the parish. The following communication was received on the 2d of May: —

AUBURN, *April* 28, 1840.

The Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL.

Dear Sir: In communicating to you the enclosed resolutions of our vestry, adopted under the advice of our bishop, it gives us additional pleasure to assure you, that your call to this parish is made with the unanimous concurrence of all the members, those absent as well as present at the meeting, and in conformity to the wish of the parish whom we represent. We would, for that and other reasons, earnestly urge your acceptance of it, believing that it will be most satisfactorily settling the question, oftentimes delicate and agitating to parishes, which has a second time arisen in our parish since the ever-lamented death of Rev. Mr. LUCAS, our former rector.

At the same time, we beg leave to state to you, that it is very desirable that your settlement over us should be with a knowledge on your part of the parish and people committed to your charge, so that we may count, on both sides, upon permanency in the arrangements, such, as we trust, a mutual acquaintance will lead to. We therefore, by direction of the vestry, invite you to visit us at your earliest convenience, and to spend such time as will enable you to act with full personal knowledge, believing, as we are led to flatter ourselves, that a mutual acquaintance will add inducements to your acceptance of our call.

The Rev. Mr. HACKLEY will consent to continue with us until about the 1st of August, if your convenience would thereby be promoted; and in reference to his continuance, it is desirable to hear from you, or, if practicable, to see you here at an early day. At the time of his resignation, he supposed it incumbent upon him to repair to his new engagements by the first of May; but it is now ascertained that he can remain until the later period. Still, it is important to ascertain early whether he should make his calculations to remain or not.

Hoping, in the providence of God, that you may at an early day be settled among us as our rector, pleasantly and permanently,

We are, sir, with respect and esteem,

Your friends and obedient servants,

G. B. THROOP,
S. H. GOODWIN, } Com.
A. GRIDLEY,

The following were the enclosed resolutions: —

At a meeeting of the vestry of St. Peter's Church, in Auburn, held at the office of J. H. BOSTWICK, Esq., the 27th day of April, 1840: —

Present, Rev. C. W. HACKLEY, *President;* Hon. H. BURT, *Senior Warden;* Hon. G. B. THROOP, WILLIAM SWAIN, H. BOSTWICK, S. H. GOODWIN, A. F. CARPENTER, and A. GRIDLEY, *Vestrymen.*

On motion of G. B. THROOP, Esq., Resolved unanimously, That the Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL, of Boston, be, and is hereby invited to become the Rector of St. Peter's Church, in Auburn.

Also, on motion of H. BURT, Resolved, That G. B. THROOP, STEPHEN A. GOODWIN, and A. GRIDLEY, be a committee to communicate the above to the Rev. Mr. CROSWELL, and to make such further communications as they may deem proper and in accordance with the expressed views and wishes of the vestry.

A true extract from the minutes,

A. GRIDLEY,

Clerk of the Vestry of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y.

On the 4th of May, writing to his father, he mentions the receipt of the foregoing communication, and states that he had shown it to one or two friends besides the wardens, and that they all concurred with him in the opinion, that it was best to communicate it through the wardens, to the proprietors, in such a way as to ascertain the real state of their feelings. He accordingly wrote the letter, of which the following is a copy: —

Boston, *May* 4, 1840.

Messrs. Robert Farley and Frederick H. Stimpson, Wardens of Christ Church, Boston.

My Dear Friends: On Saturday last, I received the enclosed invitation to the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, in the Western Diocese of New York; and before taking any action upon it, I lose no time in bringing it to your notice, and through you to that of the proprietors, this day convened. My reasons are these.

It is now eleven years since I came to this church, while the "dew of youth" was still upon me, and entered upon my duties with all the ardor of a first love. From that time to this, I have never had any other idea than that of identifying myself with it for life; and not only have sought no change, but have declined several overtures from abroad, which, in the opinion of disinterested friends, I should have consulted my usefulness and advantage by accepting. Recognizing distinctly the leadings of Providence which brought me hither, here I purposed steadfastly and patiently to abide, in the spirit of the Institution office, feeding the portion of the flock of Christ intrusted to me, until I should be called to give an account of my stewardship to the Chief Bishop and Sovereign Judge of all hereafter. My heart and affections still cling fondly here, and the very vicissitudes of death and time, which have removed so many from among us, whose countenance was my chief earthly encouragement, have given an endearing consecration to the scene of my past labors. No clergyman can be more sensible of his insufficiency for the arduous duties of the ministry, and of his own manifold imperfections; but I still enjoy the consciousness that the spiritual welfare of the parish, and the obligation of fidelity to souls, have ever been uppermost in my mind, and that it has been my heart's desire to spend and be spent in their service.

I entertain a lively and grateful sense of the thousand proofs of kindness and esteem received from my parishioners, individually and collectively, and which have led me to suppose that I was secure of their continued affections. In this respect, however, from the painful information of which you were, a few weeks since, the unwilling organs, I am apprehensive that I may have been mistaken; that a state of feeling unknown to me may exist, which threatens the permanency of my relations, and may make the dissolution of the pastoral connection expedient and desirable. Should this be the case, I trust the occasion will not be allowed to pass without a distinct intimation of it, in order that I may be able to act in the premises with a full understanding of their wishes and feelings.

To whatever conclusion the proprietors may come, I trust it will be in that spirit of mutual kindness and good will which has always governed our relations to each other, and a title to which I trust never to forfeit. May the great Head of the Church so guide and govern them in their deliberations, as may best promote the permanent prosperity, harmony, and happiness of this home of our common affections.

With sincerest esteem, your friend and pastor,

W. CROSWELL.

This letter was presented to the proprietors at the close of their

annual meeting, and, as might have been expected, not only took them by surprise, but produced some little agitation. Its tone was calculated to disarm hostility, and it was received by a principal portion of the meeting in a kind and conciliatory spirit; but there were a few present who betrayed strong symptoms of disaffection. "They agreed, however," he adds in the letter to his father, "not to act precipitately, and will meet again on Thursday evening, (7th.) Meantime, all doubt has passed from my mind as to the expediency of resigning; and the only question remaining to be settled is, as to the time and manner. On this point I am not yet prepared to decide; but shall take judicious advice, and proceed with all the calmness I can command. I foresee that the final step will cause great excitement in the parish and town, for my friends are numerous and influential; but I am determined, by the grace of God, not to be excited myself, nor be responsible for excitement in others. I intend to leave, if may be, without an enemy behind; and it will not be my fault if we do not part with the best understanding possible. I foresee also how hard it will be, without divine strength, to adhere to this resolution; and I need your effectual and fervent prayer in my behalf."

On the 7th, the adjourned meeting of the proprietors was accordingly held, when there were present, in person and by proxy, twenty-four voters; and the following resolutions were passed, with a single dissenting voice: —

Whereas, The Rev. William Croswell, rector of this church, by a communication made to the wardens on the 4th inst., states that he has received an invitation to the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y., and requests the opinion of the proprietors in relation to the expediency of his accepting the same; therefore,

Resolved, That we receive this communication with sincere regret, and deprecate the dissolution of his present pastoral connection, convinced that, during the eleven years he has sustained the important and arduous situation of rector, he has been faithful and unremitting in his exertions to advance, not only the interests of the parish, but those of the church at large in the diocese, with a single eye to the spiritual welfare of the souls of those over whom God in his wise providence has made him overseer; and that the many sacrifices he has made, and the unbounded liberality he has shown, entitle him to our warmest gratitude.

Resolved, That a committee, to consist of three proprietors and the wardens, be appointed to communicate the foregoing resolution, and to express more fully the sentiments of the proprietors on the subject. [Committee appointed, in addition to the wardens — Messrs. John Bacon, H. H. Huggeford, and E. W. Goddard.]

In discharging the duty thus assigned to them, the committee presented the following letter: —

Rev. William Croswell.

Our beloved Friend and Pastor: The committee appointed at the last meeting of the proprietors of Christ Church have enclosed the resolutions

then passed for your consideration. In so doing, they conceive they discharge but one part of their duty. These documents will constitute a part of the Church records. It is expedient, therefore, that there be a written testimonial of the sentiments and happy feelings with which your parishioners regard you.

Were your own wishes alone consulted, this might be omitted. By the unforeseen events of the future, our Church, by the direction of a benevolent Providence, may become more and more distinguished as its numbers increase. Therefore its history may be the more interesting.

From these motives we deem it our duty to enter on record the views of the committee, and through them what they believe to be the honest and sincere opinions of the great majority of the proprietors and members of our Church. We speak in an especial manner of those who have attended since your ordination; and also of those who have, at a subsequent period, connected themselves to our Church.

If ever it fell to the lot of a parish to enjoy the most disinterested, devoted, and self-sacrificing pastor, ours has been blessed with it, during the whole of your ministration, beyond example. The sacrifice has been on one side alone. The only return we can make, is our ardent gratitude and love to one who has ever been an anchor to our hopes and a comforter to our souls.

We cannot, dear sir, repress these spontaneous indications of regard, otherwise we should do injustice to our hearts.

Your assenting to remain, will encourage and animate all to promote that union and harmony, without which no church can be at peace.

With sentiments of much esteem,

We sign ourselves, your friends, &c.,

JOHN BACON,
H. H. HUGGEFORD,
ROBERT FARLEY,
FRED. H. STIMPSON,
ELIAS W. GODDARD.

BOSTON, *7th May*, 1840.

This communication was presented, it seems, in person, by the chairman of the committee. A description of the interview, and of its effects upon the rector, must be given in his own language: "The chairman, Mr. HUGGEFORD, came over to my study, and with a voice tremulous with emotion, and in a style of most impressive eloquence, quite overpowered my manhood. I felt relieved by the first gush of tears which I have shed since the subject has been under consideration, and all bosoms seemed to be too full for utterance."

In addition to this demonstration of hearty good will, he received other assurances, which led him to hesitate in his decision, and to weigh more deliberately the question of his removal. "I confess," he says, "that I am in a strait betwixt two; to depart being, on many accounts, doubtless, far better, while to remain seems to be most needful for those here. What to do I wot not. Visit Auburn I must, in redemption of my pledge; and that fair village may make a conquest of all my reluctance." Writing again, four days later, he says, "I have not much light to throw on my affairs. The proprietors meet on Thursday, to receive the report of their committee. Their own resolutions are so satisfactory, and the feel-

ing so strong in my favor through the parish, that I am more at a loss than ever what I ought to do. I need illumination. Seek it for me. I cannot keep them in suspense at Auburn. And I cannot leave here till the question is decided. I feel, I assure you, greatly embarrassed."

This embarrassment was doubtless much increased by the receipt of the following affectionate address, signed by more than eighty families and individuals, among the regular attendants upon his ministrations : —

To the Rev. William Croswell, Rector of Christ Church.

Dear Sir: The subscribers, worshippers at Christ Church, have learned, with the deepest pain and regret, that you have tendered your resignation as rector. Having been permitted to enjoy the benefit of your ministration for many years, and witnessed your untiring exertions and great sacrifices for the interest, temporal as well as spiritual, of the Church; and feeling the greatest respect and affection for you as their pastor, and believing that your leaving at any time, but particularly under the present circumstances, would be of serious and lasting injury to the Church, they are desirous of giving you this testimonial of their regard, and respectfully urging you to reconsider your determination, and consent to remain with us, assuring you that they will do all in their power to render your situation as happy and pleasant to you in *all* your relations as they trust your remaining will be profitable to them and the Church.

Previous to the adjourned meeting of the proprietors to hear the report of their committee, he addressed the following note to the chairman : —

Boston, *May* 14, 1840.

H. H. Huggeford, Esq., Chairman of a Committee of Proprietors of Christ Church.

My dear Sir: Nothing could be more gratifying to me than the terms of the resolutions adopted by the proprietors of Christ Church, at their meeting on the 7th inst., unless it were the manner in which their sentiments were conveyed to me, on the same evening, by yourself and the other gentlemen of the committee associated with you. Were I to yield to my present impressions, I beg to assure you that they would be decisive in favor of my remaining in a situation that was never more endeared to me. At the same time the question is one which has so momentous a bearing on the permanent interests of the parish, as well as my own personal prospects for life, that it ought not to be settled without great deliberation. I hope, therefore, it will not seem unreasonable if I ask a few weeks' delay before communicating my final decision, in order that I may have an opportunity of consulting with my friends, and be enabled to view the subject in all its aspects.

With every sentiment of regard and affection for yourself and the body whom you represent on this occasion, I am, very sincerely,

Your friend and servant.

W. CROSWELL.

May 15, he writes, "Every thing is now satisfactorily adjusted. The proprietors met last evening to hear the report of their committee; and all things appear now to be precisely as they should

be, and I have no time to lose in making my arrangements for visiting Auburn."

These preliminaries being thus settled, he next announces, on the 22d of May, another most important event of his life, — his betrothment to Miss Amanda Tarbell, daughter of Silas P. Tarbell, Esq., a young lady with whom he had been well acquainted, and for whom he had formed a strong attachment.

He left Boston on the 25th of May, and pursued his journey, taking New Haven on his way, from whence he persuaded his mother to accompany him as far as Albany. On the 29th he arrived at Auburn; and his first impressions are given in a few lively sketches, which are detached from a long letter addressed to his father, on the 1st of June: "I was met on my arrival here by three or four of the principal people. The first impressions seemed to be mutually favorable. I confess that I am much pleased with every thing. The place is pleasant beyond my expectations. The church is delightfully situated, withdrawn from the street, and bosomed up in locust trees, which are now in full flower and fragrance. The parsonage hard by, and all its arrangements, just about right. Mrs. Lucas (widow of the former rector) still occupies it, and I am her guest. . . . The congregation yesterday was large and intelligent, and seemed to be well satisfied with the services. . . . I have seen enough to satisfy me that an humble-minded man might spend his days happily and usefully here; and if, on my return to Boston, I find it, as I probably shall, 'expedient that I go away,' I shall not be disposed to look any farther. . . The interior of the church rather disappoints me. It is not in keeping with all without; but the arrangements have rather a common air. The monument of Bishop Hobart, and his bust, however, glorify it, and make it worth a pilgrimage to see. His spirit seems to brood over the house [the parsonage] wherein he died, and where Lucas followed him to his rest.

> 'The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged above the common walks.'

You perceive that a change has come over the spirit of my dream since I left New Haven. My health and heart seem to be better. A burden is lifted off from my mind. The weather is delightful, and the airs of this sweet little town are singularly refreshing, and seem to make it, indeed, 'the loveliest village of the plain.'"

His next letter confirms all that he has said of his favorable impressions in the foregoing, and he concludes to remain over a second Sunday. He again writes, on the 12th, from New York, giving his reasons for not returning by the way of New Haven, and expressing his full conviction that it is expedient to remove to

Auburn, with as little delay as possible: "Unless something occurs to change my determination which I cannot now foresee, I shall resign the rectorship at once, get married forthwith, and push for Auburn early in July. I do not yet know what reception I shall meet with in Boston. In any event I have a trying ordeal to pass through; but I believe I am nerved for the issue."

It was amidst the trying scenes of this moment that the returning festival of St. John the Baptist brought vividly to his mind and feelings the eleventh anniversary of his institution to the rectorship of Christ Church. Under the circumstances, it was a day of double solemnity to him; and he dedicated it to a sacred purpose. In the cloisters of that church, where he had so long ministered, and of which he was now about to take his final leave, he penned the following touching lines. They were enclosed to a highly-valued friend and correspondent, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Sumner, of Hartford, and are inserted here, as their most appropriate place.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

It was a solemn *day* to me,
This twenty-fourth of June,
Eleven years ago; alas,
That they have passed so soon!
And often as it comes about,
I meditate thereon,
And strive to follow, as I may,
Christ's herald, good St. John.

It was a solemn *place* to me,
That sanctuary old,
Where still we, after sixscore years,
The same high service hold.
And still 'tis good, amid the change
That sweeps o'er all beside,
To know that while these walls shall stand,
That service shall abide.

How many who were present then
Sleep in their tombs below!
How many to their distant posts
Have gone as I now go!
Of all the crowds that then were here,
How few are left behind!
And of that few, how fewer still
Who call that scene to mind.

To me it is as yesterday ;
I see the whole proceed —
The bishop and the brethren round,
Who come to bid "God speed!"
The holy altar, then withdrawn
Deep in its own recess,
Ere desk and pulpit crowded in,
To make its honors less.

O, it was not in mockery
That then I offered there,
In weakness, fear, and trembling tones,
The institution prayer.
How often, as I've paced those aisles
At sacred hours alone,
Have I recited o'er that prayer,
To God is truly known!

How little thought the warden gray,
That aught but death, the keys
Surrendered by his faithful hand,
Should ever wrest from these;
That e'er this ancient fold should count
Their broken pledge no sin,
Or part, for trifling cause, the bonds
Of God's own discipline.

Dear Church! as now that tender charge
I solemnly resign,
Some bleeding hearts will testify
The fault has not been mine!
For who could hear thy heavenly chime
With gladder heart than I?
Who love thee with a fonder love,
Or in thy service die?

God raise thee up some faithful man,
More prompt to follow on,
In doctrine and in holy life,
Christ's herald, good St. John!
Give him all boldness to rebuke,
And skill thy griefs to cure,
And for his heavenly Master's sake,
All patience to endure!

Pursuant to the purpose already suggested in his private correspondence, he addressed, on his return from Auburn, the following letter to the committee: —

Boston, *June* 19, 1840.

Messrs. Bacon, Huggeford, Goddard, Farley, and Stimpson, Committee of the Proprietors of Christ Church.

My dear Friends: After mature deliberation, and conference with judicious friends, here and elsewhere, not without earnest prayer for the divine guidance, I have come reluctantly to the conclusion to request the proprietors to accept my resignation of the rectorship of Christ Church, on the last day of the present month. However my judgment may dictate this course, it has cost me a painful effort of feeling which I cannot trust myself to express. Allow me, however, to assure you, that wherever Providence may cast my lot, the interests and welfare of this ancient heritage of God will ever be near to my heart, and that I shall always bear upon my memory the recollections of my imperfect but well-meant ministrations here as the happiest employment of my past life. Permit me also to commend you, and all its members, to God's most holy keeping. I pray that you may be guided in the choice of a successor who will as entirely unite your confidence and regard, and whose labors will be crowned with much more abundant success. Above all, may we so part, that the hallowed ties cemented by the intercourse of the last eleven years may never be severed, but that hereafter, when all the changes and chances of this mortal life are over, we may once more rejoice together, with all the dispersed sheep of Christ's flock, as one fold under one Shepherd, in the everlasting kingdom of God's dear Son. Amen.

With the yearnings of sincere affection,

Your friend and pastor,

W. CROSWELL.

P. S. I propose to take leave of the parish, with the approbation of the proprietors, on Sunday morning, July 5, and to celebrate with them for the last time, in my present capacity, the affecting mysteries of the Holy Communion.

The action of the proprietors on this letter is thus officially recorded: —

At an adjourned meeting of the proprietors of Christ Church, Boston, held on the evening of the 29th of June, 1840, the wardens and a large number of the proprietors were present.

The chairman stated, that the object of the meeting was for the consideration, and acting finally, upon the application of the Rev. William Croswell to the proprietors to accept of his resignation as rector of Christ Church.

The question being called for, was decided by yeas and nays, in the affirmative, in the following words, to wit: —

Voted, To accept the resignation of the Rev. William Croswell, as the rector of this church, when the official sanction (necessary in such cases) shall have been given by the bishop.

Voted, That the wardens be authorized to communicate to the Rev. William Croswell, rector of this church, the acceptance of his resignation by the proprietors.

The wardens, in discharging the duty thus committed to them, addressed the following affectionate letter to the retiring rector: —

Boston, *July* 18, 1840.

Rev. and dear Sir: Having been appointed a committee for the purpose of answering your communication of the 19th ult., requesting the proprietors of Christ Church to accept your resignation as rector, it has become our duty to enclose a copy of the resolutions adopted by the proprietors, at their meeting on the 29th ult., by which you will perceive they have complied with your request.

That this duty is a painful one, you, who so well know our feelings, can well judge. We deeply regret that any circumstances should have occurred to render it expedient to dissolve a connection which it was hoped would have terminated only with your life.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable; and may He in whose hands we all are, overrule for good to you and us, this which now appears so great an evil.

May His choicest blessings attend you in all your future connections. May He in mercy keep and guide you, until at last, having finished your course with joy, having been made the happy instrument of turning many to righteousness, you may be admitted, with those other luminaries who have preceded you in laboring in this portion of God's vineyard, to shine in the kingdom of God your Father, and with them, and all those over whom you have so faithfully labored, enjoy forever his blissful presence.

With sentiments of the greatest respect and affection,

We are, dear sir, your friends,

ROBERT FARLEY, } Wardens.
FRED. H. STIMPSON, }

To Rev. William Croswell.

These official papers are thus spread upon these pages, as the unbiassed testimony of the people of his cure, in their collective capacity, to his pastoral fidelity, and to his eminent qualifications for the place which he had so long held among them. One more voluntary and affecting token of love and veneration, received from a select number of his highly esteemed parishioners, on the day previous to his leave-taking discourse, may fitly be recorded in this place.

To Rev. William Croswell.

Dear Sir: The subscribers, a few of your numerous friends and parishioners, with feelings of the deepest and unfeigned sorrow at the separation which is about to take place, and tendering you their best wishes and earnest prayers for your happiness in the new relations, parochial and matrimonial, you are about to form, respectfully request your acceptance of the accompanying cup, as a small token of their respect and affection for you, and their desire to be had in remembrance.

R. M. COPELAND,
C. P. GORDON,
JAMES PIERCE,
E. W. GODDARD
FRED. H. STIMPSON.

Boston, *July* 3, 1840.

On Sunday, the 5th of July, agreeably to the notice given to the proprietors, he took leave of his people in a farewell discourse

Writing to his father on the 7th, he speaks of this valedictory in the following terms: The church was thronged, and the congregation were generally in tears. "It was, indeed," he says, "a moving scene, and every indication of the most unaffected sorrow was visible on every hand. The communion was never before so large on any occasion. In the afternoon, the members of the other societies poured in, in great numbers, supposing that the farewell discourse was to be delivered then. Though disappointed in that respect, they heard a capital sermon from brother BOYLE, who spoke in a few words, of myself and services, in a manner which it would have gratified a parent to hear. It was a great, however sad, day to me; and I am receiving constantly, from every quarter, the most touching testimonies of respect and regard, and sorrow for my departure. My correspondents are particularly kind." He speaks with peculiar emotion of the "BEAUTIFUL CUP" which he had just received.

From a mass of testimonials, and notes of kindness and affection, which are found on his well-arranged files, a few only can be selected as samples of the whole. The following, from the bishop and clergy of Boston and vicinity, must have been exceedingly grateful to his feelings: —

BOSTON, *July* 11, 1840.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: It is with deep regret, that the undersigned, your brethren in the ministry, have learned that you have taken leave of the parish, in which you have so long, so faithfully, and so acceptably labored, and are soon to take your departure for another diocese. In this sentiment all, we believe, who have the pleasure of knowing you, will be ready to share. Permit us, on this occasion, to express our unfeigned respect and esteem for your character and accomplishments as a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian pastor, as well as a true friend of our Apostolic Church. We shall not soon nor easily forget your cheerful coöperation and valuable aid, in promoting the cause of piety, virtue, and charity, in our Church and community; nor your willingness as a citizen, to take your part in advancing the interests of education in this metropolis, or in any measures conducive to the public welfare.

Be assured, reverend and dear sir, that we shall rejoice to hear of your success and prosperity wherever Providence may direct your steps, and shall sympathize in any trials you may be called to endure. May you be happy in your domestic and other relations, and after having long and successfully served your divine Master on earth, have at last the joyful salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Your affectionate friends,

ALEXANDER V. GRISWOLD,
ISAAC BOYLE,
JOHN L. WATSON,
ALFRED L. BAURY,
E. M. P. WELLS,
JOHN S. STONE,
THOMAS M. CLARK,
THEODORE EDSON,
JOSEPH A. CLINCH,
ADDISON SEARLE,
SAMUEL McBURNEY.

Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL.

The Right Rev. Bishop GRISWOLD, his diocesan, unwilling, as it would seem, to restrict himself to the formal terms of the ordinary letter dismissory, thus commends him to his brother, the bishop of the western diocese of New York: —

To the Right Rev. WILLIAM H. DE LANCEY.

Dear Sir: The object of this is to transfer from the state of Massachusetts to your diocese, the Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL. Merely to say, that for the three years last past, he has not been justly liable to evil report for error in doctrine, or viciousness of life, though eminently true, seems, in his case, very unnecessary. He will leave behind him no clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church more highly, more justly, or more generally esteemed for the qualities which constitute and adorn the gentleman, the scholar, or the faithful minister of Christ. While, with many hundreds of others, I deeply regret his loss to this diocese, I may well congratulate you on such an accession to yours. That in his new situation he may find friends, as many and as cordial as those he leaves, is the prayer of

Your friend and brother,
ALEX. V. GRISWOLD,
Bishop of the Eastern Diocese.

BOSTON, *July* 17, 1840.

To these, it is peculiarly gratifying to add the following letters from the Rev. Dr. STRONG, of Greenfield, a beloved brother, with whom he had maintained the most intimate relations during his residence in Boston: —

BOSTON, *June* 20, 1840.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: As we are about to separate, under circumstances of peculiar and painful interest, and as our associations will not, probably, be renewed in this part of the Master's vineyard, I cannot leave the city without taking the liberty of expressing to you, in what you may perhaps consider rather a formal manner, but in truth from the overflowings of an affectionate and grateful heart, the deep sense of obligation which I feel, for the share which I have been allowed to enjoy, for more than ten years, in your friendship, and for the continued, though unmerited kindness, which I have received at your hands. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, my brother; and while memory lasts, the most delightful of my reflections will rest upon the scenes of our intercourse. Nor will it, I trust, be without some degree of spiritual improvement, that we have so often taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. In unity of sentiment and of desire, of solicitude and of purpose, we have labored for the welfare of Zion; and from the views that we have cherished, and the atmosphere that we have breathed in common, I cannot doubt that a salutary influence has gone forth to direct and sustain us, in the paths of our pilgrimage to eternity. I could have wished that no change might take place in our relations to the Church in Massachusetts; but from an acquaintance with all things involved in the case, I am satisfied that you have come to a wise and just decision. May the Spirit of God order it for the promotion of your own happiness, and the advancement of the Redeemer's cause. And be assured, my beloved friend and brother, that wherever you go, and however you may be situated, there is one, among your many admirers, whose prayers for your prosperity and your usefulness will never cease.

I know not where to look for the counsel and the aid which I have so long been accustomed to receive from you; but He who ordereth all things aright will uphold us in our trials, and relieve us in our wants. To Him, and the word of His grace, I commend you; and may He so direct our course,

that among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, we may so live, that when the cares and the sorrows, the duties and the dangers, of our present state are over, we may be united in the rich inheritance of his everlasting kingdom.

Most sincerely and affectionately,
Your unchanging friend and brother,
T. STRONG.

GREENFIELD, *July* 8, 1840.

MY DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER: I cannot express to you my gratitude for your kindness, and the sympathy that I feel in your trials, renewed in the reception of those beautiful lines,* which I shall treasure up as a precious gift of your love, and a most faithful transcript of your mind. You have, ere this, I suppose, experienced all the bitterness of the parting scene, and I think the members of your late parish must, without exception, be filled with sorrow and distress. . . .

The connection that has existed so long and so prosperously between yourself and Christ Church is now dissolved; and it must be a cause of great satisfaction to you that it has been brought about without any seeking or fault on the part of the rector, and that you go hence with the unchanged affection and best wishes of those whose opinions and friendship you most value.

I have no doubt that you will leave your accustomed associations, the places and the people in which you have for many years delighted, with no ordinary sensations of regret: but the consciousness of integrity in relation to the past, and the prospect of distinguished usefulness in view of the future, will be sufficient to comfort and sustain you. May the Spirit of God be your unfailing attendant, guiding you through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, and rendering you instrumental in turning multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan to the living God.

I hope, my dear brother, that you will not forget, in the place of your western labors, to turn your thoughts occasionally towards the rising of the sun. I shall expect to hear from you after your settlement in the pleasant shades of Auburn; and I need not assure you of the continuance of my fervent prayers for your prosperity and happiness. Could you, in passing to and from Boston, take Greenfield in your way, you may be certain of a cordial welcome at the parsonage, and a quiet resting place. Farewell! God be with you!

Affectionately, your friend and brother,
T. STRONG.

But these gratifying testimonials were not confined solely to his clerical brethren. Several laymen, with whom he had maintained a close and intimate friendship, — such as ROBERT FARLEY, Esq., of his own parish, GEORGE BRINLEY, Esq., formerly of Trinity Church, but residing at the time in Hartford, Dr. A. F. STONE, of Greenfield, and EDWARD A. NEWTON, Esq., of Pittsfield, — took this opportunity to express their unfeigned regret at the necessity of his removal, and their ardent wishes for his future prosperity. But these expressions are so mingled with personal and private allusions, that it would be hardly proper to make extracts. A single passage may be detached from a letter of the last-named gentleman, whose zeal and liberality as a Churchman and a Christian are well known throughout the United States.

* The lines entitled "St. John Baptist's Day."

"I have observed, with real regret, from a notice of the proceedings of our late convention, that you are about to leave the diocese. You will carry with you the esteem and respect of all who have truly known you. I know of no clergyman in the diocese who has more faithfully discharged his duties, and oftentimes under most discouraging circumstances. I pray God to bless you abundantly *in all* the new relations you are about to form; to make you happy, and continue your usefulness here, and give you a crown of glory in the world to come."

He alludes feelingly to these concluding tokens of affection, in his last letter from Boston to his father, July 13. Even at this moment, it is perceived, his buoyant spirit does not forsake him. "My position," he says, "reminds me of that remarkable character in one of Prior's ballads, who, being so unfortunate as to come into collision with the laws,

> 'Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
> And often took leave, but seemed loath to depart.'

I was all the week packing goods and chattels, and it was not till Saturday that they were shipped for the forwarding house at Albany. I linger therefore yet another seven days, to recruit my exhausted strength, and to say a word at parting to the troops of friends, in and out of the parish, who are doing every thing in their power to make my last days truly delightful. If any thing were needed to prove that my ministry here has not been entirely in vain, it is in the beautiful exercise of Christian affection which the occasion has called out in every quarter. I have a host of letters from my correspondents all about me; and under circumstances which make them tests of sincerity, as you will see when you come to read them."

But the scene now changes to his new cure. His acceptance of this cure was conveyed in the following note, addressed to the Committee of the Vestry: —

Boston, *July* 1, 1840.

Gentlemen: In accordance with the expectations held out during my late visit to Auburn, you are hereby authorized to inform the vestry that I accept their unanimous invitation to become the rector of St. Peter's Church, and purpose, God willing, to enter on the service of the parish with the least possible delay. The motives which have led me to this decision are such, I humbly trust, as will commend themselves to the divine approval, and justify the hope of a blessing upon the proposed connection. Looking to the Great Head of the Church as the Source of that strength which is alone sufficient to sustain me in the arduous responsibilities which I am about to assume, I feel how greatly I shall need the exercise of your most charitable constructions, and throw myself upon your Christian sympathies, and beg the benefit of your prayers.

Most sincerely.

Your friend and servant in the gospel,

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

A hasty note to his father, on Thursday, July 30, announces his safe arrival at Auburn; and his predecessor having already left the place, his effects were deposited in the vacant parsonage. He met with a flattering reception; and, as the pulpit had been unsupplied for the last four Sundays, his arrival was welcomed with every demonstration of gratification. Of his opening services, as rector of the parish, he thus writes under date of August 4: "Sunday was a trying but delightful day. The people, so long deprived of the services, returned to the sanctuary, with a yearning for their renewal, which was much in my favor. They were attentive and apparently gratified. During parts of the service, I could scarcely restrain my tears; and in secret prayer before sermon, I gave way to emotion. I was able to command myself during the delivery, though I could not of course feel quite at home. It was another funeral discourse. *They watch for your souls, as they that must give account.* I never felt more deeply impressed with the weight of my ministerial responsibilities, or needed more that grace be given, through the intercession of many, so to discharge them as to be enabled to render my account with joy and not with grief. The minds of the hearers appeared to be as deeply solemnized as my own. In the afternoon, I preached one of the last sermons prepared for Christ Church: *Ye now, therefore, have sorrow*, &c., as most in unison with my own melancholy feelings. Every thing, on the whole, seemed to be as satisfactory as was expected."

During a few of the following days, he favored several of his correspondents with letters of peculiar interest; from some of which, it is deemed a privilege to make the following extracts. Writing to his cousin Elizabeth on Sunday, August 9, he says, "I write you on the most sacred of days, and from one of the most sacred of places, the study of the parsonage, hallowed as the chamber whence the spirits of Hobart and Lucas both passed from earth to heaven. Looking down into the green and quiet churchyard, the peace of the scene steals into my heart, and I feel blessed with a foretaste of much enjoyment and communion with them. The walls around me have been witnesses to much suffering; but it has been such suffering, we trust, as terminates in eternal glory, and we sorrow not as those without hope. It was, methinks, on the eve of such a day as this, when the setting sunbeams penetrated, with a checkered light, through the leaves of the locust trees that shade the windows, that Bishop Hobart desired to be lifted up to see once more the orb of day, and made some thrilling allusion to the Sun of Righteousness, in whose light he should soon see light. It reminds me of those two stanzas on the Black Prince, in Rob Roy, which, with a little change, might be applied to our great spiritual champion: —

'"Raise my faint head, my squires," he said,
"And let the casement be displayed,
That I may see once more
The splendor of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirrored wave, Garonne,
And Blaye's impurpled shore.

"Like me he sinks to glory's sleep;
His fall the dews of evening steep,
As if in sorrow shed.
So soft shall fall the trickling tear
When England's maids and matrons hear
Of their Black Edward dead."'

The associations with the departed give the place a solemnity and impressiveness, which, with the character of the day, is calculated to inspire tender thoughts. It is good to be here; and I realize some of the advantages to which Young alludes, where he says, —

'The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged above the common walk.'

The stillness of this deserted house has helped to suggest this train of contemplation. The study is the only room, yet reduced to order; but by the kind exertions of my friends, it will soon be rendered comfortable, and ready for the reception of my other self."

Writing to the Rev. Dr. Strong one or two days later, he falls into a similar train of reflection, and then adds, "I have been received here in a manner, my dear friend, to make amends for any past trial of my feelings. . . . May God give me grace to be humble, not idolizing myself, nor being idolized by others. Nothing can be more gratifying than the prompt and cordial terms of congratulation with which I have been welcomed by the bishop, and those of the clergy, whose interests have been longest identified with that of the diocese, as the elder worthies. . . . The only return I can make, will be to endeavor to deserve their confidence. I can truly say, that the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, and that prospects of usefulness are unfolding themselves on every side. Those who have preceded me have made the path of duty easy and pleasant before me. I shall make it my effort to preach sound doctrine, and administer wholesome discipline, and to walk by the same rules, going with them, shoulder to shoulder, in sustaining old-fashioned Church principles, and upholding the arms of the bishop. I trust, in short, to be a follower of those who have gone before, as they followed Christ,

whether living or dead; and especially to begin where he ended, whose great spirit was breathed out here, and whose last sermon was, '*The fear of the Lord*, THAT *is wisdom*.'"

Soon after his settlement in Auburn, he also wrote an affectionate letter to his friend and brother, the Rev. ADDISON SEARLE, who, as a chaplain in the United States navy, was at the time stationed at the navy yard in Charlestown. He had been in the habit of corresponding with Mr. SEARLE, in former years, while he was absent with the American squadron in South America; and had been instrumental, with other friends, in procuring his situation at the navy yard. While there, they were on terms of great intimacy; and Mr. SEARLE, being a warm-hearted and devoted man, always held himself in readiness to assist the rector in his official duties; and no man ever occupied the desk and pulpit with more general acceptance to the congregation. Before closing this memoir, occasion will be found to record the melancholy death of this worthy servant of God, at sea, on board the squadron in the Mediterranean. A letter, dated August 13, expresses many of the sentiments already cited. He then adds, "It is a grateful transition to live in a land where one may preach Catholic doctrine without exciting suspicion as to the soundness of his Protestantism; where Churchmen, as Dr. Johnson says, are not frightened by what is no longer dangerous, 'eaten up with a morbid dread of Popery, when the land is almost swallowed up of Presbytery, and crying, Fire! fire! in Noah's flood.' Yet do not suppose that I can ever forget the dear friends I have left behind. My heart turns aback, as I muse of the happy hours which I have spent at your kind and generous board. I am anticipating with great delight the comforts of housekeeping, and hope, at some early day, to have an opportunity of reciprocating your proverbial hospitality, and being smoked at my own table as freely as I ever was at yours. 'Though, to be sure,' as Dr. Johnson again says, 'it *is* a shocking thing, this blowing smoke out of our own mouths into other people's eyes, mouths, and noses, and having the same thing done to us.'" A loving rebuke of his good brother's inveterate habit of smoking.

His letters to his father at this period are generally of a free and familiar nature, and are chiefly occupied with his private affairs, and especially his contemplated nuptials and domestic arrangements, from which, and from the prospects of happiness and usefulness in his new pastoral relations, he was very naturally anticipating a large amount of enjoyment. Still, in reference to his parochial concerns, he could not forget, amid the warm congratulations of his new friends, the salutary lesson which he had learned in his recent bitter experience — that the few persons in his late cure who were the first to betray symptoms of disaffection, and to

endeavor to spread that disaffection, were among the most enthusiastic of his admirers on his settlement in Christ Church.

From his casual correspondence, however, a few extracts may be made. August 10, he writes, "I went to Geneva on Wednesday. Passed for the first time the Cayuga bridge, — as famous in history as the bridge of Lodi, — the candidate for governor, in every political campaign passing it, in a figure of speech, with so many thousand majority, east or west. It is more than a mile in length. The waters have a sea-green hue, and the landscape would inspire volumes of sentiment, if it were only European." He found Geneva as picturesque and romantic as he expected from the description of travellers, and cites Percival's line, "On thy fair bosom, silver lake," as a representation of the beautiful sheet of waters, on the shores of which the village stands. The college was then comparatively in its infancy, and the number of graduates at this commencement was small. "If," he says, "their heads were not as full of learning as the Oxford students, their square caps were at least as large, and their gowns as graceful." He met on this occasion the two bishops of New York, with some thirty of the clergy, and had, as he remarks, "a pleasant time at the bishop's, whose seat is delightfully situated on the banks of the lake."

Monday, August 17, he writes, "We had three services yesterday, and a pleasant catechizing round the chancel. The lambs have been well fed, and my predecessors have made my path very pleasant and plain before me. I trust to follow them as they followed Christ."

On the following day he addressed a letter to his mother, enclosing the subjoined stanzas, written in anticipation of his approaching nuptials: "As the time draws on, dear mother, when I am to change my condition, and enter into the holy state of marriage, I long to comfort you with the assurance that no movement has been made in so important a matter but in the fear of God, and with mutual prayers to him, that he would be pleased to go along with us, in our entering in, and passing through, this state. The companion whom he has chosen for me promises to become a great blessing and comfort to me; a sharer in all my joys, a refreshment in all my sorrows; a meet helper for me in all the ways of godliness. I am sure that you will dearly love each other, and that she will indeed be to you as a daughter. . . . I need not say how deeply it enters into all my plans, to think how much pleasure this or that arrangement will afford you, when you come to visit us here; and I humbly trust that we may find together, in some hour of domestic enjoyment, all that earth affords, as a foretaste of the enduring joys of heaven!"

Methinks those joyous bells will ring
In my rapt ear with holiest power,
When I within that shrine shall bring
The offering of my nuptial hour;
And I shall feel the debt I owe
For all the past of hope and love,
Dear Church, that gives so much below,
In pledge of more reserved above!

Though brief the time in service spent,
How long and dear its ties shall be!
As precious and "as permanent
As numbers of eternity;" *
For though no bridal bond be theirs
Who in the resurrection rise,
Yet from their graves "all holy pairs"
Pass to their union in the skies

O, may that worthiness be mine,
To walk hereafter by her side
O'er whom I joy, in rites divine,
As joys the bridegroom o'er the bride.
Together may we join the throng
Who follow at their Savior's call,
And celebrate in mystic song
The heavenly marriage festival!

In a subsequent letter to his father, he speaks thus of these verses: "I sent mother a copy of the maschil, or song of loves, which I had written to the chief musician upon Shoshannim. There is truth in it, if there be no poetry; and all poetry, as we see by holy writ, is by no means fiction. My prayer therein is as sincere as any in the Golden Grove of Jeremy Taylor." In this letter, he cites, with evident gratification, and with a "blessing on the little unsophisticated heart of the Boston medal boy," the following incident: "At the last annual exhibition of the Eliot School," a school which he had long served as one of the committee, "one of the medal boys, in his closing address, said to the committee, 'But comes there no regret with this hour? One is missing from your ranks, whose gently-approving smile has often mingled with yours, to gladden our hearts, and whose presence today we would fain have welcomed; but he has gone to labor in a distant part, and with him go our warmest wishes for his prosperity and happiness.'"

* See Jeremy Taylor's sermon "On the Spousal Ring."

The 27th of August was the anniversary of the death of his predecessor. It was a solemn day to him; and the following lines, penned on the occasion, show the current of his musings: —

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED FRIEND AND PREDECESSOR, THE REV. WILLIAM LUCAS.

Three years ago, dear friend, to-day,
Thy chastened spirit passed away;
And musing in the room,
The last thy earthly footsteps trod,
In walk, like Enoch, close with God,
Light kindles up the gloom.

In all thy steps thus may I tread,
And feed the flock as thou hast fed,
And make my lot my choice,
Till, reaping where thou well hast sown,
At harvest home, before the throne,
I may with thee rejoice! W. C.

St. Peter's Parsonage, Auburn, *August* 27, 1840.

The next letter, in point of date, from which a few extracts are taken, is addressed to his excellent friend and brother, the Rev. John L. Watson, assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston. September 4, after speaking, as he had done to others, of the pleasantness of his situation, he proceeds: "The transition from the excitements of the city to the tranquillity of this rural retreat has not been so strongly marked as I anticipated. My mind has been fully occupied with pleasant engagements; and when it might otherwise have fallen back upon itself, I have betaken myself to communion with those whom I have left behind. Every thing is favorable to systematic division of time. The mornings are uninterrupted, and all calls are expected to be made in the afternoon and evening. I hope to make up for lost hours, and do some study. . . . 'Thirty days hath September,' and two important events call me about the same time: the one to Buffalo, the other to Boston. The first is an *annual* convention, and therefore less important than the latter, which I hope will occur but once in my life. I shall probably be in the midst of you, for the last time in the enjoyment of my single blessedness, about the last of the month. I cannot be more explicit now, but shall be prompt to report myself and my arrangements on my arrival."

Pending his preparations for this journey, he found time, it would seem, to indulge his poetical vein; and the following stanzas are alluded to in his journal as having been written at this time: —

LAKE OWASCO.

"One of the seven fair lakes that lie
Like mirrors 'neath the summer sky."
ENSENORE.*

Fair lake, upon thy tranquil face
The gilded clouds, in rich array,
Reflected pass, and leave no trace —
Types of thy people passed away!
And he who through thy pictured page
Looks deepest down, with rapture sees,
Like relics of that long-lost age,
The glimmerings of dim mysteries.

Well may the statesmen, for such seats,
Resign the empire's helm awhile,
And deep within thy green retreats,
The languid summer hours beguile.
Here Scipio had, in joy, repaired
With Lælius, at the Senate's close,
And by thy shaded strand had shared
The charms of friendship and repose.

Bright visions haunt thy storied dells,
Nor may thy crystal waters drown
The mingled pomps of poets' spells,
And legends of thine old renown.
To fancy's ear they utter speech
In tones unsyllabled before,
And every ripple on the beach
Seems faintly whispering, "ENSENORE!

But one more passage is selected from his correspondence, before his departure for Boston, for the purpose of consummating his marriage engagement with Miss TARBELL. He thus closes a letter,

* Ensenore, a poem, by Mr. MYERS, a young gentleman of his parish, and a superintendent of his Sunday school. The poem was founded on an Indian legend; and the scene was laid on the banks of the beautiful Lake Owasco, the fairest of the seven sister lakes, which lie in a cluster in the neighborhood of Auburn.

September 19, to the Misses Clark, daughters of the late senior warden of Christ Church, who, with their family, had always been among the kindest of his own confidential friends, as well as those of his betrothed: "I would fain speak on any subject, except my late change. On that I cannot trust myself to say what I have felt, and what I always must feel. It has been more in my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, than all things else, save one. Remember me to those whom you know with yourselves to have been especially dear to me. In that bright circle I include, with a tenderness of regard which I am now free to express, our mutual friend, Miss H———. The recollections of hours passed in sweet society with you will be cherished as the greenest spots in the past; and hope ever mingles with them for their renewal hereafter."

Having now made the necessary arrangements for his journey, he left Auburn on the 21st of September, and taking the convenient route, by the way of Albany, New York, and Stonington, arrived at Boston on the morning of the 24th. He had been borne along on his journey by the most joyous anticipations, expecting a happy circle of friends to meet him on his arrival. But, alas! what a change awaited him! Grief had taken the place of gladness, and all hearts were overwhelmed with sorrow. But the story must be told in his own language. Writing to his father on the following day, he says, "How presumptuous are our calculations of the future! How little we know what a day may bring forth! I left New York at five on Wednesday evening, and arrived here at seven yesterday morning, after a most delightful trip, and in fine spirits. I was met near the depot, by a message from Amanda, that her sister Mary died very suddenly on Tuesday evening, by an attack of bleeding at the lungs, to which she had nearly fallen a victim last winter. At five, P. M., she was walking in the street, by midnight she was a corpse! This afflictive providence has overwhelmed the family with grief, and of course affects our arrangements, to what extent I cannot say, but may probably be able to inform you to-morrow. Mary was a lovely girl, of great sweetness and gentleness of temper, naturally, and by the discipline of affliction, of which she had had her share, made still more so. Her health had long been delicate, and her betrothed several years since fell a victim to consumption. She took the most tender and affectionate interest in all Amanda's prospects, and was waiting with some impatience for my return, to decide on the expediency of spending the winter with us at Auburn. Her friends felt doubtful of her ability to take so long a journey; but she herself was sanguine of her sufficiency to bear it. How little any of us thought she would be so soon journeying to a farther land, and the house be the scene of such different solemnities! She looks like one just fallen asleep, and, I trust, in Jesus. The funeral takes place

to-day. My impression is, that it will postpone our marriage for a few days, but not longer. It will make it a reason why it should be as strictly private as I always wished. I shall propose that it be in the house, and in the presence of the family only. It gives a more saddening and touching interest to the consecrated bond which binds us together; and I trust will complete any work which an unfilled cup of adversity has left undone. May it be hallowed and sanctified to us all."

The marriage was solemnized, on the 1st of October, at one o'clock, P. M., in the presence of the family, and a very few friends, the Right Rev. Bishop GRISWOLD officiating on the occasion. The parties, having taken leave of their friends, proceeded as far as Springfield the same day. The next day they reached Hartford, where they remained, receiving calls and congratulations, until the day following. They then proceeded to New Haven, where the bride was introduced, for the first time, to the family at the parsonage, to the mutual gratification of all parties. After spending a few days in this pleasant interchange of courtesies, they again took up their journey to their new home, and arrived at Auburn on the 10th. In his first letter after their arrival, he acknowledges the receipt of a beautiful copy of the Oxford Bible, from his brother PRICE, as a wedding present — a gift on which he set a high value. He adds, "We found every thing as it should be here. . . . Mrs. LUCAS has done every thing to make our situation at the cottage agreeable. The parish also have been very kind and attentive. We hope in a few days to have all matters in order at the parsonage."

The following letter, addressed to a number of ladies, who had associated for the purpose of presenting him with a valuable parting gift, must be given entire: —

ST. PETER'S PARSONAGE, AUBURN, *October* 27, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is just a month to-day since I received at your hands, as the representatives of many dear members of my late flock in Boston, that costly token of your affection and regard, which was intended "to recall to mind, in the sacred enclosure of my home, wherever that home might be, the memory of those who had been connected with me by such hallowed and endearing ties." In the tumultuous and conflicting feelings of that solemn moment, I could not command myself to express the emotions which well nigh overpowered me; and I now sit down, at this distance of time and place, amidst new scenes of duty, and surrounded by the domestic enjoyments with which God has blessed me beyond my deserts, to record the acknowledgments to which my full heart has almost daily given utterance.

May God reward you, and the dear friends whose names are associated with yours in this renewed evidence of your attachment. Highly as I cherished it while I was yet present with you, I could myself have been but little aware how tenderly and proudly I should treasure it in my absence from you. He only who has been suddenly wakened from his dream of a permanent local habitation with those whom he has most loved on earth, who has been called to bid a reluctant adieu to the sacred scenes from which he fondly thought never to have been severed but with life — he only can tell its inestimable value. Amid the salutary discipline of such trials, it reminds him of something permanent and abiding. It speaks of rich and precious affections, which "cannot be gotten for gold, neither can SILVER be weighed for the price thereof." To live in such affections, next to the approbation of his God, must be the highest delight of the Christian. Long may this delight be ours on earth, and after death, endure as the days of heaven. Let me urge you, as it were my last dying request, to continue to nourish these affections at the same holy altar where we have so long kneeled together. Cleave steadfastly to the old paths, wherein you have found rest for your souls. Believe me, that there is not a street, a lane, or an alley, which contains the dwelling-place of a parishioner, to which I do not still feel an intimate relation; and for the dear Church of my first love, God is my witness that I have loved it beyond any other abode, yea, that I have "preferred Jerusalem above my chief joy." There I trust to meet you often in spirit before the throne of grace; there, should God spare my life, I look forward to the time when we shall be gathered together face to face, in my visits to the city of my fathers, and be made more and more meet for our citizenship in heaven. There, remember me in your prayers, that we, who have parted with so many tears, may hereafter, before the sapphire throne, and on the sea of glass, unite in the praises which the soldiers of Him who loved us and died for us shall forever sing in unison!

Affectionately and truly,
Yours, in the best of bonds,
WILLIAM CROSWELL.

Mrs. JOSEPH P. COUTHOUY, Miss EUNICE T. HARRIS,
and the Ladies associated with them.

In a letter of the same date, addressed to one of these excellent friends, he says, "The sight of so many familiar pieces of furniture about us, and so many common subjects of interest between us, make us already quite at home in the parsonage; and instead of a strange abode, every thing, at times, seems to go on just as it might have been doing for the last twenty years. . . . Our house is very comfortably furnished, and we have abundance of in-door

mutual delights. Our paths have been so long, however, haunted by a few, dear, daily faces, that we cannot but deeply feel their loss; and we are vain enough to think that it would be happy for them, as well as ourselves, if they could be with us, at least for a little while."

Here may be added one or two brief extracts from a letter, of about the same date, to Miss CALLAHAN, whom he was always happy to address as his "very dear friend." As the relative of his departed brother WINSLOW, and for her personal worth, he held her in high estimation. "You cannot doubt," he says, "that I must have been deeply touched by the affectionate and sympathizing expression of your feelings, which awaited me on my return to Boston, and by that dear little gift that accompanied them, the *Lyra Apostolica*, ever to be fondly cherished for its own sake and yours, and more from the value it acquired as being one of the favorite companions of our beloved WINSLOW'S last hours. . . . The little book has been a great comfort to me in my lonely hours, and has served to bind us all, living and dead, as it were, together, and in the saints' communion. The two beautiful pieces which BENJAMIN selected with so true an instinct are worth all the rest: indeed, there is nothing else like them; and my wife and I have read them over and over again with increased delight, and a deeper consciousness of their pure and soothing tendency, at every repetition. We seem to hear the voice of the dear departed, who being dead yet speaketh, especially when brought in connection with the very precious relics of tree and flower, which you have sent us from his much frequented grave. I trust, before many months, to visit that hallowed spot, and nourish the hopes that bid us, on God's assurance, to look forward and upward, to the promise of eternal reunion hereafter. Meanwhile, rest assured there is nothing you could have given me which I should prize so highly, and with all the rest, the cross is so delightfully associated."

The following passage is from a letter to a particular friend, under date of November 30: "The wind is blowing a gale about the house, and if I was as near to Christ Church as when we were last together, I should have some reason to apprehend the doom of those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell. As it is, if it should topple down now, it will not rest upon my head, any more than the responsibility of vacating the pastoral chair. Last night, I perceive, the institution office was once more to be repeated; and to-day a new shepherd walks abroad, with the guiding crook and staff of two surviving rectors. . . . If I do not congratulate the present incumbent, I pray, with all sincerity, that he may be strengthened for an arduous course of duty, —

'Having all boldness to rebuke,
And skill her griefs to cure,
And for his heavenly Master's sake
All patience to endure.'

It is a subject, of course, on which I cannot but think and feel much, but on which it is wisest for me, at least, to say as little as possible."

With one more extract, the correspondence of the present year must be closed. December 28 he thus writes to his father: "Since I wrote last, we have been through all the elevating excitements of another Christmas, and the wear and tear incident to the preparation. The materials for decorating the sanctuary are not various in this region, and hemlock is the only available evergreen at this season. The young people, however, made the most of it; and you would hardly have supposed that all our verdure was of the same species, wreaths, and boughs. We had a most delightful day, and the church was well attended. . . . The music was fine and inspiring; and I trust many a soul magnified the Lord, and many a spirit rejoiced in God their Savior. It brought the past very greenly to remembrance, and I was in many places besides Auburn in the course of the day."

A peculiar interest is imparted to the following incident, by the fact that the subject was an aged sea captain, who had been brought up under Quaker influences, and though now, in his retirement, a constant attendant on the worship of the Church, had always looked upon the sacraments as mere matters of outward form, without any binding force or spiritual efficacy: "On Wednesday evening before Christmas, I had the satisfaction to administer baptism to old Captain Gardner, in the presence of his family. It was a solemn and impressive scene, and I have hardly ever known an instance where it was received with a deeper appreciation of the covenant blessings of which it is the appointed sign and seal. He has since rapidly failed. The light flickers in the candlestick, and will expire perhaps before morning. He seems to be dying the death of a righteous man." It may be proper to add, in this place, that Captain Gardner lingered till the 10th of the ensuing January, when "he departed without a struggle or a sigh, retaining his consciousness to the time of his last sleep, and with a joyous hope in Christ, which robbed Death of all his sting. He was buried from the church. The whole population of the village gathered, as one large family, to his funeral; and though, at his own request, springing from a desire to avoid parade and ostentation, there was no sermon delivered then, that duty was performed on the following Sunday."

1841.

Though his removal to Auburn very much increased the number of his correspondents, a regular weekly interchange of letters was kept up with his father. After arranging his file for the past year, he says, January 4, "I have received just fifty-two letters, loaded with the testimony to the passage of the weeks of 1840. They are all before me in orderly array, like the uniform sheets of some well-printed quarto." But he feels constrained, at the same time, to apologize for the brevity of his own letters, and speaks of them as comparatively meagre and unsatisfactory. "I would fain promise," he says, "to do better in future; but I fear I shall not be able to keep my promise if I do. I cannot but feel very sensibly, at this season, the lack of incident and excitement, which used to give such an impression to their passage in Boston, and of which those only who have experienced it can have any conception. Christmas and New Year have passed merrily and happily, and I trust profitably, but very unlike, I must needs say, the same blessed days at the east. I do not wish to make any invidious contrasts; but as one who has tried them both, I can say, that in this respect there is nothing gained by the exchange. I have every thing here to be thankful for, and I would not breathe to another human being what I have said above. Every day seems to be adding to my strength and acceptance with the people, and my ability, of course, to do good. The parishioners are considerate of what is due to the comfort and necessities of their minister; and their way of showing that they are so is quite as liberal, at least, as in the quarters from whence I came. I do not, therefore, commence the new year in a repining or querulous spirit; but you must not be surprised if I fill my letters with nothing more interesting than our own household affairs week after week, of the winter at least." No such apology was necessary. His letters were always a delight to his father's household, even though literally confined to private and domestic matters. But many things conspired at this time to throw an air of despondency over his spirit. It was midwinter, and the rigor of the climate, with a constant recurrence of violent headache, with its general influence upon his physical and mental powers, were more than sufficient to produce this effect. But he still describes his pastoral relations as perfectly pleasant and agreeable, and the parsonage as "quite a paradise."

January 11, on hearing of the sudden death of a beloved young relative in New Haven, he thus writes: "The news of S——'s death was as sad as unexpected. I can hardly conceive of it, or

think of her except as I saw her last, in the flower of youth and beauty. But I love to remember her, and so as I trust we shall all see her again, and in still lovelier grace. Of all modes of bereavement, what so distressing? Her husband has indeed had sorrow upon sorrow, in this and other ways, and I hope these repeated visitations will not be lost upon him. As the years pass away with such fearful swiftness, we should all remember how little time may be left us for the great work we have to do, and act accordingly. I bow my knees to God, that this dispensation may be sanctified to us; that we may meet in bliss, when these former things shall have passed away." After alluding to many other trials which were falling under his daily observation, he adds, "In the midst of all these trials, we have every thing to be thankful for in the enjoyment of health, and in the kind appreciation of our friends and parishioners. Our friends abroad are not forgetful of us, and letters are pouring in upon us from all quarters. They impose a pleasant but somewhat laborious necessity upon us, in the way of correspondence; but, like those of housekeeping, they are pleasing cares."

January 28, he writes: "Monday, dear father, was St. Paul's day, the twelfth memorable anniversary of my ministerial life; and I turned to look down the brief but crowded vista, and marked the illuminated points gleaming on either hand, till it terminated in the gate of THE ORDINAL. 'No man taketh this honor to himself but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.' And when we are all dressed for it as was Aaron, (*Herbert's* Aaron, I mean,) may we find as easy a passage hence, whether it be from Mount Hor or Mount Auburn." The beauty of this allusion will be the more apparent by reference to Herbert's "AARON," of which the following is the first stanza:—

> "Holiness on the head;
> Light and perfections on the breast;
> Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
> To lead them unto life and rest;
> Thus are true AARONS dressed."

The following extract from the same letter is so characteristic of the overflowing kindness of his heart, that it ought not to be withheld. The subject of it has long since passed beyond the reach of earthly censure or praise; and, as we have no reason to doubt, is enjoying, in the paradise of God, the sweet communion and fellowship of his younger brother. "The Rev. —— — ——, who has been lingering around here for the last fortnight, with a view of establishing a school, now that he draws a pension from the fund for disabled clergymen, has bestowed a full share of his tediousness

upon us, and officiated on Sunday, P. M. He succeeded much better than I had reason to suppose, and in private appears to such a degree of advantage, both as a Christian and a man of intelligence, as to confirm me in the opinion I have often had occasion to express, that we are most apt to deal uncharitably with a clergyman who is unfortunate enough to be unpopular; and that those of whom they have most occasion to complain, in this respect, are their own brethren in the ministry of reconciliation. He is not without his faults, doubtless, — alas! who is? — but with regard to these, it is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment. Let me fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are great; but let me not fall into the hands of men, especially when I am old and gray-headed, —

'And days are dark, and friends are few,' —

and those whose sympathies we have most relied on, as being of the house of our friends, inflict the severest wounds, and pierce us through with words like sharp arrows. For my own part, the face of a brother is so rare a sight in these parts, that I have derived good satisfaction from many of my interviews with old Mr. ———."

Such passages as the following are frequently thrown out in his familiar correspondence with his father. Nothing can furnish so clear an index of the devout spirit that ever reigned in his heart. This is under date of February 8, the day after communion. "It was a delightful day, and we enjoyed the services greatly. If ever the heart expands towards all, whether present or distant, who are dear to us on earth, it is as we commemorate Him whose love is stronger than death, and binds kindred minds to each other in the holiest bonds of fellowship. In that spirit, I trust, I have regarded you at those moments, and embraced you in the compass of the petitions that then ascend to heaven." In the same letter he speaks of having written to a lady to whom he had presented the original lines, entitled "The Ordinal," and from whom he had received, at the time, a beautiful sermon case, the first he had ever had occasion to use. As for the ordination, he says, "The impressions produced by those scenes can never be effaced by any through which I may yet be called to pass. I could not but tell her how I dwelt on them, and fed, as it were, on the manna of my past experiences.

Nor was my earliest sermon case forgot,
With velvet cover, and with vellum lined;
The opening collects on the left-hand page,
And on the right-hand those of closing prayer,
With skill imprinted at the Wickham press.
Though soiled and worn, yet not more soiled and worn

Than are the dingy sheets I fasten in,
Oft as I preach contemporaneous notes.
Not so the truths themselves, nor truest love,
Decay and perish, though the world was old
And threadbare as the velvet, and the skies
Be shrivelled parchment at the day of doom!"

February 15, he writes, "Yesterday we had but two services, as I had rather a severe cold, and am desirous to be in full strength for the extra services, which commence with the opening of the Lent season. It is always as delightful as it is solemn, and the more so now, as it comes invested with all the tender associations of the past. Alas! how difficult it is for me to realize, as I look at the picture of Christ Church, which hangs before me, that a year has elapsed since those agitations commenced which resulted in my removal hither. I bless in my heart all those who pass through those ancient gates, as often as they are now open, and trust they still find it, as of old, 'all glorious within.' Doubtless there is reason to believe that none of these things, in the end, will be against me; and it is not they who brought me hither, but God."

The next letters in course to his father and other correspondents contain, among many interesting particulars, a sort of programme of the proposed services for the approaching Lenten season. February 22, his wife, acting as his amanuensis, writes, "Your son has been suffering to-day from a severe sick headache, in consequence of over-exertion yesterday, and thinks it would be imprudent to make any effort of this kind. . . . I think a person must be very strong to be able to officiate three times on Sunday, without injury. He has never done so since he has been here without being obliged to give up one day at least the ensuing week. He had a baptism yesterday, in addition to three ordinary services. Last evening he commenced a course of lectures on Confirmation, as the bishop proposes to visit the parish on the Sunday before Easter. . . . St. Peter's is to be opened for the morning service and sermon, every Wednesday and Friday during Lent. The people appear to be quite pleased with this arrangement, and I hope will derive much benefit from it." To this he adds a note: "I have been preparing myself for the great fast, by passing a day of abstinence. I am just emerging from headache, and can barely see to direct my pen. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

On the ensuing day, however, Shrove Tuesday, he again resumes the pen, and writes to his excellent friends and correspondents, Misses Clark and Harris, in a strain as creditable to his own feelings as it must have been grateful to theirs: "I was in dreamland a few nights ago. I was, as usual in my visions, arranging things accord-

ing to the order of my course at Christ Church, about the time of the morning sacrifice. The sun was shining brightly. A carriage drove up, and HELEN's father [the late THOMAS CLARK, Esq., senior warden of the church] stepped out, in his green and serene old age, and shook me cordially by the hand. He said he must go a little farther, but would shortly return. He was much animated, and desired to have the hymn, commencing 'This is the day the Lord hath made,' introduced into the service. I awoke, and, behold it was a dream! I shall never, however, read that hymn without recalling it. The present season, indeed, always brings him most vividly to my mind. I shall never forget the first Ash Wednesday service in Boston. It was a warm and sunny day, and we opened the windows and door of the old vestry; and the venerable warden went down into the little yard, and seemed delighted with the green and springing grass, as 'lessons sweet of spring returning.' I have observed, on succeeding years, that Lent has generally opened in the same way. . . . I shall be disappointed if Ash Wednesday does not correspond with all past experience. At all events, it will bring up the past; and however thin St. Peter's may be to other eyes, I shall be in the midst of a crowd of invisible worshippers. May it be the beginning of a season, like the joy of grief, sad yet pleasant to the soul — a season of yet more salutary discipline than ever." Before he closes, he speaks of having received two letters from his dear friend COUTHOUY, the last as late as October, overflowing with love and tenderness, "but little dreaming," he says, "of our late severance."

In a letter to his father, March 3, he copies, with much gratification, the Rev. Dr. HOOK's invitation to Bishop DOANE to visit England, for the purpose of preaching at the consecration of the Queen's new Chapel, Ripon; and after alluding to other matters of interest, he adds, "Every thing proceeds smoothly and delightfully. We have services at the rate of some four or five per week, including Sunday, and my health never was better. There will be a respectable body of candidates for confirmation, including men and women. I endeavor to preach faithfully, and to commend myself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

March 25, he writes that a clerical friend in New York had informed him that the parish of Yonkers, a few miles from New York, one of the best of country parishes, having a parsonage house and glebe, and offering a liberal salary, would be vacant in the ensuing May, and proposing, if he desired it, to interest himself in his behalf. On this proposal he remarks, "I like every thing in this situation but the name; and if the suggestion had been made a twelvemonth since, I should have been tempted to accept, by reason of its vicinity to all our friends in New York, and so on eastward. At present, I do not think it would be quite fair to entertain it.

There could not be a kinder and more unanimous people than that to which it has been my privilege to minister; nor can I positively say that the climate does not suit me, until I have tried the full circle of the months."

April 7, he speaks of the confirmation held on the day previous in terms of great satisfaction. "The bishop's visit," he says, "was short, but we lived a great while in a little time." Of the bishop's manner of performing his sacred functions, his description is highly eulogistic, but entirely just, as well as discriminating. His sketch is the picture of a model prelate.

On Easter Tuesday he writes, "We had daily service and sermon in Passion Week, two on Good Friday, and three on Easter. . . . The bishop's visit was all that we could have desired, and the happiest effects have followed. All my candidates for confirmation (seventeen) came to the communion, and so did several others, and the largest attendance, it was remarked to me, that had ever been observed before."

April 26, he says, "I have sent, at cousin's request, a few lines, written in the chamber where Bishop HOBART died, to the Northern Light" — a new literary work published in Albany. These lines are copied here from a manuscript found among his private letters: —

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE CHAMBER WHERE BISHOP HOBART DIED, ON THE 12TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1830.

Our house, whereon dark clouds have lowered,
Is once more desolate,
And hushed the solemn chamber where
The good man met his fate.
Pass lightly up the echoing stairs,
And look in silence round,
And take thy shoes from off thy feet,
For this is holy ground.

Here stood, erewhile, his dying couch,
Against this crimsoned wall,
Where, quivering through the locust leaves,
The setting sunbeams fall.
Here last he saw yon glorious orb,
Like his, descending low,
And through the casement pour, as now,
That rich, autumnal glow.

But dwell not on the painful scene,
Nor, rapt in vision, muse,
Till in the sadness of the past
The present good we lose.
No sun could make more golden set,
Nor leave a track more bright,
Than his, whose radiant memory still
Fills all our courts with light.

Look earthward forth, and see, fast by
The oracle of God,
And mark the well-worn churchyard path,
The last his footsteps trod.
Pass through the Gothic porch, and view
The chancel's choicest trust,
Where "all but speaks," in lifelike grace,
His monumental bust.

The pilgrim at Iona's shrine
Forgets his journey's toil,
As faith rekindles in his breast
On that inspiring soil;
And those who trace in Heber's steps
Carnatic wood and wave,
A portion of his spirit seek
By their apostle's grave.

And here *our* prophet's sons shall oft
Their father's ear recall,
And here, on each successor's head,
His reverend mantle fall.
"Here may they hope to fill the breach,
Like him the plague to stay,
While in his thrilling tones they preach,
And with his fervor pray."

Thus, Auburn, shall thy hallowed haunts
Be sought from age to age,
And hither sons of holy Church
Make pious pilgrimage.
And though some bitter memories
Must dash the past with pain,
Sweet village, thou shalt ever be
"The loveliest of the plain!"

St. Peter's Parsonage, Auburn, *September* 12, 1840.

In a letter of May 5, in which he announces, among other things, his intention of making the earliest arrangements in his power for a visit with his wife to his eastern friends, he throws in the following: "I rode twenty miles yesterday, to marry one of my parishioners, and returned with the wedding party, about nine last evening. It was the hardest day's work that I have accomplished in many years. We all thought the roads the roughest possible, except the happy bridegroom, who seemed to have little to do with what was of the earth. We passed through scenery which would have made a glorious landscape in the prime of summer; but it is the greater aggravation to look at such scenes prematurely as they are. Our route carried us by two of the 'seven small lakes' that diversify this region, and which are, in various ways, very picturesque. I have now been in sight of all of them, except Canandaigua and Crooked Lake, which I hope also some day to look upon."

The fondly anticipated journey was commenced on the 17th of May; and passing through, and calling on their friends in Utica, Albany, and New York, they arrived at New Haven on the 20th. Here they remained, busily and pleasantly employed in visiting, until the 26th, when they again pursued their journey, and taking Hartford and Springfield on their way, arrived at Boston on the 27th.

He next writes to his father, May 29, from an inn in Cambridge, while waiting for the omnibus to take him to Boston. This letter is chiefly taken up with a rapid sketch of their journey, after leaving New Haven, and with their reception at Boston, which appears to have been peculiarly gratifying. "To-morrow," he says, "I preach at the navy yard in the morning, for brother SEARLE, and in the afternoon at Christ Church. On Trinity Sunday I shall pass the whole day at Trinity Church." Among other things, he speaks thus feelingly of meeting his esteemed correspondent, Mr. COUTHOUY: "My old friend from the exploring expedition returned night before last, and nothing could have compensated for the disappointment, had we missed seeing each other."

In his letter of June 7, he mentions, as a chief point of gratification, his meeting Bishop DOANE, and attending him on board the packet, the Caledonia, in which he had taken his passage for England, to fulfil his engagement with Dr. HOOK; and after relating many pleasant incidents, he continues: "I was at Trinity all day on Sunday, and at the Mission Church at evening, and have no prospect of any real repose till I reach Auburn again, if indeed I do then. We have both been excited and exhausted, as if on an episcopal visitation. I am tempted, on this account, to delay our return for another week, and the rather as we shall not probably be this way again for a long time."

Next, dating from Auburn, Saturday evening, June 19, he says:

"I am at my round table once more, with scenes of verdure all about me, and the fragrance of our churchyard locusts filling our premises with the most grateful incense. We evacuated Boston on Wednesday morning, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and had a parting salute of cannon and bell ringing." He then proceeds to give the details of the journey, by the way of Pittsfield, Hudson, Albany, Utica, &c. "We find," he says, "all well, with the exception of one case of bitter bereavement, which has thrown a worthy family into the greatest distress; an only child, a fine boy of four years old, the last of several, having been snatched away by croup. The father is perfectly broken down, and I feel that I ought to have been here. With my present feelings, indeed, I shall be slow to leave my cure very soon again. Our people have been very indulgent, and find no fault; but they have had service but one Sunday during my absence; and such intervals of suspension, of course, cannot but do any church harm. . . . In the mean time, while they have been starving, I have been feeding strange flocks, and seeing all sorts of people excepting those given especially to my charge, at a rate which I should have thought very severe, had I been in my own place. Surely, I am delighted to get back. Auburn never looked so like 'the loveliest village of the plain.' . . . I can conceive nothing more delightful than a trip this way, for mother, or any of you, or a pleasanter resting-place than the parsonage now affords, for the end of the journey. The sooner you take up your line of march, the better for all parties."

This suggestion is further followed up in his next letter: "The parsonage is all in readiness to receive you, and all that you may bring in your train; and it is looking delightfully all around us. At the same time, I cannot deny, that the summer atmosphere is, in general, peculiarly damp, and not exactly what I could wish. We sleep, as it were, by enchantment, at all hours of the day, and languor and lassitude beset us. I trust, however, you will not be discouraged, though 'a pleasing land of drowsihead it is, and dreams that wave before the half-shut eye.' You will find many friends here, besides those that you have seen; and your coming is looked for with great expectation."

A letter of the 6th of July contains an amusing sketch of the manner in which the anniversary of American independence had just been celebrated; but only one or two short passages are cited, merely for the purpose of showing how innocently a clergyman may subject himself to unmerited censure, and how utterly impossible it is for associated bigotry to change its character. "On the 4th," he says, "Auburn was any thing but a deserted village. All Cayuga county was here. We had two celebrations. The regular 'old line,' appealing to the whole community, at which I officiated. . . .

The tee-totallers collected all their strength for an opposition display, and of course greatly outnumbered us. Indeed, it required no little moral courage to appear in what was stigmatized as the 'drunkards'' procession; for so they honored our celebration; and the Presbyterian minister, who was to have been associated with me, backed out, at the eleventh hour, having been frightened by some of his fanatical parishioners." He does not close this letter without once more urging forward the visit of his parents: "We are all delighted at the prospect of seeing mother and yourself here so soon, and trust that nothing will prevent you from effecting our hearts' desire. The visit will not only do you good, and us of the parsonage, but is an event in which the parish manifest a very lively interest."

All the satisfaction here anticipated was probably derived from the arrival of the visitors at the parsonage. They were received with every demonstration of dutiful affection by their son and daughter, who, with their friends and parishioners, were indefatigable in their exertions to render the visit pleasant. The following day being Sunday, the public services were rather unequally divided between the rector and his father — the latter being persuaded to occupy the pulpit both morning and afternoon, and to bear his part in the other duties. The next two days were spent in interchanging civilities with friends, and in visiting some of the prominent objects of curiosity and interest in the village and vicinity. The state prison with its seven hundred convicts, laboring in their several trades and occupations, though a dismal spectacle, was not to be passed by. But it was to the attractive scenery in the neighborhood that the visitors' attention was most pleasantly called. Owasco Lake, with its enchanting shores of hills and groves, and Skeneateles Lake, with its tasteful village, were among the places which they found time to visit. But in the midst of this brief enjoyment, the rector was summoned away on Tuesday night to Rochester, on a most unwelcome duty. He was appointed by the ecclesiastical authority on a court of inquiry, to investigate certain charges of a scandalous nature, which had been preferred against a presbyter of that place. He was detained the whole of the next day in examining witnesses, and the investigation resulted in presenting the offender for trial. It may be sufficient to say of the case, that it cost him a good deal of anxiety and pain; and although he indulged, at first, a charitable hope that the accused might prove his innocence, this, unhappily for the Church, and for the accused, was not the case. He hastened back to Auburn on Thursday night; but only in time to take leave of his parents and other friends, who had no alternative but to take their departure in the midnight train.

In a familiar letter to his friend Couthouy, July 24, he urges him to escape from the heated walls and stifled thoroughfares of the city, and cool off in some such rural retreat as Auburn. He admits

that, even there, it is warm enough. But he says, "I can lead you to cool and sunless groves hard by, which are a refreshment to think of, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. You will find that I have some passion left yet for natural history, and will accompany you on such exploring expeditions as will be for your health and recreation. Several parties of our friends have been already here, this summer, and find it very tolerable. My father and mother were among the last. They spent a few delightful days with us."

In turning again to his correspondence with his father, it may be well to note one of those melancholy and striking transitions from light to shade, to which bitter experience had made him no stranger. It was at a moment when they were enjoying a most welcome visit from his wife's sister ELMIRA, that a gentleman arrived from Boston with the startling intelligence that Mrs. TARBELL, their mother, had been taken suddenly and dangerously sick, and that her case was such as to require the immediate return of her daughter. This was but a prelude to the painful result. Mrs. TARBELL died on the 7th of August; and he announces the event in a style which the bereaved will well know how to appreciate. "My wife," he says, "has borne up very wonderfully under the shock. She feels, of course, as an affectionate child cannot but feel under such a bereavement. She has been called to pass through many trials, within a few short months; but what trial is there like the loss of a mother, and such a mother especially as she now mourns? Mrs. TARBELL was a most excellent and exemplary lady, in all the relations of life, and her virtues endeared her to all who knew her, and will be cherished, as their choicest legacy, by her family. . . . ELMIRA arrived home about twenty-four hours before her death, and was gratified with an opportunity of seeing her in the full possession of all her powers, and in the calm and Christian contemplation of her approaching dissolution."

But this cloud of sorrow had scarcely crossed his path before he was permitted again to enjoy a gleam of light from another branch of his family connections. He announces, in a letter of the 16th of August, the welcome intelligence of the birth of his father's first grandchild, a son of his brother SHERMAN CROSWELL, of Albany. On this occasion, he falls into a train of pleasant and appropriate reflections, citing the language of the Psalms and the classics, to show the blessedness of those whose "children are like the olive branches round about their table."

> "Sons in our prime, no shaft so bright;
> Blest he who fills his quiver so;
> They unabashed may claim their right,
> And in the gate defy their foe."

After attending the convention of the western diocese of New York, at Utica, he thus alludes, in a letter of September 3, to a malady, from which he was seldom or never exempt for any considerable length of time. As an apology for delaying his letter, he says, "Two or three of the days generally devoted to correspondence have been given up, I find, to the headache, which still haunts me, and follows as the night the day, or as effect grows out of cause, after any overdoing or excitement." And he afterwards adds, "I am sometimes disposed to ascribe my headaches to being overworked, and in study I trust I have something to show for myself." Such admissions are not often found in his letters, as they were sure to call forth from his friends the most earnest expostulations to desist from such labors as might be deemed excessive. But from his private journal it appears that these attacks were not only frequent, but in many cases extremely distressing.

Speaking incidentally at this time of the great amount of his correspondence, he says, "This is the seventh long letter I have sent off within a few days, and I sometimes think, if I had made a circular of them, I might have made one good letter, instead of spoiling half a dozen." It is to be presumed, however, that his correspondents formed a very different estimate of the value of their respective letters, and that neither of the seven would have been willing to merge an exclusive claim in the general property of a circular. Among these letters, one is found addressed to his friend Couthouy, who, it seems, had been waiting rather impatiently for a response to one of his own communications. He acknowledges the receipt of this letter in highly flattering terms, and begins by remarking, "From what I learn from Cambridge, I should infer that you had been ravenous for a reply. In such a case, I must deal with you as a skilful leech does with a morbid appetite, which is sometimes, you know, a shocking bad symptom — put you on severe diet and short allowance, administering very little at a time, and that not very often, keeping all high-seasoned and exciting dishes out of your reach, and feeding you with a sort of water-gruel messes. *Ecce signum!*" He proceeds in a similar vein; but the entire letter is so full of local, private, and personal allusions and anecdotes, that it cannot be spread on these pages.

Having concluded to attend the opening of the session of the General Convention at New York, on the 6th proximo, he writes, September 23, "As I attend the convention simply as a member of that large and respectable branch known as the *third* house, my duty to my constituents will not require me to be present during the whole session. I only propose to leave here on Monday, stay just long enough to set you well a-going, and return to my place on the Saturday following." All this was accomplished, so far as the commencement was concerned. He was present on the assembling of

the convention, and derived great enjoyment from the service. He met great numbers of his friends, and had an opportunity to spend much time with his father, who was among the delegates to the convention. He left New York on Friday, taking abundant time, as he supposed, to reach home on Saturday. But in consequence of an unfortunate detention of the boat on the river, he did not arrive in Auburn until Sunday, and at too late an hour for the morning services. In the afternoon, however, he opened his church, and though quite indisposed from a severe cold, resumed his duties. "I found all well here," he says, in a letter to his father, "and my wife had set the house in fine order. I realized more strongly than ever, when I reached it, that there is no place like home." Writing again, he says, "It would of course have given me great delight to have extended my visit to New Haven; but, as it was, I crowded into the week rather more than it could hold, and more than was good for me bodily. The wear and tear of travel, by night and day, affect me more than some journeyers, and do not seem to diminish by any experience I have had of it."

The following extract from a letter of November 16 is worth recording, as foreshadowing a policy which the Church has since found it expedient and necessary to adopt, in her efforts to extend the gospel in the far west: "I am sorry to hear such melancholy tidings of young PRINDLE.* I have the impression that he had not stamina enough to hold out long under the weight of the ministry any where. But our frontier service is truly full of peril to an eastern constitution especially; and in the climate of Missouri, like that of India, it would seem that labor is death. I see by the Churchman that many of Bishop KEMPER's new recruits have withdrawn rather abruptly from positions so full of danger, and which in no respect, I presume, can be regarded as inviting fields of duty. Unless the sons of the soil can be educated on the spot for the work, I fear there will be but a small chance of a satisfactory supply for the demands which the great west so urgently presents for meeting her spiritual necessities."

At about this time he speaks of having received an intimation that his services might be wanted in another part of the diocese, and says, "I am perfectly satisfied that the western diocese has nothing more inviting in its borders than this parish. I shall endeavor to seek no other country, except a heavenly; though not without the secret longing to return one day to the familiar haunts of New England." This is followed by another characteristic passage: "I have been invited to deliver a poem at Geneva, at the next commence-

* The Rev. CHARLES PRINDLE, who was sinking under a fatal disease, contracted in his western mission.

ment; which I have thought proper on consideration to decline, for good and sufficient reasons, as I regard them. I appreciate notwithstanding, very highly, the honor conferred upon me by this flattering invitation, and have expressed myself accordingly."

In a subsequent letter, after hearing of the death of Mr. PRINDLE, he writes, "Though I knew but little of Mr. PRINDLE, it was enough to make me deplore his loss to the Church; and I can think what a pang it must cost the now desolate and aged heart whose chief hope he was. As one who was faithful over few things, he has doubtless entered into the joy of the Lord; and those who know the trials of a long ministry, might almost envy his early removal. How true and touching is that thought of Southey! —

'Happy he
Who to his rest is borne
In sure and certain hope,
Before the hand of age
Has chilled his faculties,
Or sorrow reached him in his heart of hearts.'

We have many like daily instances of mortality among the clergy to teach us how frail we are — the earliest summoned, and the latest spared. The aged Bishop MOORE's turn has come at last, unexpectedly, I presume, to all but himself. At General Convention, he was the very picture of a green old age. He was like a shock of corn in his season, and was gathered to his fathers in the ripeness of his graces, and with a heart younger than his years. May our sun make as serene a set, and our lot be with his and that of all those who depart hence in the Lord."

In a letter to his friend COUTHOUY, of December 14, he speaks of some of his occupations after this manner: "Pleasant as my parish is, I am delighted to tell you that it is no sinecure, though that *is* among the reasons why I do not write oftener. Being the only minister of the apostolic succession among a crowd of preachers of the Independent and Presbyterian *invention*, and what Father HASKELL, in his visit to me last summer, called the Baptist *dis*order, and not being of particularly bad report among the people, my services are in considerable request for extra occasions. On Thursday last, our Thanksgiving day, I preached, in part, on undue festivity, and was obliged to reduce my precepts to practice, by leaving immediately after service, without food or drink, in a drenching rain, to attend a funeral and preach a sermon at a little settlement ten miles distant, on the canal, called Port Byron, like *lucus a non lucendo*, perhaps because there is nothing *portly* or *poetical* about it. But you know we have *first-rate names* in this part of the world, if we have nothing

else. The highways, you have some reason to remember, are not *royal* roads; the soil is quite too fertile for that; but you can hardly begin to conceive the state of the by-ways, when that same dust which was so deep last summer has been soaked to the centre by this abundant moisture, and our freedom thus far from any thing like severe frost. It was quite a different affair from riding out to Lee Vale to take a Thanksgiving dinner. I *did* realize, however, that it is better to go to the house of mourning than that of feasting; and I returned in season to share the hospitalities of the excellent parishioner, where my wife was spending the day." He remarks, before he closes, "I have declined being poet at Geneva College next year, on the ground of being preacher of the muses." He acknowledges, however, that he has been induced, by his cousin of the Albany Argus, to prepare another New Year's ode for that paper.

The pleasure is here indulged of transcribing a long extract from a familiar letter of December 15, addressed to one of the Misses Clark, with whose family he cherished the most intimate and affectionate relations to the day of his death: "H———s' letter, dear L———, came yesterday, like a gleam of sunshine in the midst of those dark and gloomy days, which, though remarkably mild for the season, seem to be shut in from morning to night with a dull drapery of perpetual cloud, making their proverbial shortness still shorter. Though we rise early, and late take rest, little is accomplished in the interval except the most pressing duties. The anticipation of seeing H——— herself here in person is, you may be sure, a very pleasant one to entertain; and the reality will help to abridge the winter more than I can well express. I leave that to my wife to tell; and in the mean time, you must do what you can in the way of letters to prevent our isolation here. I rejoice to inform you that the ark of God's magnificent and awful cause intrusted to me continues to ride on prosperously, and I trust because of its truth and righteousness. The return of the solemn Advent season seems to have been productive of deep spiritual impression on the hearts of the people; and my own has not, I hope, been insensible to the reaction. Much as I have yet to learn in the discharge of my momentous ministerial responsibilities, I cannot but be happily, though humbly, conscious that God has taught me, in these last years, how to apply his truth less as one who runs uncertainly, and to fight less as one that beateth the air. . . . The associations of the time carry me back to all the annual round of other days, and the loved and lost, the living and the dead, with whom we have made, and — precious hope! — are still, one communion."

His last letter for the year to his father is hasty, sketchy, and desultory, with many private and confidential allusions; from which, however, one or two passages are detached. He mentions the

departure of a delegation to attend the celebration of the completion and opening of the Great Western Railroad from Boston, via Albany, to Auburn, and adds, "I was invited to accompany the party, and would gladly have done so at any other season. At present, I can hardly be spared for a day. Meanwhile I share in the general enthusiasm; and if we have no particular cause to exclaim, with William Howitt, 'Thank God for mountains!' we have reason to thank him for railroads. We sent several sprigs of our Christmas evergreens to our Christ Church friends, to show them that we were only twenty-four hours apart, in case of emergency, and how easy it was for Burnam Wood to come to Dunsinane." He had passed the Christmas festivities pleasantly and satisfactorily, and had discharged a great amount of duty; but amid it all he found time to prepare and send off to the Argus what he calls "a versification of proverbial philosophy, under the guise of Poor Richard, Jr., earnestly hoping, however, that it might be superseded by rhymes of a more sportive strain." In this hope, it will be seen, he was disappointed. The verses appeared in the Argus on the first of January; and from thence are transferred to the opening record of the year.

1842.

FROM THE DESK OF POOR RICHARD, JR.

A happy New Year, patrons, friends!
Incline a gracious ear
To what Poor Richard, junior, sends
To prove his wish sincere;
And do not grudge, he says, to take
Out of his earthen jar
True treasures, for the giver's sake,
If they true treasures are.

As pure, through Bozra's shallowest stream,
Oft glitter grains of gold,
And fair the blessèd flowerets gleam
From sods all dull and cold;
So those who prized old Richard's prose,
Will not to-day disdain
Whatever wholesome precept glows
Beneath the carrier's strain.

Ye who would change these evil days,
And have them truly blest,
Must make, in ancient Richard's phrase
Of every thing the best:
And each, though knowing but in part
The mystery of sin,
Must cure, in his own evil heart,
His evil's origin.

The secret is, Poor Richard says,
But understood by few,
That they have happiest New Year's days
Who have the most to do:
The poor rejoiceth in his tasks,
With present good content,
And sweet his daily bread who asks
But to be innocent.

He little knows the bitter cost
At which the rich increase;
The hours of sweet composure lost,
And compensating peace;
He little knows their waking toils,
Their visions of distress,
Who dream, amid their hoarded spoils,
Of fortune's fickleness.

Cups strive to hold, Poor Richard writes,
The bucket's draught in vain;
Nor can man's straitened appetites
More than their fill contain.
Enjoyment has its bounds, though deep
Be wealth's unfailing spring,
And all our chiefest comforts keep
In moderation's ring.

Labor to pleasure giveth zest
Which gold can never win;
Cheap recreations are the best,
And none so dear as sin.
True joy is where yon visitant
Some broken spirit cheers,
And where the pale, lank cheek of want
Is wet with grateful tears.

A bold, bad man, or fool, is he
Who dare the cup refuse

Which mercy mixeth lovingly,
And would his neighbor's choose.
We know the worst of what we are,
But not another's curse;
And certain bad is better far
Than dread of something worse.

Poor Richard knows full well distress
Is real, and no dream;
And yet life's bitterest ills have less
Of bitter than they seem.
Meet like a man thy coward pains,
And some, be sure, will flee;
Nor doubt the worst of what remains
Will blessings prove to thee.

And thou, whose days abundance bring,
Give needy men their due;
Who saves the poor from suffering,
May save from sinning too.
And be thou slow to wield the rod
When others do thee wrong,
And bear a while with them, when God
Hath borne with thee so long.

On you alone, of lily kind,
Effeminate and pale,
Who idle in the summer wind,
Poor Richard fain would rail,
Because ye have not toiled and spun
As sister lilies might,
Nor are ye wise as Solomon,
Though gaudier to the sight.

Your only place, ye well-arrayed,—
Poor Richard thinks,—for whom
The world is under tribute laid
For finery and perfume,
Soon as your saponary hair
Is long enough to braid,
Should be with some man-milliner,
To learn a genteel trade.

These are a few of Richard's rules;
Nor does he much expect
To found, amid the rival schools,
A very numerous sect;

Nor will he longer moralize,
Lest he should prove severe;
Enough is said to help the wise
To make a happy year! ——

January 1, 1842.

While thus throwing off, for the amusement and instruction of the readers of the Argus, these quaint versifications of Poor Richard's proverbial philosophy, he was apparently indulging in a sweeter and sublimer strain, for the solace of himself or some distant friend. The following stanzas are found in their first rough draught among some loose manuscripts, without any date, and have probably never appeared in print: —

My muse is no migrating bird,
Nor one that sleeps the cold away;
But in her parlor cage is heard
Still piping her perennial lay.
While o'er the sea her tribes retire,
She, like some patient editor,
Keeps, from the prison by the fire,
The household in a cheerful stir.

What dearer lesson to impart
To murmuring minds than her rich song? —
"Abate no jot of hope or heart,
Though days grow short, and cold grows strong.
Though pent up in a straitened room,
Break out, like me, in merriest strain,
And rise above the circling gloom
Till better days come round again."

How much we need such song of cheer,
He will not ask, who looks, I ween,
Where through the portals of the year
The wintry world without is seen;
He will not ask who sees the sky
Lowering with grim and murky face,
Or hears the boding frost-wind sigh
Around his ice-bound dwelling-place.

He will not ask who sees the crowd,
In twilight dim, so hurrying past,
All muffled to the eyes, and bowed
Before the keen and biting blast;

He will not ask who promptly goes,
On such a night, at duty's call,
Mid hail, and sleet, and drifting snows,
And storm-drops freezing as they fall.

He will not ask who has to do,
These dismal times, with suffering men,
And follows famine's ghastly crew
To misery's cold and squalid den,
Where fires are out, or burning low,
And through broad chinks and broken panes
The scythe-like air sweeps to and fro,
Curdling the life-blood in the veins.

He will not ask who climbs the stair,
Where, reft of fuel, fire, and food,
A mother sits, like wan despair,
Benumbed amid her huddling brood;
Where hopeless woe and hunger steel
To every form of ill the mind,
Half crazed by sense of what they feel,
And fear of what is worse behind.

O, wouldst thou keep thy heart in tune
'Mid fireside joys, thy spirit lift,
Like song of bird in gay saloon,
Or blossoms in the snowy drift;
With deeds of love thy joys expand,
And deal the blessings of thy lot
On every side, with generous hand,
To aching throngs that have them not.

Go, warm the cold; go, clothe the bare;
Go, feed the starved ones at thy door;
And let the empty-handed share
From out thy basket and thy store;
Go, wipe from misery's eye the tear,
Take by the hand affliction's son,
And happy shall be all the year
That is thus happily begun.

Go, give the sick and weary rest;
Gladden the cells where prisoners lie;
Pour balm and oil in wounded breast,
And soothe the soul about to die.

Go, where thy name a blessing draws
From rescued lips, on such employ;
Partake the bliss of those who cause
The widow's heart to sing for joy.

Do thus, and thou shalt go to rest
With music round thy midnight bed
And, blessing, shall be trebly blessed
For each such soul thus comforted.
Thy sun shall make a golden set
This New Year's day, and be by far
The happiest day that ever yet
Was lettered in thy calendar!

The parsonage, at this time, appears to have been the very centre of domestic comfort and social enjoyment. But still, to complete their happiness, the inmates longed for the companionship of some of their Boston friends; and the following extract, from a familiar letter of March 17, will show how pleasantly that want was supplied: "Since I wrote last, we have been most agreeably surprised by the unexpected arrival of Captain COUTHOUY, having under guardianship our dear friend HELEN C———, whom we have been importuning all winter to visit us, but had received no encouragement to expect our proposals would be accepted. The captain has an appointment to superintend the arrangement of the natural history specimens received at the National Institute at Washington, which will give him employment, for which he is admirably fitted, for the coming year. He spent two or three days here, which were too pleasant for any thing but holidays, and almost too great an indulgence for the season. The prospect of having Miss C——— domesticated with us, for some months at least, has given quite a new aspect to our affairs, and my wife feels as if it were almost like going to Boston." This was written towards the close of Lent — a season during which he had been endeavoring to awaken a new interest in the parish, by an increase of his labors, and by adding to the number of his public services. During these laborious duties he was often admonished, by the recurrence of his old malady, the headache, and by the demands for medical treatment, that his health was probably suffering by these excessive exertions. But every selfish consideration was merged in the desire to do good to others; and he pursued, to the end of the season, a course which he deemed most conformable to his duty to his God and his people. But to show that rest, when it could be consistently indulged, was most welcome to him, it is only necessary to cite a single passage from his letter dated Monday in Easter week: "The labors of the Lent season are now fairly over,

and we can once more breathe freely." Speaking of parish matters, he says, "At our parish meeting, to-day, the best spirit seemed to prevail. At my suggestion, we had a statement of the moneys raised and disbursed by the parish since last Easter printed and distributed in the pews yesterday, for the information of the parish, which has helped to produce a very happy effect." To this allusion to the temporalities of the Church, he adds, "What ought now chiefly to occupy my anxieties is, that the spiritual interests of the parish should not be allowed to suffer in my hands. The bishop writes me that he purposes to confirm on Whit-Sunday. I hope we shall have some candidates."

His several letters to his father and other correspondents, in the month of April, are chiefly occupied with private matters; but the critical remarks on two popular authors, in the following passage, are well worth transcribing: "We have just received from Mrs. Carpenter a copy of Stephens's Central America, the reading of which I have hitherto postponed, since I knew she had it in store for me. I anticipate a large share of the universal interest it affords. I have seen enough only to make me regret that some thorough paleographist could not be employed in deciphering the hieroglyphical inscriptions on the ruins of those ancient cities. At present we are perusing Robinson with great satisfaction, from the entire confidence that is to be placed on the soundness of his judgment, as well as the profoundness of his learning and his scrupulous accuracy. He seems to have expected to find no hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures wherewith to take romantic readers captive, and accordingly found none. The dangers and encounters, which fill so many pages in Stephens and other popular travels, either do not exist at all, or are greatly magnified by a lively imagination. At any rate, they did not make a sufficient impression on Robinson's mind to find place on his record. His work is quite as instructive and valuable to the judicious, notwithstanding."

From his May correspondence larger selections may be made; not, however, without a due regard to the rules of propriety and delicacy. On the 4th he writes, "Virgil, dear father, was great among the ancients for his pastorals; but truly his *pastorals* were nothing to yours, though there is not quite so much *poetry* in these last. There is something better, however. Like Moses, you have the burden of a great people upon you; but your arms are strengthened, like his, in the day of necessity; and I trust, like his, your bow will long abide in strength. As I have often remarked to you, doubtless the labor often seems hard to you, (most men it would overpower,) but it would seem much harder for you not to labor while it is called to-day. For my own part, I often wish that I had more to do here. The cares of the parish do not often sit heavy enough to be really felt. I have preached and exhorted, in season,

and out of season, as some would think; but there is nothing to encourage me that there will be a large number to present for confirmation. The angel of our church will need to have grace, like that of St. Peter, on the first Whit-Sunday, to prick this multitude at the heart, and raise the main question, What must we do? We have full congregations of respectful and attentive hearers; but they are too apt to be 'hearers only.' Men are not forward, as you would suppose they could not but be, to confess the faith of Christ crucified. However, we are not without some examples. We shall baptize to-morrow, probably, several adults, it being Ascension day, and more, I think, on the Sunday following."

The bishop's visit is noted in his next letter, May 17, on which he held an ordination and confirmed fourteen persons. "It was," he says, "a memorably impressive day, never to be forgotten. The number of candidates, though not large, will be, I trust, the first fruits of a greater harvest by and by."

Miss HELEN C——'s return to Boston afforded him an opportunity to address several letters to his friends, all dated on the 25th of May. To his friend COUTHOUY he writes, "HELEN has, at sundry times and in divers manners, visited the haunts of Fort Hill and the Little Falls. Every thing is now verdant and vernal as spring can make. The trees are in full leaf, vocal at early prime, with most musical, most melancholy notes. The robin that in the churchyard builds her nest has been pouring forth a continuous swell of plaintive melody, in lamentation as it were of HELEN's departure. I trow she will think of it sometimes, when she comes across that passage of the old eighty-fourth: 'The birds, more happy far than I, around thy temple throng.' The leaves of the locust are large enough to checker the sunlight that plays on my table, and the dandelions, of the most dazzling brightness and in unprecedented multitude, shine in the grass of the churchyard, like stars of the first magnitude in a dark night, when all the host of heaven are out. I am unequal to describe the scene, especially in my present haste. Methinks the author of Chapters on Churchyards could make a very pretty picture, of inferior materials than these, and in her peculiar and inimitable way. Since the spring opened, we should have been glad to have pursued our botanical excursions a little more thoroughly; but higher duties to the human species made it impossible to attend to the vegetable. As it is, however, I have collected some of the more common plants of the season; and am satisfied, from the few experiments I have made, that much greater perfection is to be obtained in the art of pressing than is exhibited in most herbariums."

To Miss HARRIS, after saying how difficult it is to reconcile themselves to the idea of parting with HELEN, he writes, "We received a most expressive package yesterday by Harnden's express, the

contents of which were enough to make any lady lightheaded. I fear its effect upon a poor parson's wife will be, to make her too proud, both of the gift and of having such friends as the givers. Those who see them cannot blame us for having left so much of our affections behind us, or that we are wrapping up ourselves, and all that belong to us, in such *fine spun Boston notions*. . . . Helen will take with her a copy of Mrs. Southey's Chapters on Churchyards, which I commend to your reading. She is, judging from internal evidence, the author of those 'Scenes in our Parish' which was always an especial favorite of mine, and I think calculated to take captive any heart that has been smitten with a passion for the sacred picturesque, or whose sympathies and tastes are alive to whatever is lovely and of good report. I send you also a copy of Coxe's Athanasion. The author is a youth of extraordinary talent, and his poetry conceived in a true catholic spirit. I do not know that it will make any converts to the true Church, but it will appeal strongly to the affinities of those who have attained by grace to a knowledge of the same more excellent way. Winslow's Remains give evidence of a spirit of the same temper; and you will be glad to know that his memoir, and a selection of his writings, are to be published in the series of Oxford reprints."

In a short letter to Miss Lucy A. Clark and sisters, he writes, "I need not say, dear friends, how much we regret to part with Helen just now, chiefly on our own account, but somewhat also on hers. We flatter ourselves that her health and spirits have of late been fast reviving under the irresistible influences of rural quiet, congenial society, and the vernal visitation of all that combine to make the country attractive and delightful. We feel, however, that we ought not to repine at the decision, or wonder at your unwillingness to spare her longer. Rather let us be grateful that you have allowed us to detain her beyond her original intention; and rejoice to indulge the hope, that it will not be long before we shall meet again."

On the 30th of May, instead of writing to his father, he addressed a letter to his cousin Elizabeth Sherman. This letter is full of reminiscences of his boyish days, which show the peculiar state of his feelings at the time; but only a portion of them can be transferred to these pages. "I ought to apprise you, dear cousin, that I have just been diluting my ink with a little *sharp vinegar*, and cannot promise any thing very agreeable from a pen so dipped in acid. I flatter myself, however, that you would prefer to have it even so than not at all. . . . Do you know that a longer period has elapsed since we have met together than ever before since I left home? We cannot go to you, but you can come to us; and the way is as easy as a walk down Chapel Street, and hardly costs more, indeed, than a morning's shopping." He here alludes, as in his

foregoing letter to his friend COUTHOUY, to the beautiful appearance of the churchyard, and proceeds: "We are all ready, here, you may be sure, as ever, to make much of you. The people I know you would greatly like, and the feelings would be reciprocal. And what more, as the apostle writes, need I say to move you? Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." Speaking, with some emotion, of his domestic cares and solicitude, he says, "There is a boding sound in my ear, even as I write. A pair of robins have made our mornings lively all this spring with their cheerful notes. A few days since the female was missing, (our cat probably best knows how,) and it has been perfectly distressing to hear the perpetual lament of the survivor. These lines tell the rest. They have never before been committed to paper, and should not be seen by other eyes at present: —

All day, from yonder churchyard tree,
The redbreast, mourning for his mate,
Has poured that thrilling elegy,
Heart broken and disconsolate.
Her favorite bough he never leaves;
He never ceases to complain;
But grieves, as if, like man, he grieves
The more because he grieves in vain.

Poor bird! a troubled thought they wake, —
Those notes of unaffected sorrow, —
The thought how this sad heart may ache
With that same bitter pang to-morrow.
I dare not think what clouds of gloom
Upon our sunny hopes may fall,
And in one hour of bliss may doom
Dear mate, and nest, and nestlings all!"

He concludes this interesting letter with a message to his father: "Tell him to set about his *autobiography* while it is yet in his power. We see every day how facts are misapprehended, even by those who would fain tell the truth of their contemporaries. Indeed, these mistakes convince me that there is little confidence to be placed in the history of past times, unless the actors have also been the narrators, and not always then. He need not publish, but leave it among his posthumous papers."

Happily, the boding strains in the preceding letter were soon changed to those of joy and gratulation. On the 4th of June he writes, "I hasten to apprise you, dear parents and friends, that a little daughter was born unto us this morning, and that both the mother and the child are doing remarkably well." He expresses great thankfulness to God for this distinguished mercy; and after hailing, as an auspicious omen on the occasion, the appearance of a *rainbow in the west*, he proceeds: "I need not say that this is a very bright day for us, and that there is great joy in the household, not to say parish, which will be cordially reciprocated, I am sure, by the many dear hearts to whom these tidings will come. Our hearts' desire is fulfilled in the gift of a daughter rather than a son; and in this feeling I am sure, at least, of mother's sympathies. May they both be spared long enough to fill the void long since left in her heart by those who are not lost, but gone before."

This welcome event was made the subject of many pleasant and interesting communications to his friends, in some of which he minutely describes, in a playful spirit, not only the features and the lineaments of the new-born child, but also the disposition and traits of character which were thought to develop themselves, as belonging to her by hereditary right. His next object was to see to the early baptism of the child. "I shall feel," he says, "that consistency with the rubrics and my ordination vow, so to frame and fashion my own life and that of my family as to make them wholesome examples to the flock of Christ, will constrain me not to defer the baptism." The feast of St. John the Baptist was first appointed for the purpose; but as that day proved unpropitious, on account of the weather, "we wait," he remarks, "in submission, for the first fair holy day or Sunday; hoping, however, that it may be as soon as that of our patron saint, on the 29th, not without fervent aspirations

> "That she, marked with salvation's sign,
> May enter on the life divine
> In Christ's appointed way,
> At vespers, in St. Peter's shrine,
> Upon St. Peter's day.

"Excuse me for dilating on this matter as if it were of as much moment as the ceremonies of the baptism of his highness the prince: for is it not in fact of much more moment to me? and am I not speaking 'to kind, attentive ears'? We feel that we can ask nothing more for the child than that she may grow in grace as fast as she grows in favor with fond parental partiality, —

> Making such visions to the sight
> As fill a father's eyes with light,

And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness."

Being again disappointed, however, on this day and the succeeding Sunday, the anticipated rite was deferred until the second Sunday in July, when it was duly performed by the Rev. Amos G. Baldwin, and she received a name which had ever been a favorite in the maternal side of the family. "She will be called Mary," he says, "after the 'blessed among women,' as well as her own grandmother and aunt, of precious memory."

Among the pleasurable incidents of this month was the visit of the young mother's sister. "Delia's arrival," he says, "affords us as much genuine delight as it seems to afford her. . . . We come nearest to being perfectly happy when we have our Boston friends to commune with of the past and future, and to go again to the house of God in company."

In looking over his correspondence for July, passages like the following are found in letters to his friends the Rev. Dr. Strong and J. P. Couthouy, Esq. For the sentiments thus expressed, no apology can be necessary. He wrote as he felt, and few persons can be found at this day to call in question the correctness of his representations. "All things have gone well with me, thus far, in domestic and parochial affairs. Still, I cannot say that our hearts are here as much, perhaps, as they ought to be; and we live more at the east than the west. Indeed, under any circumstances, there is hardly room for the same attachments. Like most of the western villages, Auburn is made up of heterogeneous residents, who have been brought here by accident, and whom any accident may again scatter. The majority of the population have probably been here less than five years, and have not yet found their stopping-place. Of course, there are not the same common interests as in those older settlements, whose inhabitants have sprung from a common stock, and feel as much identified with their birthplace as with their families. But I have said enough to show you which way the current sets; and out of the heart's abundance the mouth speaketh."

In a similar spirit he writes to his mother, and then adds, "It is observed by Southey, that, live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of a man's life. And I know, by experience, that there are no friends like those of that delightful period. It teaches us to cherish our homebred delights, and seems to intimate a renewal of our most endearing relations, when founded on virtuous affections, beyond the grave. May we learn the lesson. With these impressions, let me most lovingly salute all the surviving friends of my youth who are yet about you."

The following extract from a letter to the late Mrs. Dr. SUMNER, of Hartford, is also deeply imbued with the same spirit: "Doubt not, dear friend, my heart leaps up at the summons to join the circle of old, familiar faces at commencement; and I feel like a captive Israelite at the thought of celebrating the feast of remembrance with his loved ones, in his own far-off land. More than I can tell, do I long to see dear Mrs. BRINLEY's face once more in the flesh, and to take lessons in patient waiting for Christ. But it does not yet please the Lord to turn our captivity as the rivers of the south. When he does, be sure we will sing the one hundred twenty-sixth Psalm in brother BURGESS's beautiful version, which, according to my ideas, is peculiarly happy. . . . We indulge the hope of being permitted to follow our hearts eastward in all the autumn, and, before the horizon shuts down on any narrower circle of endeared friends,

> 'To share again the cup of grace
> Before *they* part to Christ's embrace,
> *We* to the lonesome world again.'"

Extracts from the correspondence of the month of August will be somewhat limited. In his family letters he does not fail to keep his parents duly apprised of every thing relating to the well being of the young child and her mother, which, as he could not doubt, would be most interesting to them. He also speaks of his intended visit: "We certainly do purpose a visit to the east next month. My wife will not probably regain her strength till she and the sea are brought together." And to a brief sketch of the proceedings of the diocesan convention at Syracuse, from which he had just returned, (on the 19th,) he adds this item of personal news: "I have gained a great loss in being elected a member of the standing committee, a yoke to which I did not care to be again subjected, after being once released from it in Boston. Whatever the honor might be, it came, at any rate, unsought; and my vicinity to Geneva seemed to make it desirable, at least, to the other members."

In a pleasant letter of August 26 to his friend COUTHOUY, congratulating him on the birth of a son, he says, "I care much less that he should be a '*pier* of the realm' than a pillar of Christ Church in those golden days of her prosperity which yet await every true branch of the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world. He shall not want my prayers that he may be a burning and shining light in the ancient candlestick, and that many may rejoice in his light."

The last letter of the month, addressed to his "dear young friend" Miss H———, is transferred almost entire to these pages, omitting only such passages as relate to local matters or to subjects already noted in other letters. "Our friends come like shadows —

so depart. It seems like a dream that I have been to the convention at Syracuse." Among other dreams, he says, "I am sure I saw the likeness of a form, which, once seen, can never be forgotten — that of the Rev. Mr. ——, who desired me to help him find a parish. . . . I told the bishop he would answer for some parish of moderate expectations. 'My dear friend,' says the right reverend, 'will you tell me where there is such a parish? They call upon me from all quarters to send them *first-rate* men, and they will pay him perhaps three hundred dollars!' Mr. —— thinks he may, without vanity, estimate himself at a higher value than this, and will not probably get any place in this diocese. . . . Since my return from convention, there has been a constant stream of transient company at the minister's tavern; and the entertainment has given such good satisfaction, that we have the promise of almost as much patronage as the American Hotel. . . . This week we have some of our household friends from New Haven and Hudson to make us glad; and last, but not least, young JOHN HENRY HOBART, on his way to Wisconsin, has been spending the night and the day amid the scenes of his father's last hours, and where his saintly spirit seems ever, in my mind's eye, to brood. He is such a son as such a father might regard with heavenly complacency, as he bends from the seats of the blessed in paradise. . . . Next week, if we are permitted to carry the thoughts of our hearts into effect, we shall probably be with you in Boston. We must be three days on the road, and I confess the journey seems formidable. I confess, also, that it seems the more so as I look beyond the meeting to the parting, and the loneliness of the return. . . . We have sad news from Hartford of Mrs. BRINLEY's health. She is very desirous to see me once more before she dies, and I am no less anxious to be there. I hope we shall not be too late. She is one of those who have come out of great tribulation, and is ripe for heaven." To this is added his own introduction to the beautiful lines which he enclosed in the same letter: "I purpose to make a collection of original and selected poetry for the children of Christ Church Sunday school, in which I shall weave some topics of local interest into simple ballad rhymes; and, without being pretending, I hope it may be useful to them and others. I send you one of the many contemplations, in which I often indulge, on some aspect of the same sacred theme, and which I intend to cast into some poetical mould, if not for others' solace, at least for my own. With the understanding that it is to be kept out of the prints, I have no objection to its being copied by any of our friends who would think it worth the while."

CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

"I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is; and thou holdest fast thy name, and hast not denied my faith."

Not for thy pomp and pride of place,
Not for thy relics rare
Of kings, and ministers of grace
Whose names thy vessels bear;
Not for thy boast of high degree,
Nor charms of gorgeous style,
Hast thou been ever dear to me,
O thou time-honored pile!

But for thy constant truth, which still
Preserves, from age to age,
Unmoved, through good report and ill,
The Father's heritage;
Which firmly as the hills remains,
As years have o'er thee swept,
And singly, 'mid apostate fanes,
The ancient faith has kept.

For sixscore years thy lofty vault
With those ascriptions ring,
Which lift the soul, while they exalt
The Christ, of Glory King.
And well might walls, so taught, cry out,
If human lips were dumb,
And aisles spontaneous swell the shout
Until the Bridegroom come.*

For this, how oft my spirit longs
To tread thy courts! How stirs
My inmost heart to join thy throngs
Of earnest worshippers!
For this, how oft, on bended knee,
I ask, dear Church, to see
No drought on other's husbandry,
But much of dew on thee!

* As Christ Church is one of the few houses of worship in Boston which has survived the vicissitudes of a century, so it should be a matter of grateful commemoration that it is the only one of that few that has held fast the profession of its faith without wavering.

Though many have afflicted thee,
And all thy ways despise,
And turn, with gayer company,
To where new shrines arise;
Here let thy children keep their feet,
And do not yet despair
That they who scorn thee yet may meet
Before thy shrine in prayer.

Though cheerless to the eye of sense,
A land that none pass through,
Eternal is thine excellence
Which shall be brought to view.
And on thy gates the stranger's son
Shall, in God's time, record,
"The Zion of the Holy One,
The City of the Lord!"*

The journey to the east, which he was so fondly anticipating, was commenced, after some unforeseen causes of delay, on the 7th of September. It was performed by easy stages, for the accommodation of the young mother and child, and it was not until the 10th that they arrived in Boston. Having taken the route by the way of Pittsfield, he found time, while detained at the Berkshire House, to write a short letter to his cousin ELIZABETH, giving such a sketch of the journey, and the good condition of at least one important personage among the travellers, as he knew would be very welcome at home. "We are all in excellent health. The baby proves, as we hoped, an excellent traveller, and sleeps most of the way. We were prevented, yesterday, from getting on any farther than this by the storm. It was well that we did not. The house is very comfortable, and we have the prospect of a glorious day to complete the rest of our journey." He next writes to his mother from Cambridge, September 12: "It was a bright and glorious morning when we left Pittsfield on Saturday, and the whole route, from the western border of the state to Springfield, exceeds in wild and picturesque beauty and mountain scenery any thing which I have yet met with on our travels. What is of more moment, our young charge was perfectly quiet and well behaved, sleeping away the roughness of the hours. We arrived at the old scene of our labors at half past seven, and were soon surrounded by welcoming guests.

* "Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." — Is. lx. 15.

I had sundry invitations from the highest quarters to fill at least half a dozen pulpits, but had the fortitude to refuse them all, being determined to have the enjoyment of a hearer after the fatigues of the journey. I accordingly visited Trinity, Grace, and St. John's Church, Charlestown, and received most cordial salutations from clergy and laity. I had almost forgotten to say that I baptized, in addition, the child of our friend COUTHOUY, by the name of WILLIAM CROSWELL. . . . It will not be many days, I trust, before we shall have the happiness of presenting ourselves before you, to receive your motherly benediction for ourselves and ours. It will be necessary that my wife should rest a while, to recover her health and strength, which, I am happy to say, has been much improved by the change of air and scene. . . . To-day we rode out to this favorite resort of other days, to pass a few hours with our kind and excellent friend Mrs. CARPENTER; and I avail myself of the short interval before dinner to scribble a few lines. I expect to spend several days here with wife and MARY, before we take up our line of march for Connecticut."

Writing to his father on the 21st, he speaks in the most grateful terms of the manner in which they had been received, both publicly and privately, in Boston. He had been induced, on the previous Sunday, to preach all day in his old church, and was welcomed by overflowing congregations. While on this visit, he was solicited by his friends to sit for his picture; but as his time was short, there was only one way in which he could gratify them. He says, "I spent an hour or two yesterday in having my head taken off by the daguerre operation. The light, however, was not very good, and the experiment not altogether successful. I am to try again on Monday, if the weather favors; and if it be possible to make a favorable impression in this way, I intend to give you the benefit of it. If they do not give the best impression, as Dr. BOYLE says, they do at least transfer the features with the most *frightful fidelity*." After several attempts, the artist finally succeeded in an admirable and lifelike representation of his features, mild, quiet and placid as they then were, undisturbed by the convulsive muscular motion which, in after years, so grievously affected him. Several copies of this picture were subsequently taken, and have ever been held in high estimation by his friends.

From a letter to his father, of the 28th, the following account is transcribed of an event on which but a single remark will be offered: of the sincerity of the ejaculation cited at the close, no doubt can be entertained; and it serves to show how deeply his heart was imbued with the charity that hopeth all things. "Yesterday was a day of great serenity in the elements of this visible world, and not less so in the councils of that portion of Christ's visible Church convened in Trinity Church, Boston. A larger representation of the clergy and

laity of the diocese of Massachusetts was assembled than on any former occasion. After the usual solemnities at the opening of the convention, and the administration of the holy communion, the venerable bishop introduced the momentous subject which had brought them together in a most affectionate and touching address. The Rev. Dr. STRONG, of Greenfield, the senior presbyter of the diocese, thereupon followed in a strain of impressive remark, and moved a resolution that the convention do now proceed to the election of an assistant bishop, who shall also succeed the present diocesan, in case he survive him. This passed unanimously and without debate. After solemn and secret prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in this important business, 'for the which prayers silence was kept for a space,' the clergy withdrew to 'cast forth their lots.' The whole number was thirty-nine, all of which were for the Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, D. D. The laity then withdrew, and concurred in said nomination without a dissenting voice. Whereupon the Rev. Dr. EASTBURN was announced as elected by the unanimous voice of the convention. The testimonials were prepared and signed forthwith, and after another pause for silent gratitude to that Blessed Spirit who 'maketh men to be of one mind in a house,' the convention united in the rehearsal of that ancient hymn of praise, *Te Deum laudamus*. They then adjourned after a short session of two hours, presenting a scene from first to last of the most delightful and unbroken harmony, and nothing doubting that the best thing possible had been done for the Church, and in the best possible spirit. *So mote it be!*"

Having obtained a further extension of his leave of absence, he remained in Boston until the 6th of October, including another Sunday, and affording him an opportunity to gratify his friends, by officiating again in the church of his early affections. On this occasion he preached twice, administered the holy communion, attended the Sunday school, and baptized six children, one among the number by the name of "WILLIAM CROSWELL." This delay, agreeable as it was to him and his friends, was nevertheless the cause of a grievous disappointment, inasmuch as intelligence of the death of Mrs. BRINLEY reached him in the very midst of his preparations for leaving Boston, and at the moment when he was indulging the hope, which he had so often expressed, of seeing her once more before her departure to her heavenly rest. After spending a night at Hartford with their afflicted friends, they proceeded to New Haven. Here they passed a pleasant week; and then, returning by the way of Hartford and Springfield, they pursued their way to their western home, and arrived at Auburn on Saturday, the 15th. "We found ourselves," he says, in his first letter, "much looked and longed for." And after giving a hasty sketch of the journey, he adds, that he had two services on Sunday, and reports himself and family as all well.

And again, in a subsequent letter, filled chiefly with details of his domestic affairs, he says, "We are all uncommonly well; and the child, so far from taking any harm from her journey, seems to be exceedingly profited by it."

Thus with recruited health and strength he is found quietly settled down in his winter quarters among his kind and attentive parishioners; and this again enables him to resume his correspondence, and to revive his poetical propensities. He writes to his father on his thirty-eighth birthday, November 7, "These anniversaries have of late flitted by so fast, that it seems as if they had come at least twice a year. 'Verily, our days *are* as a span long.' I note its passage chiefly, I trust, to profit by it." Speaking here of a new Manual of Family Prayer, which his father was then preparing for the press, he expresses sentiments which will scarcely be called in question: "You will, of course, not omit a birthday prayer in your collection. I am glad that it is to be furnished at so low a price as not to prevent its being a sort of universal manual. It is a happy evidence of the increase of the spirit of prayer amongst us, that such books are more and more in demand. It will, I trust, supply the void which we all feel to exist. Most pious families, out of the Church or in it, begin to prefer, I believe, a simple spiritual form to extemporaneous diffusive exercises, especially when so many, even of circumcised lips, are rather those of Moses than Aaron. I need not say, at any rate, how glad we shall be to use it, and to know in the hours of our separation that we are calling upon God with one mind, and with one mouth also. These are associations which the Church makes peculiar provision for cherishing in all her public services; and it is good to carry them deeply into our private devotional exercises and our household communion."

The following incidental remark is thrown out in a letter of November 14, among many personal allusions: "My head is full of 'unwritten' essays in prose and poetry, on sundry subjects, some of which I hope will be ready for use in the course of the winter." In a letter of the same date, to his friend Miss H——, he speaks still more explicitly on this subject. "My heart, to tell the whole truth, has been set upon sending you some rhymes of the series which I have so long contemplated; but the *beau ideal* recedes like the rainbow as you attempt to approach it, and the consequence is that you have had neither rhyme nor reason." Before dismissing this topic, he says, "Let me not forget to say, that if the editor of the Witness wishes the lines on Christ Church, they may have my *imprimatur*; and if satisfactory, they will, I trust, be earnests of better things to come. With regard to the motto, I approve of the suggestion to strike out the clause alluded to. It grates harshly upon the ear, and perhaps inspiration alone has a right to make just such an application. It certainly would be misapprehended and resented

in Boston, however true it might be regarded of ancient Pergamos."

There is something exquisitely touching in the following passage, which is transcribed from the same letter. The child whose death is here alluded to was baptized "WILLIAM CROSWELL" by his own hand, while he was last in Boston. "Poor Mrs. GOLBERT! as I rejoiced with her when I signed my name upon that little 'blossom of being,' how my heart trembles to think of the grief with which parents feel the loss of a child. And 'yet it is one,' to use the words of my favorite country parson's daughter, 'which ought to yield most readily to the comforts of religion. Though the baby be as fair as ever sun shone upon, it is none too fair for the place he has gone to. When I see how very much evil there is in the world, how much "sin to blight," how much "sorrow to fade," can I grieve that so many frail buds are transplanted by the Lord of the garden to a fairer climate? O, no! Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me; and I do believe he said it, not only in reference to the group of young Israelites then gathered around him, nor *merely* as an encouragement to Christian parents to trust their living treasures to his care, but that his omniscient eye looked round at that moment on the innumerable multitude of these little ones, whom his free grace has, in all ages, called to glory.' I know no more beautiful passage on the subject out of the Scriptures. Tell our afflicted friends how much I think of them in their bereavement, and that I have written out this passage for their consolation. As I turn from those thus mourning for their little one to the cradle at my side, how much cause have we to rejoice with trembling, that, while one is taken, another is left! Graciously preserved through all the perils of a journey of eight hundred miles, she reposes in health and safety in the house where she was born."

But few incidents remain to fill up the record of the present year. Besides the ordinary and current duties of the parish, — including sermons on Sunday, morning and evening, and Sunday school instructions every afternoon, — his preparations for the due observance of the Thanksgiving and Christmas solemnities added much weight to his cares; and the year closed as it had begun and continued, with frequent, not to say daily, returns of the headache. He would most cheerfully have accepted a very pressing invitation to attend the consecration of Bishop EASTBURN, in Trinity Church, Boston, on the 29th of December, had it been consistent with his sense of duty to his people; and coming, as the invitation did, not only from many of his excellent friends in Boston, but also from his bishop, the refusal cost him the exercise of much self-denial. In the mean time, however, he seems to have sought a solace in composing the beautiful pastoral which is subjoined. These stanzas were sent to the Albany Argus and to the New York Church-

man for publication, and from those papers they were transferred to the Christian Witness and Church Chronicle, and perhaps to some other periodicals. They were also sent to a friend in Boston, and to his father, accompanied by this remark: "I send the above, not as a substitute for a letter, but to show you what I have been about, and as an earnest that the sluices are in some sort opened of the old poetic feeling, and that I trust it will flow out to better purpose than of late years."

A CHRISTMAS EVENING PASTORAL.

"Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept."
Isaiah.

My own dear Church, how can I choose
But turn, in spirit, back to thee,
As on this hallowed night I lose
Myself in pensive revery?
For in thy courts a single day,
'Tis good, if, but in thought, to dwell;
Nor may I tear my heart away
From all that it has loved so well.

How sweet to hear at eventide
The pealing of thy silver chime,
In tuneful changes far and wide,
Give note of coming Christmas time!
How richly through the wintry sky
It floats! as if the heavenly train
Sang "Glory be to God on high,
And peace to peaceful men," again.

While thus the vocal heavens invite,
And bells ring out in angel tone,
To Bethlehem let us haste to-night,
And see the wonders there made known.
Thy radiant courts are all a-blaze,
And brilliant is the festive scene,
As when rose on the prophet's gaze
Fair Canaan, dressed in living green.

The wreaths in loftiest arches tied,
The boughs in each deep window spread,
The festoons swung from side to side,
The columns twined and garlanded·

The leafy cross which venturous arm
Has dared to hang the chancel o'er,
Give all the shady lodge a charm
That never met the eye before.

Thus, verdant as a sylvan tent,
Thine old age puts its greenness on;
Thy bowery aisles all redolent
With goodliest smell of Lebanon.
How fresh the branches stand, and thick!
With what a dazzling light, and clear,
Like Aaron's golden candlestick,
Gleams out each ancient chandelier!

And he who looks above the crowd
May almost see, in vision, swim
Beneath the cornice, veiled in cloud,
The mystic shapes of cherubim;
Now, listening to the grateful strain,
Each in his angle seems to rest,
With twain unfolded wings, and twain
Spread crosswise on his raptured breast.

And now a joyous echo rings,
As if the whole angelic row,
That o'er the rood loft poise their wings,
Their loud, uplifted trumpets blow;
And quivering now through wavy trees,
And throbbing breasts, with thrilling sound
Of solemn pastoral symphonies,
A glory truly shines around.

It shines on robes without alloy,
On priestly vestment, pure and white,
And on the shepherd's head whose joy
It is to watch his flock by night.
It brightest shines where hearts once cold
Are kindling with the truths revealed,
And, like the faithful swains of old,
Beneath their gladdening influence yield.

Thrice blest who thus the night prolong,
Who soar on each inspiring tune,
And emulate the "shining throng"
That pass away to heaven too soon!
Thrice blest, who, as the years roll by,
More fondly treasure up the word,

And God their Savior glorify
For all that they have seen and heard!

Though many a friend is dead and gone,
Though many a sainted face we miss,
Long may thy tuneful peal ring on,
That calls, dear Church, to feasts like this!
For whence could joy and comfort flow
To aching hearts that bleed for them,
But for His grace, whose reign below
Began this night in Bethlehem?

To this last verse was appended, as a note, "This was one of the dying sentiments of a late young servant of Christ, eminent alike for his early endowments of grace and genius, whose 'sainted face we miss' among the baptized children of Christ Church, Boston. 'O, say not so,' said he, in his last days, to a sorrowing friend who spoke of having a gloomy Christmas on account of his decease, 'O, say not so, but think what we should all be but for the birth which Christmas day commemorates!' See Bishop DOANE's memoir of the late Rev. B. D. WINSLOW."

To this note it is not inappropriate to add the following short extract from one of his last letters of the year: "I had a kind letter from Bishop DOANE yesterday. He tells me that WINSLOW's Remains have been printed at Oxford, and that he has a copy for me. You may be sure that I shall value it highly. I have many delightful reminiscences of that departed saint, which, if my life is spared, shall in some way be given to the world." Alas! that his life ended too soon — that the work was never done!

1843.

IN one of the earliest letters of this year he expresses his sentiments on two popular topics, which are so rational and temperate that they must commend themselves to the respect even of those who may differ with him in opinion. Speaking of certain voluntary associations of which young men become the most ardent and liberal supporters, he says, "They are not without their dangers, at least to young men whose principles are not fixed, not only in the expense of time and money which they involve, but in the facility which they afford for forming other associations of a different character, and in

drawing off the interest from domestic, not to say religious duties. A tithe of the effort, time, and money which are required to give temporary activity and vitality to objects that perish in the using, would, with God's blessing, go much further in promoting the designs of that society, of which Christ is the almighty Head and Founder, with which we are all bound to be identified, as we value our soul's welfare, in time as well as eternity, and which is destined to survive 'the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.' But I must not forget that I am not writing a sermon, though I feel that I ought to be." Again, with reference to a practice which was then becoming very prevalent, — that of raising money for charitable purposes by means of *fairs*, — he says, "The ladies of the First Presbyterian Church got up a fair in aid of a destitute church at the west, at which, report says, dancing was among the entertainments of a questionable character. Subsequently a sort of rival enterprise was got up for the relief of the poor of the village, which comes off to-night. Attempts have been made to get the patronage of the clergy in behalf of the object, and, with the exception of my own, have, I believe, been generally successful. I consented to read the notice last Sunday, but coupled it with a protest against this mode of raising money for any charitable object. Consistency requires me to maintain this ground, which has not been suddenly taken. I have for years entertained the most conscientious convictions of the inconsistency of these schemes of extortion with all Christian principle, and have further noticed some of their mischievous effects upon those who have most actively engaged in them. I shall probably subject myself to some censure on this account, in some quarters; but it matters little. The time will come when I shall stand justified before men, as I trust I do before God, in this matter."

On the recurrence of St. Paul's day, the fourteenth anniversary of his ordination, he throws off in a letter to his father the following characteristic passage: "Alas for me if I forget the memory of this day fourteen years since! How vividly its transactions still recur in the private watches of the night! How profitably should they mingle with the thoughts of this consecrated day! I shall try to embody the reminiscences they awaken in some fitting shape. Meanwhile their record is on high."

On Sunday, the 19th of February, he received verbal intelligence of the sudden demise of the Right Rev. Bishop Griswold; and he thus speaks of the event in a subsequent letter to his father: "Unexpected as was the intelligence of the death of our right reverend father and friend, the presiding bishop, we were much struck by the fact that it should have first been communicated to Bishop De Lancey by Governor Seward, under this roof, where the memories of Bishop Hobart's fragrant name fill the house as with the odors of precious ointment, and amid the scenes where our

diocesan received his episcopacy at the hands of Bishop Griswold. We had no particulars till the papers of the next day arrived; and yesterday an invaluable correspondent anticipated every inquiry which we could possibly have made, in a full account of the death and funeral. . . . I mourn the loss of Bishop Griswold most sincerely. Not only in our official relations, but personally, he was always paternal and tender; and I shall ever dwell with a sad pleasure upon those hours of earthly intercourse never to be renewed, but to be superseded, if I am but as well prepared as he was for death, by something better in heaven."

This train of reflection was further continued in a letter to the correspondent above alluded to, Miss H——, under date of Ash Wednesday, March 1. "Your letter touching the last things of the dear old bishop was too good, as I thought, for me alone; and I made some extracts for the Gospel Messenger. . . . If I were to begin to tell of the emotions which that event has awakened within me, I should hardly know where to stop. It is most grateful and soothing to notice the universal expression of veneration and respect which the announcement of his death has called forth in all quarters, far and near. Truly, great is the lamentation that has been made over him; and I sorrow with multitudes at the thought that I shall see his saintly face in the flesh no more. May we all so truly profit by the dispensation, that we may see his face again in glory, and may it be our renewed desire and prayer, that we may stir up the gift that is in us, by the laying on of his hands."

The following verses were enclosed in a letter to the same correspondent; not, he says, for publication, and they have probably never appeared in print. He styles them *poor verses;* but of this the reader must judge.

"HOUSES OF WORSHIP."

Pray tell me, is yon classic dome,
Hemmed in on either flank,
Designed for God's, or Mammon's home —
A temple, or a bank?
And tell me why, to human eyes,
No outward signs declare
If it be house of merchandise,
Or holy house of prayer.

The Hindoo pagod's towers are gay
With flaunting banners set;
And crescents in the sunbeams play
On mosque and minaret:

As by the synagogue I went,
Some months ago, I saw
Conspicuous in the pediment
The tables of the law.

But who shall say of this unique
With what it has to do,
Or Catholic, or Heretic,
Or Pagan, Turk, or Jew?
Or that new pantheistic sect
Whose creeds with all accord,
And worship, with a like respect,
"Jehovah, Jove, or Lord"?

O, why should Christian men thus fear
To lift on every shrine
The symbol to their souls most dear,
Faith's sure and steadfast sign;
That swerves not when the vanes are whirled,
The sport of every breeze,
As fitful as this fickle world,
Or fancy's vagaries?

But look on all the neighboring spires,
And see it written plain,
The shape which most the town admires
Is, like its name, *but vain*.
The Cross is still a stumbling block,
And noisy Gushfords vaunt
That nothing but your weathercock
Is purely Protestant.

There were some reason on their side,
If these same cocks could crow
As often as is Christ denied
By those who meet below;
Or could they warn the wavering,
By passion tossed and doubt,
Of their unrest whom every wind
Of doctrine veers about.

At this time some plain indications were apparent that another change in his pastoral relations was seriously contemplated, if not desired. This did not arise from any disaffection between his people and himself. In the month of February, in reply to a sugges-

tion that his services might again be required in Boston, he says, "I confess, as years roll by, I do not feel any less like a stranger and a pilgrim here, and cannot but hope, in the course of Providence, that we shall yet be brought nearer to each other. And yet we should be the most ungrateful of beings to complain of the line wherein our lot is cast, or be otherwise than content with the state wherein we are." He had every domestic comfort, and the affairs of the parish were in a promising state; but he had much to dishearten him. He perceived an increasing tendency to indisposition. His labors were frequently interrupted by violent attacks of headache, and, during the winter, he suffered from time to time from complaints of the throat, which caused much anxiety on the part of himself and his friends, as well as his physician. When, therefore, advances began to be made from the former scene of his labors, it is not strange that he should be inclined to listen. Accordingly we find in several letters to his father and other correspondents, written in April and during the Easter season, frequent allusions to a possible change. Writing to Miss C——, with reference to a suggestion on this subject, he says, "We feel more and more, every day, like those who have no continuing city — pilgrims who dwell in tents, liable to be called to strike them at any time, either for another world, or for another part of this." But in a letter of April 11 to his father, the suggestion takes a more definite shape: "My Boston correspondents write me that the city mission is now vacant, and inquiring whether, in case it were offered me at a salary of one thousand dollars, and with a pledge to erect a chapel within the ensuing year, I would be disposed to entertain it. I have replied, that our affairs here seemed to be at a crisis." He here mentions certain contingencies, under which he should feel absolved from any obligation to remain in Auburn. He adds, however, "It would be painful indeed to contemplate the dissolution of my connection with this parish; and I have every reason to believe that the pain would be mutual. But being regarded as one of the most desirable parishes in the diocese, there would probably be little difficulty in supplying it to their minds; and though not perhaps *given* to change, they are at least *accustomed* to it. With regard to the situation in question, I have ever regarded it as one of the most enviable in the city, as bringing him who is faithful to his duties nearest to him who was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, and who ever delighted to call the poor his brethren. It is not a sphere whose occupations are novel or untried by me, having made myself familiar during my whole ministry with its homeliest details, and become intimate with its least inviting aspects. Though I know not therefore what I ought to ask, perhaps I know the necessity of being bathed in the baptism of his Spirit, who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; and with all the world before him where to choose, laid

his course through the lowest vale of humiliation. May God give us all grace to follow more closely his holy example. Unless I am greatly deceived in myself, I could be more useful in that situation than almost any other; and should be willing, at any rate, to try the experiment, in case it should be expedient for me to go away. Whether I am to be favored with this offer, or whether the events which may turn up here may induce me to regard more favorably my position, a few days will now determine; and in the mean while, I shall be thankful for your godly and fatherly judgment upon matters as they strike you." It is, perhaps, quite superfluous to say that his father not only admired the spirit of this letter, but entirely approved of his favoring the suggestions of his Boston correspondents.

On Easter Monday, writing to Miss CALLAHAN, and enclosing the Elegiac Stanzas in memory of her nephew, the Rev. BENJAMIN D. WINSLOW, already copied on page 234, he thus briefly alludes to the labors of love and charity in which she had aided him during his former residence in Boston, adding a remark fully expressive of the feeling which reigned in his heart: "Rest assured that you are much and often in my grateful thoughts, as I muse on the past, both in connection with him, (WINSLOW,) and especially in connection with that most blessed walk of pastoral duty which has carried us together to minister in the consecrated abodes of Christian poverty and distress. If it were God's will, with all the world before me where to choose, I would ask to enlist in the same service again, and with such helpers." Again, on the same day, in a letter to Miss CLARK, he says, "Brother —— wrote me last Monday, to ask whether I would come if they did call for me, and bidding me write by return of mail, if it were but three words. I did so, and filled my sheet; and authorized him, if he wanted any thing further, to obtain a sight of my epistle to you. I hope I have acted in the matter with a due discretion, and not said too much, nor any thing inconsistent with the trust and dependence on divine direction, which, in so momentous a matter, should be our *first* principle. I have not allowed myself from the outset to suppose that the question was yet at our disposal or that of our friends; knowing, by experience, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. Though I have endeavored to treat the suggestion in the spirit of simple sincerity and good faith, I shall not, I trust, give way to any feeling or any expression of disappointment, however it may be finally settled." He adds, on hearing that Bishop EASTBURN had remarked to one of his parishioners who had recently been in Boston that he was desirous of leaving Auburn, "I confess I do not like altogether the bishop's way of stating the matter; never caring to be classed with those of whom it was said, I have not sent them, and yet they ran; or being desirous of coming to Boston, except upon the supposition that my friends desired me to come."

Again, towards the close of the week, he writes somewhat more at large, to his friend COUTHOUY and to his father, and in language of a similar import. The latter is more strictly confined to the subject. "Though it is Friday in the paschal week, the earth is still very unclean. Nature is far from being advanced in the fairest colors of the spring, to welcome the triumph of the great Head of the Church over the grave: no vernal zephyrs, no green resurrection, to harmonize with the services of the chief festival. The year is a month, at least, in arrears, as compared with the last, when the roads were settled in March, and I filled my vase with early wild flowers before this time. The advancement, however, will probably be more rapid in consequence, and there will be little difference in the progress of vegetation at the opening of summer. . . . The churchyard is at present quite a scene of unwonted activity, being full of men and boys trimming the old locust trees and setting out new ones. . . . I have heard nothing further from our friends at the east since I wrote last. I am glad that your views on the subject correspond with my own. If it were God's will, on my wife's account as well as my own, it would require no self-denial to follow it most readily; and there are very many who would join us in adopting the spirit of the one hundred twenty-sixth Psalm: 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, then were we like them that *dream*.' It is not unlikely to be but a *pleasant dream*, though, after all. There is a great diversity of interests represented in the board of managers, and I am not at all sanguine that they would all unite in my nomination. I hope I am not unduly anxious about the matter, nor indeed any thing else; and would fain take no needless thought for the morrow."

The doubts here suggested of the result of this movement proved to be but too well founded. Still, while the matter was yet in suspense, he continued to speak of it, in his letters to his friends, in the same frank and familiar manner, as if no such doubts existed. On the 2d of May he writes to his father, "Nothing further of any moment from Boston. The delay makes me think that there is opposition to my nomination. This might have been expected. It diminishes the probability of a removal thither at present. I will not go into a divided house, when I can remain here by unanimous consent and something more. I am anxious however to have the question decided, and at once, and before I write again I trust it will be." And he writes also much in the same manner to Miss H——: "I have not been sanguine with regard to the result of this movement; and if I had been, the silence at the east I should have regarded as ominous. I can easily conceive of a great diversity of interests, directly and indirectly, being arrayed against me. . . . My removal at this time would, I am inclined to think, be an entire surprise to the people, nor do I see any indication in their present

deportment that my time has come. Let it only be as seemeth good to God; and let us not, in our impatience, hasten his work to our hurt. In due subordination to him, I repose myself in this matter with implicit confidence in the hands of my Boston friends."

But, aware as he was of the conflicting interests which might sway the several members of the board of managers of the city mission, and uncertain as he considered the result, he was not prepared to see precisely on what grounds his election might be opposed, nor how far mere party feelings might be brought to bear against him. But he was not kept long in suspense. The result was soon made known to him, as well as the means by which it was effected; and it would not be consistent with the plan proposed in bringing out this work, to suppress, from motives of false delicacy, any fact or circumstance which might be deemed essential to the exhibition of his life or the illustration of his character. The circumstances were faithfully detailed to him, and by him communicated to his father in a letter of the 16th of May. "Tidings reached us, at last, on Saturday evening. A meeting had been held the week previous, and a committee appointed to nominate, a majority of whom, after consultation with the clergy, nominated me. Before acting on the nomination, the meeting was adjourned till last Thursday. On opening the subject, Dr. V. objected, (disclaiming at the same time any personal objections,) simply on the ground that it would be 'the rending of Christ Church.' Driven from that position, the real motive was developed — the candidate was not *an evangelical preacher*, could not touch the sinner's heart, &c., &c. This called forth a handsome vindication from brother Watson, of Trinity Church; but there was much excitement and confusion, and the bishop was obliged to call to order. The result, however, was, to defer the choice for three months. This, of course, puts the question at rest so far as I am concerned, and much to my relief; for as time has passed since the subject was first opened to me, I should have been sorry to be obliged to decide on its acceptance. With regard to Dr. V.'s imputation, I should prefer to enjoy his good opinion with regard to my fidelity as a preacher of the cross, especially because I have no reason to believe that there is any real difference between his views of vital and experimental religion and my own. At the same time, I *ought* to be willing, however severe the trial, to suffer a shame and reproach which evangelists (*par eminence*) have been so free to cast on the reputation of men, both dead and living, of far higher claims to completeness in Christ than even Dr. V. himself. Even the piety of our late sainted father in God, Bishop Griswold, did not go undoubted in certain quarters; and one of the editors of the Recorder, who was the first to garnish the sepulchre of the venerable White, was accustomed to the inquiry from one of his confederates, whether the old bishop was converted yet!

Bishop GRISWOLD, I am sure, if living, would have given me a very different character; and so, I verily believe, would many others who know me better. It is, after all, as St. Paul truly says, to be accounted a *very* little thing to be tried by man's judgment, seeing he that judgeth us is the Lord. The project in question has brought out many grateful testimonies from friends who are neither feeble nor few. I think it probable that it will lead to some organization among them with reference to me, in God's good time, and in a way that will be perhaps more inviting in all its aspects." Yes, in this half-prophetic suggestion he was not mistaken; for in the holy providence of God he was allowed the opportunity to "live down," on the very spot where this wrong was done him, the ungenerous imputation of his brother of St. Paul's; and what is still better, that brother, who had permitted himself thus to assail him, was spared to bear testimony, with his own lips, to the injustice and groundlessness of the imputation.

After the settlement of this matter, he confined his correspondence more particularly to domestic and pastoral affairs; and few notes are found of general interest to record. He frequently speaks, in language perfectly natural to a Christian parent, of the growth and progress of his little daughter; and on Whit-Monday, June 5, he thus writes to his father of an important stage in her existence: "In addition to its usual stirring associations, the great feast of Pentecost was the more interesting yesterday from its being the first birthday in our child's eventful life; and it did not pass without a petition for spiritual mercies in her behalf, and grace to live the rest of her life according to iits baptismal beginning." He adds, "With regard to our daughter's proficiencies, it would not be worth while for me to begin to write. I leave that topic to my wife, who generally exhausts her paper-and-pen eloquence upon it, when writing to her sister or some such willing listener."

In a subsequent letter, June 19, after speaking of his partial recovery from a severe cold and hoarseness, which had unfitted him for public duty, he adds, "I have engaged to officiate at Skeneateles on the glorious fourth, in brother CLARK's church, in a kind of service, which he has been obliged, as it were, to resort to, to keep his juveniles from injurious associations. I have consented to do so rather as a choice of evils, as the only alternative was to act as chaplain at a sort of military parade here, and to which I have a most decided and increasing repugnance."

His next letter was dated at Skeneateles, July 8, and though it relates, in part, to personal matters, almost every word of it may be transcribed. "Here we are, wife, baby, nurse, and all, spending a few days very delightfully at brother PATTERSON's *villa*, on the marge of this enchanting lake. I came over alone at the beginning of the week, to assist brother CLARK at his Sunday school celebration on

the fourth. It seemed providential that it was so ordered; for on the night of the third a letter was received, informing him that his brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Lewis, the excellent rector of the church in Mobile, was very low in New York; and Mrs. Lewis, who, with her children, were spending a few weeks here, set off on the morning of the fourth. Mr. Clark accompanied them. It was well that I was here to relieve him of all concern for the service. . . . To give Mr. Clark more entire command of his time in his absence, it seemed still more providential that I was able to insure him my assistance to-morrow — the painters and whitewashers having taken possession of St. Peter's, and making it quite doubtful whether we get admission for yet another Sunday after the next. Under these circumstances, we concluded to avail ourselves of the opportunity to make our long-promised visit to brother Patterson, whose complaints need the solace of congenial company; and accordingly came over, under his escort, on Thursday. The baby, whose teeth have been troubling her considerably, seems much improved by the change of air; and that, together with the beautiful scenery, and, more than all, the kind and gentle attentions of our endeared friends here, is working much, I trust, for my wife's benefit. For myself, who am wonderfully well, thank God, it is a most luxurious enjoyment to be here. To a poetical temperament, the scenery of the lake is most captivating; and the opposite and distant shore, under the magical and varying aspects which every change in the atmosphere and play of the light is constantly producing, seems to belong to some unearthly and supernatural region."

After his return from this delightful retreat, he found his time and attention much engrossed in preparations for the annual session of the diocesan convention, which was to meet in St. Peter's Church on the 16th of August. But this was not all. "In addition," he says, "to the cares which devolve upon me, with reference to the approaching convention, I am taken captive and entangled in my capacity of trustee of the Auburn Academy, whose examinations I have been as entirely engaged in conducting, for the last two days, as if I were the only member who had *any leisure!* It is not yet quite done, the exhibition taking place at the meeting house, where I have to preside, pray, and report, this afternoon." The repairs of the church were now completed; and an addition to the parsonage, which had been in progress for some weeks, was also in a state of forwardness. Writing on the 25th of July, he says, "We reopened our church last Sunday under favorable auspices, and it presents a very satisfactory appearance; and the new part of the house, we trust, will be just about tenantable by the time it is wanted for the convention."

His letters of the month of August, to his father and other correspondents, are chiefly occupied with notices of the convention and other ecclesiastical affairs, from which a single passage may be

extracted. "The Lord gave the word, saith the Psalmist; great was the company of the preachers. So it was here last week. The convention was very full, and, the bishop said, the best that had yet been held in the diocese. . . . There was much anxiety on the part of the diocesan lest there should be divisions among us; but he was wonderfully relieved to find that all, from the commencement to the close, was tuned to harmony, —

> 'From harmony to harmony,
> Through all the compass of the notes it ran.'"

From his somewhat hurried and sketchy letters of September, here are one or two brief extracts. He acknowledges some pleasant visits from his elder and younger brother and other friends; and though he records in his journal an almost daily recurrence of headache and other symptoms of indisposition, he appears to have had much enjoyment in the society of his friends. Speaking of the new addition to the parsonage, which, it seems, included a small chapel for Sunday school purposes and for special lectures, he says, "Our chapel is now completed, and was used for the Sunday school yesterday. On Thursday, St. Matthew's, we open it with proper services. It is all paid for, and the parish is in good spirits. They are thirsting to be instructed in our distinctive principles; and I shall make it my duty to meet the demand." With reference to the Boston city mission, he says, "What you hear from Boston corresponds with my information. The city mission question was settled a week ago. I have just learned the result, but nothing more. Our excellent brother WELLS was elected, and a better choice could not be made. My especial friends would be better satisfied with him than any other, *save one*, who was not to be had."

Writing to his father, October 11, he says, "I have just returned from Moravia, whither I accompanied the bishop on Monday, to be present at the consecration of the new church, that arises, phœnix-like, from the ashes of the old, destroyed by fire last year. The ride was a delightful one in such company, along the eastern shore of Lake Owasco, from one end to the other, making the whole distance about eighteen miles. The scenery, including this interesting sheet of water, with its high and diversified bank, partly under cultivation, and green with the winter wheat, and partly clothed with forests in their tinted autumn foliage, is picturesque beyond description. Moravia is a dear little place — snugly nestled in a sheltered nook, formed by a continuation of the same hills in which the lake itself is cradled; and I almost envied the aged pastor of the dale his rural cure. A kind, simple-hearted, intelligent body of Churchmen adorn their profession; and the services made it a day much to be remembered by its endearing associations."

A few extracts are subjoined from a long and pleasant correspondence with some of his female friends in Boston, Misses C—— and H——, October 27. "I was at Skeneateles, on Tuesday, through horrible mire and clay and many a slough of despond; but I reached the wicket gate of the evangelist's house at last, and in season to take leave of our dear brother PATTERSON, who was about to set out to pass the winter in journeying through the south. He has greatly improved during the summer, but our northern cold is too rough for him. It is sad to part with such friends, for there are none hereabouts that are like minded. . . . I have purchased of him a choice little instrument for the use of our chapel, of a true church-like tone, as David's harp of solemn sound; and the chords which his own skill and taste have drawn from it in past days, so rich and ravishing, will ever haunt my memory. It is a sore trial to think how many tedious months must roll away before we can hope to see the faces and the places that we so much love; and I trust we shall at least draw closer to each other by letter than some of us have done of late." He thus speaks of the city mission as he had before written to his father: "My friends and I ought to be satisfied with the result of the city mission election. Mr. WELLS is, beyond comparison, the very best man for that work whom I have ever known, faithful and true. I am fain to believe that I have lost nothing by that movement in the estimation of those whose opinion I most value; and it has not been without its use, in enabling me to determine who my real friends are." To another correspondent he remarks on the same subject, "It is indeed painful to find opposition, and on such grounds, in quarters where I had least reason to expect it, and from those who have dealt friendly with me and professed great regard. Whatever may be their data, I am sure that there are those 'without,' of whom my ministry has, in past times, had a better report. The Lord judge between me and them!" But before proceeding further, one more passage may be transcribed from his letter to Miss C——: "I need not tell you how all that concerns the old church is as dear as ever. My wife has recently been washing Miss CLAPP'S painting of the interior: I have covered the frame with green paper, to protect it from the flies and the dust, and have hung a green veil before it. Through this it appears as it did in the solemn and pensive gloom of twilight; and I make it, as it were, my Kebla, in many an hour of mental devotion and contemplative solitude. How many who knelt with us in holy communion at those rails are now, we trust, in the temple above, and rejoicing in the eternal communion of saints! A thought of blessing, this, for our darkest hours."

To his excellent friend and brother, the Rev. Mr. WATSON, of Trinity Church, in the same letter from which a short extract has already been made, he writes, "Our local affairs are prosperous, and

all my relations, parochial and diocesan, are pleasant and happy, beyond my ministerial experience at the east, as I feel that they are beyond my deserts. If our family friends were but closer to us, there would be little to ask. I hope we shall draw nearer together by letter than we have done of late, my dear friend, whom I address as one of many to whom I would breathe the same wish. The prospect of a long and tedious winter, with one day of sunshine to six of cloud and darkness, is at times rather gloomy and oppressive, and we long for the old familiar associations of the city."

November 6, to his father: "We are in a state of great quietude here. I am going on at the rate of three sermons a week, including the lecture delivered on Wednesday evenings at 'our Ladies' Chapel.' I endeavor to preach truth with great plainness of speech, and it seems to be received in good part. He who giveth the increase, however, doth not vouchsafe such visible fruits as our impatience often demands. . . . Winter seems to have set in prematurely. But we hope there may be some interval of mellow, hazy, Indian summer before we turn the December cape and enter the house of Capricorn. . . . To-morrow, if I see it, makes me thirty-nine; but, alas! how little it brings of spiritual maturity! 'O for a closer walk with God.'"

November 9, to his friend COUTHOUY: "I am sorry to hear that my little namesake has not been as healthy and vigorous this summer as his first infancy promised; but I trust he will improve, when the frost of winter has done its work of purification upon your wretched atmosphere, (New York.) I have no doubt, however, that the breathing of his native air would have a happier effect upon him, and you all, than any thing on this side of heaven. It may be that we shall all be allowed some day to breathe it together. If not, may it be in some still better place."

St Andrew's day, to his father: "November takes leave of us very much in the old English style, according to the writers on the seasons, when cold, drizzle, and gloom lead spirits of morbid sensitiveness to make way with themselves. This is certainly a region which has a climate peculiarly its own, and not perhaps the worst thing about it either. We stand it pretty well, all things considered, — are a little homesick now and then, — longing much after you all, — but with too many comforts and blessings of every sort, in our condition, to allow us to complain, even if we were more unthankful and evil than I trust we are. I have good hope that, by the grace of God, we may see something of an awakening Advent among us as the outward world grows less attractive."

With a few extracts from his December correspondence, the record of the year must close. December 15, to Miss HARRIS: "What we chiefly miss here, next to the old familiar friends and the intimacies with the persons and places, which we still renew in

dreams, waking and sleeping, are the great libraries, public and private, which make Boston a privileged place. There are many departments of study, professional and general, which I *would* find leisure to pursue, if we had at hand the great works of reference, without which acquirement can never be thorough. For lack of these, we go over what we have got and *forgot;* and of some of these, I am sure I can say, the old is better. Heber's life has afforded us increased delight; and I hope I may say that we have contemplated his picture with such reverential love, and grown so familiar with its lines, as Southey says, that we feel as if we might humbly hope to know him, if permitted to see his face in heaven. . . . Often, dear friend, has that book made us think and talk about those we have left; and I thought I could understand something of his feeling when he wrote such passages as this: 'On Sundays the recollection has been most forcibly brought to my mind, by the use which on those days I have sometimes made of my old sermons, slightly altered, and by the contrast of the circumstances under which I now preach them, with the venerable walls and well-known and friendly faces which surrounded me when I last turned over the same leaves. Yet here also I have an attentive audience, and the opportunities of doing good are great.' On whatever other topic I began with you, I should be sure to end in this. The imagery gathers round me as I write — I see the old spire in my mind's eye, and the chime as audible to mine inward ear.

> 'I see from tenements around
> Still comes the pensive train,
> Who in *that* church have blessings found
> That fill their homes again.
> For faith and peace, and mighty love,
> That from the Godhead flow,
> Show them the life of heaven above
> Springs from the life below.'"

December 18, writing to his father, he gives this sad description of the inhospitable climate in which he was dwelling: "For the last six weeks we have had little else than perpetual gloom, unenlivened altogether, I verily believe, with more than forty-eight hours of sunshine, and making these short days of the winter solstice still shorter. I cannot but wish that I was less disaffected with Western New York, for I believe it to be a field of great usefulness for those who are at home here."

But in his last letter of the year, dated on the feast of St. John the Evangelist, he writes in a more cheerful strain: "Our Christmas services, dear father, have passed, and left a redolence upon my mind which I hope will long continue. The decorations of the

church are simple and natural, being quietly put up on Saturday afternoon; and as long as human nature is what it is, must ever be grateful to the Christian mind, as fit emblems of its undying hopes. And it is pleasant and dutiful, as Newman says, to use the same materials which the prophets used to typify the eternity of Messiah's reign, in symbolizing the fulfilment of their predictions. I prepared myself to preach three times on Sunday, and again on Christmas. . . . Though the weather continues to be very, very dull, there is a more encouraging state of things, spiritually considered, than at some previous periods; and it is our hope and prayer that the Spirit will stir up the hearts of our careless churchmen, and make their light shine so brightly that we shall less miss the light of the sun."

1844.

An eventful year — a year during which he again changed his residence and his pastoral relations, and returned, not to the same parish, but to the same scenes, and among the same people, where he had spent the first eleven years of his ministry. It is unnecessary now to speak particularly of this change, or of the principal causes which led to it, as these will be sufficiently developed in the course of the narrative. It may be proper to remark, however, that the rigors of the climate, the gloomy aspects of the winter season, and the precarious state of his own health and that of his family, contributed not a little to weaken the bonds of his attachment to a place, where, but for these circumstances, he might in all probability have spent, most happily, all the remaining days of his ministry.

On New Year's day he received a highly-valued present from the Ladies' Benevolent Association, of which he thus speaks in a letter to his father: "I believe I did not mention to you, in my last, the receipt of a rich and beautiful engraving of Bishop White, executed from a painting of Inman's by an English artist, with a frame to suit; being a gift of the season from some of our honorable women, worthy of all grateful acknowledgment. It is, indeed, a rare and glorious picture. The bishop is represented at full length and in complete canonicals, with silver buckles in his shoes, sitting in an antique chair by the side of an altar, 'for high communion meetly spread,' in some venerable Gothic cathedral. The figure and all the accompaniments beautifully harmonize. Some lines which I wrote on first seeing bishop White, at the opening of the convention in 1832,*

* For these lines, see page 126.

seemed to describe the scene so well, that I accompanied my acknowledgments with a copy."

He commences his next letter with an alarm from the parsonage on account of the severe sickness of his little daughter; but providentially, before closing the letter, he is enabled to announce that her relief has been as prompt as the attack was sudden. In the same letter he thus speaks of a recent family affliction, in the death of Dr. Thomas O'Hara Croswell, of Catskill: "It adds to the gloom and depression of this week, that we have by this mail received the tidings of our dear uncle's departure, in Catskill. They have of course disturbed me, and, like all of you, I shall be anxious to hear the particulars. I have often said this winter that I would see him again, God willing, before he died; and that if I ever left my confinement here, I should not return without going to Catskill. A wise Providence has ordered otherwise. I hope, however, that we may be permitted to embrace in that world where there is no disease, old age, sorrow, sickness, or separation."

Such an extract as the following, from a letter of January 22, serves to show how his feelings were affected by the peculiarities of his location: "I do not grow any less impatient — or rather, it would be more Christian to say, less unwilling — to entertain the thought of withdrawing from this field of duty to one within easier reach of 'home'; since the severity of the cold has, for the last three days, made our house uncomfortable, almost beyond the power of our fuel to mitigate it, and occasioning concern for our little one which is at times almost too absorbing. My chief objection — for there are minor ones — is, not that the post is isolated, and the incumbent buried alive, . . . but it is that I am cut off from all access to the friends, domestic and clerical, with whom the flower of my life passed so happily, and can only visit them at long intervals, and at the expense of nearly a third of my income."

The following incidental remarks, in a letter of February 13, to his friend Miss C——, are worth transcribing, if it were only to give one more proof of the prevailing sentiments of his heart with regard to pastoral duty. Speaking of his frequent calls to the abodes of sickness, poverty, and affliction, he says, "Here I am made to realize, every week, that it is my own fault if the vocation of a man of prayer, and a son of consolation, do not cause the abodes of the diseased, through the influences of the Holy Spirit, to be indeed 'bright, with something of celestial light.' I confess this part of my duty grows more delightful to me from its double effect — as I minister not only to those who are before me, but live over again, in spirit, the scenes in which I so long lived, and moved, and had my being, in a land that is *very* far off, in one sense, and very near in another. Doubt not that there is much in these relations to keep you all in mind. In the conscious glory which I have

seen shed, as it were, round 'cold huts, where poor men lie,' as we united in the holy ordinances of our religion, I have been convinced that I did not greatly mistake my vocation in supposing that the wishes and desires of my will were to preach the gospel to the sons and daughters of poverty and tribulation, in the capacity of city missionary. I covet no higher earthly calling, no deeper aspiration."

The following production is transcribed in the same form in which it was transmitted to his father and some other correspondents, not omitting the apology with which he saw fit to introduce it: "The editor of the 'Evergreen,' (a monthly periodical then published at New Haven,) having requested me to contribute something for his work, he is quite welcome to what I have here written. I do not wish my name to be connected with it, or any other signature. 'For if, as I do hope, the vein be good,' the world will find it out quite soon enough; and if it be a failure, let it perish anonymously." And to his friend Miss H——, to whom he also sent a copy, he says, "I always see reason to regret it whenever I am tempted to depart from simple ballad rhymes, whose freedom from pretension saves them from criticism, and carries the popular feeling in their favor. Such is human nature, however, to be always beset with a morbid desire to do something different from what we can do most easily and acceptably. Imperfect as is the execution, however, I would not wish the sentiment changed in any particular."

BISHOP GRISWOLD'S MEMORIAL.

"As Elisha witnessed the translation of Elijah, so we could hardly hope any thing better for his successor than that the mantle of this our father in Israel might rest upon him." W. C.

"I was present, with several of the clergy, about ten minutes after his death, which, as you know, took place in Bishop EASTBURN'S study. It was a scene long to be remembered. There lay the good old man, extended at full length on the floor, more majestic and commanding of presence in death than I had ever beheld him in life. His silver hairs spread a kind of halo round his head, and his blue cloak wrapped gracefully round his limbs, with his arms crossed on his bosom, he looked like a Christian 'warrior taking his rest.' Peace to his ashes!"

Letter from REV. J. L. WATSON.

The funeral year has through its circle run,
And Memory's spells the solemn scene renew,
When, like Elijah, thy good mission done,
Leaving thy mantle with thy chosen one,*

* "The desire of his soul had just been accomplished. He had seen the council of his diocese, which had been assembled at his own earnest summons, meeting in harmonious brotherhood, and appointing his official successor. And when all the preparatory measures had been completed, he had, in con-

Thy sainted spirit to its source withdrew;
And Reverence still, in many a prophet's son,
To Bethel comes, and stands afar to view,
And prays that he on whom thy titles rest
May be both with thy robe and with thy spirit blest.

Methinks I see thee, as I oft have seen
In other days, so chastened and resigned,
Serving the Lord, as with a prophet's mien,
Or Paul's, in all humility of mind.
I see thy trials on thy faded cheek,
But thine endurance in thy brow serene,
Thy look elate, but yet subdued and meek,
Thy seraph smile, and sweet, unconscious air
That threw a glory round thine apostolic chair.

Long had I loved thee with a filial heart,
And mourn thee with a deep and sorrowing love —
Thrice happy, might I hope to bear a part
In the same mansions of the house above.
May I be *with* thee, where thy lot shall be,
And grow more *like* thee, in thy simple guise,
Thy unaffected truth's sincerity,
And all that made so lovely in our eyes
The quiet, childlike heart, which God doth highly prize.

Father, whose life was thus devoid of pride,
Thus lowly wise, on winning souls intent,
Let not thy ransomed spirit now be tried,
Among the myriads of the glorified,
By any pledge of love on thee misspent.
Thou wouldst not ask a costly monument,
Nor joy to see the storied rock assume
Thy living shape; or sculptured figures, bent
In mimic sorrow o'er a garnished tomb,
Enshrine thy place of rest amid the minster's gloom.

pany with some of his brethren in office, and in the presence of his assembled clergy, performed the last finishing and apostolic ceremonial. And now, having been permitted to behold all things done, he walks to and fro, for a few weeks, in the midst of us, and then, in the fulness of years, he passes instantly away, and enters into an everlasting rest from all his labors; and to invest with still further interest and solemnity the closing moments of his career, it is so ordered, in the course of Providence, that his spirit shall escape from its earthly prison house beneath the very roof of him who had been destined to stand in his room and continue his labors." — Bishop Eastburn's *Sermon at the interment of* Bishop Griswold.

But rather, as on earth thou oft hast prayed,
Wouldst pray, that all who loved thee, far or nigh, —
Priest, Levite, elder, matron, youth, and maid,
On whom thy hands in solemn rites were laid, —
Might grow in every grace as years went by,
And, stirring up the gift through thee conveyed,
Have their blest record with thine own on high;
And walking in the steps which thou hast trod,
Be thy memorial dear, alike to man and God.

February 15, 1844, Anniversary of Bishop Griswold's death.

The following passage occurs, in a letter of March 4, to a very intimate friend, to whom he had just been speaking of the severe losses which his parish had sustained, by the death and removal of some of its most prominent and useful members, and of the tendency to indisposition in himself and family: "After Easter, we hope to proceed *easterly;* nor should we greatly regret it, if it were clearly manifested that the Lord had need of me there. I have ceased to be fastidious about my sphere of labor. Any where, city or country, where I might seem fitted for usefulness, and where my father's house and the scenes of my childhood were accessible without great difficulty, would fulfil all the desires of my heart."

He expresses similar sentiments in a subsequent letter to his father, adding, "I flatter myself that, with my ministerial experience and large variety of sermons, I am not without some aptitude for usefulness almost any where." He speaks at the same time very affectionately of his parish, and only regrets that the appearances of spiritual growth are not more promising; and after alluding to some very humble positions in the neighborhood of his early home, he says, "You may be amused at all this castle building; but you cannot say that it is on an *extravagant* plan; and I hope it is not otherwise than innocent, and will do no harm."

The remaining letters of the month relate chiefly to plans and suggestions with regard to an anticipated eastern visit, which seems to have been deemed essential to the restoration of his wife's health. "I never saw her (he says) quite so prostrated with nervous debility, having been hardly able to sit up the whole day, for the last three days. Nothing, we are satisfied, will be so likely to prove beneficial as to change the scene for the better. I flatter myself that there is no impediment to her speedy restoration which this will not be sufficient to remove."

The Easter services being brought to a close, he found it expedient to make immediate arrangements for the proposed journey. He had designed to defer it to a more favorable season. But he says, "I have reversed the decision so recently made, and yield to the apparent necessity of translating my wife at once to the restorative

influences of her native air. I think there is nothing in her case but extreme debility and nervous prostration, which the journey and the visit will be sufficient to remove, if they are not delayed." Accordingly they left Auburn on the 17th of April, and, taking Utica and Albany on their way, arrived at Boston on the 19th, the mother and child seeming no worse for the ride. Allowing himself an absence from his parish of only a few days, including two Sundays, he divided his time very pleasantly among his friends in Boston, Hartford, and New Haven, and returned again to his parish on the 8th of May; leaving his wife and child to prolong their visit in Boston for an indefinite period.

On his arrival at his parish, his attention was immediately engrossed by his preparations for the bishop's visitation, which took place on Sunday, the 12th of May. The class presented for confirmation consisted of only six persons. "The number (he says, in a letter to his father) might have been larger, had I had more time; but all was done that could be done in the interval; and brother PATTERSON had fully supplied my lack in the way of pulpit duty." During his absence, and for a few days after his return, the parsonage had been occupied by Mr. PATTERSON and family; and he speaks in terms of strong regret at the idea of parting with them. "I expect (he says) to renew some of the trials of my bachelorship My godson, GEORGE HERBERT PATTERSON, Mr. P.'s only child, is a fine little boy, just beginning to interest himself in the Church. I have given him, as a parting gift, a copy of the Prayer Book, with those memorable words of his great namesake — 'O, give me the prayers of my mother the Church; no other prayers can equal these.' This is, after all, the only presentation volume, next to the Bible, that I take satisfaction in bestowing; knowing that there indeed is spirit, and there is life. As I notice the happy effects of such tokens in enlisting the interest of a child in these services, I wonder what substitute those people have who despise this method of training up the young in the way they should go." After speaking of the good reports of the mother and child from Boston, he adds, with a feeling which every parent will know how to appreciate, "The void and loneliness occasioned by their absence, the deserted nursery, the empty crib, the unoccupied high chair, the silence of the places that but recently echoed to the child's merry laugh, sadly recall the time when the child of hope and prayers went to heaven, and they who were lovely in their lives, in their death were not divided."

We here introduce some lines written on his little daughter *Mary's second Birthday*, June 4, and sent to his friends at home, and to Miss H——, of Boston, with introductory explanations, which give to them a peculiar and touching interest. Miss H—— had just been bereaved of a beloved relation; and these are the strains of con-

dolence in which he addresses her: "Appreciating the character of your dear aunt Mary, as approaching very nearly to the perfection of spiritual beauty, I can enter in some measure into the feelings of those who will mourn for her many days. To realize that you will no more see on earth that well-beloved face, that has been associated from infancy with all dear domestic delights — sympathizing in all your joys and sorrows — into whose faithful ear you could breathe all the workings of your affections — and upon whose tried Christian experience you could safely rely for spiritual guidance — this is indeed bereavement. But you are familiar, also, with the considerations by which grief is to be soothed and moderated. 'For,' says holy Bishop Taylor, 'if the holy dead did die in the Lord, it is an ill expression of affection to weep uncomfortably at a change that hath carried her to a state of high felicity. Something is to be given to nature and the honor of the deceased friend; for that man is esteemed miserable for whom no friend or relation sheds a tear or pays a solemn sigh. I desire to die a dry death; but I am not desirous to have a dry funeral: some flowers sprinkled on my grave would be well and comely, and a soft shower to turn those flowers into a springing memory.' Some such humble flowers I would fain sprinkle on aunt Mary's grave, knowing that soft showers will not be wanting to turn them into a springing memory. May her happy and holy life and death be sanctified in the hearts of all who knew her, and lead those who survive by the new and living way opened in the blood of Jesus to the same triumph of grace over nature. In musing on the birth of another Mary, I could not but blend the thoughts of the race that was finished with that which was begun. To those who understand the allusion they may have an interest, which they could not claim on other grounds, and which will be with you, I trust, a sufficient apology for filling the rest of the sheet with them."

O God, who on our household
  Thus far hast fondly smiled,
I thank thee for thy choicest boon —
  My precious, only child.
And pray thee that the favor
  Which has so richly blest
Her sunny days of infancy,
  May shine on all the rest.

I have not asked for beauty,
  Fair cheek, or golden tress;
Though all that is within me melts
  At woman's loveliness.

I have not asked for riches,
Nor even wealth of mind;
Though doting on intelligence,
Pure, lofty, and refined.

Those better gifts I covet,
Which thou dost bid us seek—
A soul serene, affectionate,
And resolute, yet meek.
The meetness of the children
Who shared our Lord's caress,
And whose surpassing excellence
Is early holiness.

O, might she thus resemble
That late departed saint,
Who, worthy of Madonna's name,
I may not dare to paint!
Or catch the falling glories
Throned on that aged brow,
Which, in the multitude of peace,
Has passed from us but now.

Fain would I ask, as o'er me
That raptured image swims,
All ready with the seraph choirs
To join the heavenly hymns,
That her 'unearthly comforts,'
And looks, 'divinely mild,'
Might, by some secret sympathy,
Inspire my gracious child.

While thus, dear Lord, my musings
Have blent, in tender ties,
The child, and aged childlike friend
Whom tears shall canonize,
May the hope that both are living
And rejoicing in thy smile,
Cheer the lonely dwelling-places
Which each has left a while.

In letters to his friends, written soon after his return from his eastern journey, there are several allusions to the state of the church in Boston, and the immediate vicinity, plainly foreshadowing the course which he afterwards thought it his duty to pursue. The following, to his excellent brother Dr. Strong, June 24, is an instance: "One

cheering symptom in the midst of much that was of ill omen for the Church, was the many instances of enlightened and devoted attachment to sound principles, which had developed themselves among the laity since my last visit, and promising something for the extension of the Church about Boston, analogous to the influence of 'Young England' upon 'Old.' God grant that such instances may be a thousand fold increased and multiplied."

The month of July passed away chiefly in solitude, and few incidents occurred to break in upon his regular course of pastoral duties. In his letters to his father, he often speaks of his loneliness, as a fond husband and parent might be expected to speak; and seems impatient for the time to come when he may again visit his eastern friends. Under these circumstances, he was well prepared to enjoy a visit which he had rather hoped for than expected. He thus writes, under date of "Buffalo, Sunday evening, July 28: This is a season of wonders. Even as I intimated, I have been carried away captive by my next friend and more than brother, (Bishop Doane,) and I steal a moment to apprise you of the fact, before I leave the confines of the diocese. The bishop, with his wife and children, came to Auburn on Thursday, and passed the day, much to our mutual delight. Next morning they set out for the Falls; and I found the inducements to accompany them quite irresistible, especially as I thought it might be my only chance. We stopped at Geneva a few hours; reached Rochester at dark, and passed the night. On Saturday we came on to this place. The bishop and party are provided for at Rev. Dr. Shelton's, and I am domesticated with our friend and brother of 'auld lang syne,' Rev. Edward Ingersoll. . . . The bishop threatens to take me across the line to Toronto; though it is quite doubtful at present whether I accompany him any farther."

Whatever may have been his desire on this subject, he was constrained, it seems, to relinquish it, and return to his post. This account of his journey is from his next letter, Auburn, August 2: "I have returned safe and sound, after a week of the pleasantest journeying that I have yet had. I hasten to take up my brief line of communication where I dropped it at Buffalo. We dropped down the noble Niagara River, under the British flag, on Monday morning, crossing from Schlosser to Chippewa, two miles above the Falls, and with nothing between to save us, if any thing should befall the steamboat. We all agreed that it was very presumptuous after we had safely landed, although it is done every day; and it is considered very important to get the first view from the Canada side. I will not be so adventurous as to attempt a description, either of the Falls or the sensations they create. Enough to say, that some of the party burst into tears, and wept like children. After spending part of two days on one side and the other, I felt

that there was nothing beyond which I wished to see — that I had reached the climax. I took my leave of the party on Tuesday afternoon. The bishop and family were to go next day to Lewiston, Toronto, and thence to Montreal and Quebec; but I fear that the rest of their route will seem tame and insipid. Niagara is a scene to finish such an expedition withal." In a letter of the same date to Miss CALLAHAN, sister of Mrs. DOANE, he gives a similar, though more particular, account of this interview and journey with the family; and on the 8th, writing to the late Mrs. SUMNER, he remarks, "It has been a dull summer to me, with the exception of the day that Bishop DOANE and suite spent here, and the week in which I accompanied him, for lack of a chaplain, to the Great Falls." At this date he was still suffering from severe illness; but he expresses a hope that his next will be written "with a steadier hand. At present," he says, "it is less so than my head; and there have been days when I could not write at all."

He was now contemplating his eastern journey; but being detained for a few days, he attended the consecration of the new church at Geneva, as well as the last meeting of the standing committee before the convention. After this, having secured a supply for his pulpit during his absence, he took his departure on the 20th. "I have made provision," he says, "for three Sundays, which, if we return at all, as I suppose we shall, must suffice."

The following passage from a letter of the 16th, though relating to a private and family concern, is nevertheless so characteristic of his feelings and views on a very interesting subject, that there is a pleasure in transcribing it. His cousin, the wife of the Rev. HENRY FITCH, had been bereaved of a little daughter whose name was Jane. On the birth of another daughter, he presented his congratulations through his father, adding this touching injunction: "I hope she will call her little one Mary. At least, that she will not be so unchristian or inconsiderate as to give it the name and the place of the beloved departed, who is still as really existing, as part of the family, as if she were but absent on a visit.

"'Twould seem to blot her from her place.
Though she, to fill one bitter cup,
Hath died, we must not thus efface
Her memory. No! we reckon up
The lost, who slumber in their grave,
As ours. We cite their several names,
Which He, who now hath taken, gave,
And love as well the absent claims
As this new born. 'Twould give me pain
To hear her call another JANE."

He next dates from Boston, where he arrived, with his little family, on the 21st, and met with a reception peculiarly gratifying to his feelings. So warm and cordial were the greetings of his old friends and former parishioners, — so familiar were the scenes and the faces round him, — that it seemed difficult, for a time, to realize that he had ever been absent from them. The whole four years appeared to have passed away like a dream. On Sunday, the 1st of September, he was induced to officiate in his old church; and here, as an evidence of his welcome, and as if to revive the recollection of former times, six children were presented to receive baptism at his hands. He had not been long in Boston before he received convincing proof of the estimation and affection in which he was held; for measures were immediately taken for the organization of a new parish, with the hope that his services might be secured as rector. "Strong wishes," he writes, "have been expressed in many quarters to have me fixed in some position of usefulness here." It will be seen, as the narrative proceeds, that measures were speedily taken for the accomplishment of this object.

While absent with his family on a visit to New Haven, he was kept apprised, by his attentive correspondent in Boston, of the progress and prospects of the enterprise above alluded to. On the 12th of September, he was informed of the result of a meeting held for the purpose of making arrangements for the organization of a new parish, with such assurances of his being called and provided for as rector, that he was no longer left in doubt as to the success of the undertaking. To the Rev. J. L. Watson, with whom he had always maintained the most friendly relations, he thus writes on the 16th: "In writing to our excellent friend Dr. Shattuck, this morning, I informed him that we should return to Auburn this week, and there await any communication from the new parish. On further reflection, it seems best that we should remain here until the question is officially decided, and so spare my wife and little one the fatigue and expense of a journey of seven hundred miles and more, back and forth. Will you please to inform my correspondent of this change in our purpose, and to request that, whatever is intended for us, may be sent to this place? Upon the receipt of the evidence of my election as rector, I will forward my resignation to Auburn without delay, and be prepared to enter on my new field of duty at the solemn season of which the name of the parish will long, I trust, continue to remind the crooked and perverse generations — preparing the way of the Lord, and making straight his paths. I think it not improbable that the parish of St. Peter's would desire me to remain until they could make some provision for a successor. This they will find but little difficulty in doing, as the parish is justly regarded as one of the most desirable in the diocese. If local attachments, intimacies, and kindred ties did not draw elsewhere, as in my case, there are few of

our western villages that would present more inducements. I have experienced great kindness at their hands, and cannot think of leaving them without much regret, and not a 'few natural tears.' But while I shrink from contemplating the trying scene that awaits me there, I confess to you, that the prospect of resuming my ministry once more in my old and *almost* native haunts fills my mind with a thousand pleasant images of the future, which I am too sanguine, perhaps, in expecting to find renewals of the past; but as they are all connected with the satisfactory discharge of duties in which I have had some experience, I trust it is not sinful to indulge them. Favored as I shall be with the coöperation of so many of the flower of the Church, I shall feel that it will be, in a great measure, my own fault if I do not realize some of them. The thought of being restored to the society and intercouse of those with whom I so long took sweet counsel together and walked to the house of God in company, is a luxury beyond the deserts of such a miserable sinner." Again, on the 18th, writing to Miss H——, he says, "I anticipate a trying scene in leaving Auburn, for there has been much to attach me to that cure, both to persons and places: but 'we trust that we have a good conscience,' and have the sanction and approval of those upon whose judgment we have been most accustomed to rely. . . . I confess that the footing upon which this business seems likely to be placed, humanly speaking, inspires me with great hope of success. At any rate, it will be commenced with advantages which will throw a great weight of responsibility upon me if it should fail. I feel a deep consciousness how entirely our strength is weakness, and that, more than ever, I shall be with you in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling. Still, we know that there is a mighty and mysterious power, through which, if we seek it, we 'can do all things;' and I am sure that I shall have the sympathy of yourself and many others, in prayers that to me, also, this grace may be given, and that I may come to you in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace."

In a letter from Dr. Shattuck, of the 20th of September, he was informed that the new parish had been duly incorporated, under the name of the "Church of the Advent," and that arrangements had been made for its complete organization. And in his next letter an official call is communicated: —

Boston, *September* 25, 1844.

Rev. and dear Sir: At a meeting of the corporation of the parish of the Advent, held last evening, you were unanimously elected the rector of the parish, and I was appointed a committee to correspond with you, and inform you of your election.

With great regard, I am,

Very truly, yours,

G. C. SHATTUCK, Jr.

Rev. William Croswell.

On the receipt and acceptance of this call, he immediately tendered his resignation of his cure at Auburn in the following letter: —

Boston, *September* 24, 1844.

To the Wardens and Vestry of St. Peter's Church, Auburn.

Gentlemen: Considerations growing chiefly out of the state of my own health and that of my family, and the necessity of long and expensive annual absences on that account, have for some time impressed me with the conviction, that it would be my duty to resign my present interesting cure. An invitation received during my absence to assume the charge of "The Church of the Advent," a new parish just organized in Boston, and to be commenced with the opening of the ecclesiastical year, has led me to the conclusion that the time to act upon that conviction has arrived. I therefore respectfully tender herewith my resignation of the rectorship of the parish of "St. Peter's Church, Auburn." I cannot sever a tie which has bound us together in such happy and harmonious relations without a severe trial of feeling; but, at the same time, not without a full persuasion, that, in so eligible a parish, there will be no difficulty in securing a pastor after your own mind. As part of our canonical obligation, to "do nothing without the bishop," I submit a copy of this letter to our beloved diocesan, with a most grateful appreciation of the privileges which I have enjoyed under his episcopal guidance, and a most unaffected reluctance to labor under any other master builder. I shall be happy to continue to serve the parish so long as my engagements will permit, or until provision is made to secure a successor, or other arrangements settled for permanent ministrations. Meanwhile, with a lively remembrance of the kindness of the parish, individually and collectively regarded, during my connection with it, and with unabated and earnest wishes for its welfare and prosperity, I am, in the bonds of the Gospel and the Church of Christ,

Your friend and fellow-servant,

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

It now remained for him to return to Auburn, to take leave of the parish, and to make the necessary preparations for his removal. Accordingly, on the 26th of September, he left New Haven, with his family and his cousin Miss Sherman, and after spending a night at Hartford, proceeded by stage and steamboat to Springfield. But here the mother and child, being, it was thought, too unwell to bear the fatigue of the long, immediate journey westward, were persuaded to set their faces directly to Boston; while he and his cousin set forward on their way to Auburn, and, by journeying all night on the railroad, reached Auburn on Saturday, the 28th, at nine o'clock in the morning. "The night," he says, in announcing his arrival, "was as bright as a full harvest moon could make it; but it was very cold for the season, and the hoarfrost was like snow upon the ground. We kindled up a fire upon our arrival, and have contrived to make ourselves comfortable. My letter was received by the junior warden yesterday, and had been seen by the members of the vestry individually; but as several were absent from town, it was thought best to delay the meeting till Monday. All seem surprised; many will be sorry; some, perhaps, *quite the reverse;* it would be strange if it were not so." Speaking of information received from Boston,

he says, "Bishop EASTBURN made no objection to my coming, though he would have preferred one whose theological views more nearly corresponded with those of the Rev. Mr. BUTLER!" He concludes, "The prospect seems more cheerful than it did at first; and I hope we shall have a happy and harmonious leavetaking, and without any needless delay."

Sunday, the 29th, he officiated as usual; but the day being stormy, but few attended the services.

On Monday evening the wardens and vestry met, and accepted his resignation; making choice, at the same time, of the Rev. SAMUEL H. COXE as his successor. And on the following day he received the official notice of the result: —

AUBURN, *October* 1, 1844.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: The wardens and vestrymen of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, have received your note of the 24th ult., announcing your resignation of the rectorship of the parish. While they admit the force of the domestic reasons which have produced this step on your part, they cannot allow the occasion of their acceptance of your resignation to pass without an expression of their sincere regret at the separation. We have been associated for a period of four years, in the relation of pastor and people, under circumstances of both joy and sorrow; and it gives us pleasure to bear testimony to the kindness, faithfulness, and ability with which you, as a Christian minister, have discharged its various and responsible duties amongst us. If any thing can add to your consciousness of having faithfully discharged your duty to the great Head of the Church, in administering the admonitions and consolations of our holy religion, it will be in the reflection that those ties which have so long bound us together in sacred fellowship are borne in remembrance by your parishioners with grateful pleasure. Be assured, sir, you will carry with you, wherever you go, our warmest wishes for your prosperity, happiness, and continued usefulness.

I have the honor to be, in behalf of the wardens and vestrymen of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, your sincere friend and obedient servant,

S. A. GOODWIN.

Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL.

From his diocesan, Bishop DE LANCEY, who was, at the time, in Philadelphia, attending the session of the General Convention, he received the following note, of October 8, written in great haste, and amid the absorbing duties of the House of Bishops: —

". . . I am so occupied that I am only able to say how sorry I am that you are about to leave the diocese, as stated in your letter. I will not complain, however, for I know you would only do it on solid and conscientious grounds. May God bless you and yours wherever you go; and be assured of my affectionate regard and love. I shall hope to hear from you before you start for Boston. The election of Mr. COXE, as your successor, so promptly and harmoniously, gives me great pleasure. May the work prosper in his hands."

On the 9th of October, he writes to his mother, — his father being absent at the General Convention, — "It has been a great relief to both ELIZABETH and myself that my wife and MARY were safely domesticated for the winter. What with the fatigue and exposure of the journey, the anxiety and discomfort of breaking up the house, and the parting with every human being, man, woman, and child, in the parish, the trial, I fear, would have been too great. . . . I wrote to the Rev. Mr. COXE, at the request of the vestry, with great cordiality. He has given me a very affectionate reply, and will probably be here this week. As soon as I can set him on his way rejoicing, I shall go on mine."

To some of his friends he writes, under the same date, in a more pensive mood, enclosing copies of the following stanzas, "which," he remarks, "are probably the last strains which I shall ever indite in this consecrated house, now 'left unto us desolate.'" They were written in a copy of Milton, presented by the Rev. E. G. PRESCOTT, who died on his passage to the Azores, on the third day after his departure, on the morning of the 11th of April, 1844. Copies were transcribed, not only for these, but other friends, and were finally published at the close of Bishop DOANE'S commemorative discourse. To Miss CALLAHAN he writes, "Though I do not consider them as worthy of publication, I know that you will value them, and that there are other friends, in whose kindred eyes they may have an interest, apart from the consideration of poetical merit."

ELEGIAC.

Thy cherished gift, departed friend,
With trembling I unfold,
And fondly gaze upon its lids
In crimson wrought, and gold.
I open to its dirge-like strain
On one who died at sea;
And as I read of Lycidas,
I think, the while, of thee.

Thy languid spirit sought in vain
The beautiful Azores,
But, ere it reached the middle main,
Was rapt to happier shores.
As in a dream-like, halcyon calm,
It entered on its rest,
Amid the groves of Paradise,
And islands of the blest.

Kind friends afar, at thy behest,
Had fitted bower and hall
To entertain their kindred guest
In ever-green Fayal.
In greener bowers thy bed is made,
And sounder is thy sleep,
Than ever life had known, among
The chambers of the deep.

No mark along the waste may tell
The place of thy repose;
Yet there is One who loved thee well,
And loved by thee, who knows.
And though now sunk, like Lycidas,
Beneath the watery floor,
Yet His great might that walked the waves
Shall thy dear form restore.

Though years must first pass by, no time
His purpose shall derange,
And in his guardianship thy soul
Shall suffer no "sea change."
And when the depths give back their charge,
O, may our welcome be
With thine, among Christ's ransomed throngs,
Where there is "no more sea"!

Writing to Rev. Dr. Strong on St. John's day, June 24, he says, "Prescott's death shocked me greatly. We were intimate, and nearly the same age; and I have some similar warnings to remind me that the house of my earthly tabernacle is not too strong to be dissolved. Whenever it is, may I have with you, dearest brother, a share in that house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

To another friend, the much venerated Miss Margaret Coffin, he expresses similar sentiments of the scenes of desolation by which he was surrounded, and of the great struggle which it cost him to part with his people, moving him "oftentimes to tears." Speaking also of his verses, he adds, "I have sent them only where they will be sure of a partial construction, and with the apology, that according to what a man hath it is required, and not according to what he hath not." He concludes in this affecting strain: "For myself, I confess I look forward with great delight to the period when our intercourse shall be renewed as in other days, and with those also whom, next to my own kindred in the flesh, I dearly love in the Lord. That it may please God to allow us many years of happy

intercourse, and that we may both live to see the work of the Lord prosper in our hands, and great peace upon Israel, is the fervent prayer of yours, with great sincerity and affection."

In speaking of his approaching separation from this cure, he expresses himself with much emotion: "I took my leave of the parish from the pulpit on Sunday afternoon. The separation of the ties that have bound us together has tried my firmness to the uttermost. . . . It was almost as solemn a 'rehearsal of death' as that at Christ Church four years since. I find that my own attachments are stronger than I was aware; and there is every evidence on the other side of the most unaffected and universal regret." To another friend he expresses similar sentiments: "I find the mutual attachments, which had sprung up and ripened, were stronger than we were probably aware of on either side, and it requires more firmness than I can always command to sever them. I have received every demonstration of confidence, sympathy, and regard, down to this last moment, when the house is dismantled, and I have only to introduce my successor and take leave. . . . My cousin will probably take her departure to-morrow for New Haven. When I shall be able to follow, I cannot now fix a day. The last link, however, will soon be broken, and I shall be free, humanly speaking."

It appears from his journal that he left Auburn on Friday, October 25, and making a short pause at Utica and Albany, passed down the river on Saturday night to New York. Here he enjoyed the hospitalities of his friend COUTHOUY, who then resided in the city, and with him attended the ministrations of the Church of the Crucifixion, having the gratification, which he had much desired, of hearing Dr. SEABURY. On the Thursday following he visited his friend Bishop DOANE, at Burlington, and returning on Saturday, spent another Sunday in New York. On Monday, November 4, he proceeded to New Haven, thence to Hartford, and on the 7th, his *fortieth birthday*, he arrived in Boston, ready to resume his ministerial duties among his old friends and brethren, but in a new pastoral relation. He was just in time to answer to the following pleasant call from his good friend Dr. SHATTUCK: —

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Invitations are issued for Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, to meet the rector, wardens, and vestry of the Church of the Advent. Please do what you can to save us from such a predicament as was that of the players who performed Hamlet, the part of Hamlet being left out."

He writes in his next letter, "I was in season for the party at Dr. SHATTUCK'S, where I met with quite a host of catholic Churchmen, including some twenty of the clergy and laymen of all the

churches. By a wonderful coincidence, it occurred to me often, in the course of the day, that this day of my entrance was my fortieth birthday."

It now remained to make suitable arrangements for the celebration of divine worship under the new organization, and to commence with the ecclesiastical year. Some little difficulty was experienced in procuring a room for this purpose. But it will be seen by the subjoined card, which was issued at the time, that every thing was in readiness for the anticipated service. And on the 27th of November he writes to his father in this wise: "This is a week of anxiety and care, but full of joyful anticipation. . . . We have engaged our room, and are putting it in order. The 'devotions of the people' are very animating and abundant. Our only trouble is, that we can get no room that will be large enough at present. I have already the names of more than ninety who have voluntarily enrolled themselves under my pastoral care, including children, and nearly fifty communicants. Donations have been forthcoming from all quarters for putting our oratory in order. In short, I have all sorts of encouragement, and shall endeavor, by the divine blessing, that it shall not be my fault if the work does not prosper in such feeble hands. . . . I have received from Bishop De Lancey my letter dimissory, and shall present it to our present diocesan to-day. He is civil; and I ask and expect nothing more. 'A fair field, and no favors,' is my desire. . . . A great deal of duty, of course, as you well know, in these preliminary matters, devolves upon me; though my coadjutors are very active, and ready to do any thing to help forward the work. I will send you our card."

"THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT

"Has been recently organized and incorporated, with a view to secure to the inhabitants of the north-western portion of the city the ministrations of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and more especially to secure the same to the poor and needy in a manner free from unnecessary expense and all ungracious circumstances.

"A convenient place of worship is about to be provided in the building now in a course of erection on the corner of Lowell and Causeway Streets.

"Until this building is completed, temporary arrangements have been made for holding divine service in an 'upper room' at No. 13 Merrimack Street, within a few doors of Causeway Street — to commence on Advent Sunday, the first day in December.

"The sittings will be free to all. Permanent seats, however, will be appropriated to those who signify their intention to become constant occupants.

"The Church will be supported, as all churches were formerly wont to be, by the voluntary oblations of the worshippers. In accordance with the precepts of God's word and the order of his Church, opportunity will be afforded for each individual, whether young or old, to 'offer his gift upon the altar' in that part of the divine service which is called 'the offertory.' 'Every man according as he is disposed in his heart, not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.'

"A prominent object, in addition to the usual offices of worship, will be the thorough catechetical training of the children in the principles and practice of Christ's religion, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer.

"The coöperation of all who are disposed to take a part in this good work is respectfully and earnestly solicited.

"For further information, apply to the rector, the Rev. W. Croswell, 7 Crescent Place, or to either of the following gentlemen: R. H. Dana, *Senior Warden*, C. P. Gordon, *Junior Warden*, R. M. Copeland, Theodore Metcalf, T. J. M. Dehon, T. D. Morris, W. E. Coale, R. H. Dana, Jr., R. H. Salter, C. R. Bond, *Vestrymen*.

"☞ The rector will hold himself in readiness to attend to any of the duties of his calling, public or private, especially those connected with the offices for the Visitation and Communion of the Sick, the Burial of the Dead, &c."

The services were accordingly commenced, agreeably to this announcement. And he writes, December 3, "Advent Sunday was rather unpropitious without, but the King's daughter was all glorious within. Our loft was crowded all day and evening. The congregation seemed much gratified, and expressed a hope that the future might be according to this beginning. . . . I have a delightful letter from brother Strong, who was always one of my most valued correspondents, and I am rejoiced to find so many hearts like his beating so truly towards me."

As Dr. Strong was among those of his friends and brethren who most deeply and sincerely regretted his removal from Boston to Auburn, he is now found among the first to bid him a joyful welcome back. A portion of his letter is transcribed: —

Greenfield, *November* 22, 1844.

Rev. and dear Brother: I do not know when I have experienced a sensation of greater delight than when I was told in Philadelphia that you were to return to Boston, to take the charge of a new parish. And I intended to write you immediately on my arrival here, congratulating you, and the Church, and myself on the auspicious occurrence. I have, however, from illness and other causes, delayed the accomplishment of my design until now, when I take up my pen for the purpose of welcoming you sincerely, though late, to your old home and the many pleasant associations of your former labors. And I do most fervently pray, that your valuable services may be continued in this portion of the vineyard without interruption or change, and that you may be as useful and as happy as your friends or yourself can anticipate. . . .

Your friend and brother,
T. STRONG.

With a few brief extracts from his weekly correspondence, relating chiefly to the condition and prospects of his new enterprise, the record of this eventful year is closed.

December 9, speaking of the new hall: "It advances slowly, but will be ready, I think, by mid-Lent at farthest. Meanwhile our little loft is full to overflowing. Yesterday afternoon troops of people went away for scarcity of room, and many remained standing

during the whole services. Some sat round the footsteps of the altar. At present, we have three services a day."

December 16, Wednesday in Ember week: "To-day, in accordance with the design of the Church, since public worship I have endeavored to seclude myself, and keep holy time by devout observance, as I have recommended to my people. We continue to gather a crowded assemblage, thrice on Sunday, at our chapel, and in this respect exceed the most sanguine expectations of our friends, and even my own. . . . Not only in the numbers who come is the hand of God so good upon us, but in the character of the attendance, including, as it does, some of the best and most influential minds in the Church in the city. There is a charm, doubtless, in the very unpretendingness of the loft, where there is nothing to mar the influence of our almost inspired service, and nothing is required to be sacrificed to the artificial distinctions which so generally prevail in our churches."

December 23: "Our ecclesiastical affairs continue to be as auspicious as at the first. . . . This week we have two services on Christmas day, and a five o'clock service on the other holy days, which fill up the week. . . . We shall make a sylvan lodge of our upper room, and it is delightful to get back to a land of laurel and evergreens."

It is worthy of remark, that the Rev. Dr. Eaton, who had been for many years the uniform friend and counsellor of the rector, was one of the first among the clergy of the city to give his sanction to this new enterprise, by regular attendance on the worship, and by frequently participating in the services.

1845.

On New Year's day, being the *Feast of the Circumcision*, the "upper room" was opened for the appropriate services of the day; and on this occasion the sacrament of baptism was administered for the *first* time in this humble though solemn place. The child baptized was a daughter of Dr. Richard H. Salter, a vestryman of the new parish. And it may be here mentioned, as a most remarkable and affecting circumstance, that the *last* baptism performed by the rector, and this on the day of his death, was for another child of the same parents.

The correspondence of the year opens in great sadness. On New Year's day he thus writes to his father: "Yesterday we received from Hartford the distressing intelligence of the sudden

death of our very dear friend Mrs. SUMNER, who expired, as you know, on Sunday morning; and I have ever since been in a kind of dismal dream, from which I rouse to ask myself, Can this indeed be so? My first impulse was to take the cars of the afternoon, that I might look once more upon the face of the truest-hearted friend that God ever allowed a sinful man like me to rejoice in, and towards whom my heart has ever turned with a fulness of satisfaction, confidence, and repose never felt towards any other who was not bound to me by ties of blood. I do not know that I did right to resist those impulses; but it seemed as if my engagements here were of an imperative kind; and I feel that it is generally a safe rule to do that which costs me the most sacrifice, and such a sacrifice it has been to me to remain as I am. I have found it very difficult to write them until to-day. Words seem so inadequate to express our emotions, and to be, as it were, a mockery of sorrow. All, too, seems in this case so unreal. I have had, during the last year, many admonitions of my own mortality. I have felt how liable we all were to die; and as I preached, on Sunday last, of the fading grass and the withering flower, the fainting heart and the failing flesh, as contrasted with the enduring nature of the realities revealed in the gospel, a foreboding shadow of some undefined ill seemed to be hovering about me. But how little did I think what that sad day was bringing forth! With Mrs. SUMNER I had never associated any other idea than that of the *necessity* of her continuance among us, as the wellspring of all domestic comfort and enjoyment, and the centre of all genial and diffusive hospitality. I was not myself aware, till now, how much my return to my old position here had been influenced by the anticipation of often repeating those brief sojourns under that roof, upon which I fondly look back, as among the dearest of departed joys; and it was among the causes of thankfulness, on the completion of the railroad, that it brought us so much nearer to those doors. Alas! that upon these innocent delights also should be inscribed VANITY!"

January 16, with reference to the magnetic telegraph, it will be perceived that he writes as if it were a thing rather to be desired than expected: "Should this ever be accomplished, we can whisper together, from one end of the country to the other, with a sort of galvanic thrill." In the same letter he speaks thus of his affairs: "We have passed along into the middle of the winter without being aware of it; so mild is the weather, and so pleasant and varied our occupations. I can say that I never enjoyed existence here so much as I have since my return from the west. I have access to some very choice society, which I trust I appreciate, and hope to benefit by the privilege. Our work goes on very prosperously at Advent Hall, and we have yet met with no obstacles."

The following passage is cited from a letter of January 21 to show

how the bishop treated the rector before he saw fit to change his policy and deportment towards the new parish. Happy, perhaps, would it have been for both parties had that change never taken place. "Every thing is as usual here. The bishop preached to a fine audience at the Church of the Advent last Sunday evening, and has kindly requested me to preach one of the Price Lectures."

He dwells, as it is but natural he should, in all his correspondence of this period, on the condition and prospects of his new pastoral charge. February 3 he writes, "We are getting on very bravely in our work here. The Church of the Advent continues to be as much frequented as ever, and by high and low, rich and poor, one with another. We endure the reproach of 'Puseyism' in common with some of the best names among us; but that is a small matter, even if it were deserved. Meanwhile we go quietly on, avoiding controversies, and desiring to turn neither to the right hand or the left." He here hints at a subject which had long occupied his thoughts; and although he was not spared to accomplish his desire in full, several devotional productions of his pen are found in these pages, which were doubtless designed originally for a part of the series here suggested. "I grow more and more satisfied that the Church needs, more than any thing else, a body of Hymns adapted to devotional use, and founded on the order of the Christian year."

February 11 he writes, "We have commenced Lent with five services per week — three on Sunday, and one on Wednesday and Friday. I have, however, some exchanges and some assistance, and could have more if I needed it. On the whole, I do no more than is good for me, and I only hope it will be as good for others as well." Among his other duties, he mentions his daily visits to a poor prisoner confined in Leverett Street jail, under condemnation of death. "I spend the best part of an hour with him every morning, and shall continue to do so, if my health and life are spared. As yet, none of the brethren have accompanied me; but I expect brother Wells will be joined with me in some of my future visits. He is great in ministering to such exigencies. I, alas! like Moses, am a man of uncircumcised lips."

His taste in church architecture was known to be peculiarly rigid, insomuch that he was thought by some to be rather fastidious on the subject. Comparing a beautiful church edifice, which had been erected in the neighboring village of Chelsea at a very moderate expense, with what he calls "the ugly abortions which disfigure the villages all over the land," he remarks, "I should never be anxious that a rural church should be undertaken in stone; because, if of any frailer material, there will be reason to hope that in time it may be superseded by a severer model, and need not be perpetuated forever."

In a letter dated on the Feast of St. Matthias, addressed to his

friend COUTHOUY, congratulating him on the recovery of his little son, WILLIAM CROSWELL, from dangerous sickness, he says, "Read for your solace, next to the Bible, the last four verses of Keble's Circumcision, —

> 'Art thou a child of tears,
> Cradled in care and woe?' —

and tell me where, short of the inspired Psalmist, you can find a strain more calculated, like the gospel, for soothing rather than excitement. Under the influence of this spirit, may my little namesake, as well as you and I, and all of us, happily live and happily die, and be taught to cultivate, as most indispensable to enjoyment, the habit of reverent submission to the parental authority which God hath set, first in the household, and then in the Church."

Amid the incessant duties of the Lenten season, he experienced occasional returns of his old malady, the headache; but the attacks were now less frequent and of much shorter duration, and seldom, as it seems, impeded the current of his labors. Writing, March 11, after suffering from one of these turns, he says, "I officiated, however, on Sunday, and am now, with the rest of us, thank God, as well as ever. The duties of the season, of course, grow more and more absorbing every day, as Easter draws on." Again, on Easter even, he writes: "Our services at this season have been very delightful, and the most solemn and impressive Good Friday solemnities at which I ever was present were those of our upper room, yesterday. The same feeling was universal. Our altar, as I remember it was in my youth at New Haven, was in black; the music full of pathos, and melted all hearts to tears; and the sermon, as I trust, was in entire unison with the services. . . . With the help of brother DAVENPORT, we have had two services every day since the commencement of Passion Week, and we have preached alternately. Every thing has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations in this new enterprise. Not a single drawback of any sort, thus far. My Price Lecture, on Wednesday, seems to have given great satisfaction to all whom I am most anxious to please. The bishop took some exceptions, but they were not of much moment." This remark should not be construed into an expression of disrespect for the bishop's opinions. He probably intended merely to say, that the points in the lecture to which the bishop took exceptions were not, in themselves, of much moment. In his next letter, dated Wednesday after Easter, he gives a glowing account of the services of that great festival, and speaks in terms of high gratification of the business transactions of the parish meeting, of the prosperous state of their financial affairs, and especially of the zeal and enthusiasm of the whole congrega-

tion. He gratefully acknowledges, also, some valuable tokens of personal attachment, in the form of Easter gifts, and, among others, a sum of money from several gentlemen of the parish, for the purpose of procuring books for his private use; and also from the late Joseph W. Ingraham "a set of the Massachusetts School Library," which, he says, "is the largest and most valuable donation of books which I ever received." He adds, in the same letter, the following pleasing item of intelligence: "The corner stone of St. Stephen's Free Chapel was laid on Easter Monday. This is to be built entirely by one individual, W. Appleton, Esq., and our friend Wells is the missionary. The scene only increased our longings for the day when that of the Advent shall be laid."

Having now passed through the labors of the Easter solemnities, he felt the want of some relaxation, and accordingly projected a visit with his family to New Haven. He could allow himself, however, but a short absence, including only a single Sunday. "The Sunday following," he says, "is Rogation Sunday; and the week is full of red-letter days, including Ascension day, on which we intend to celebrate the holy communion. Then follow the great festivals of Whitsunday and Trinity, on the last of which we hope to remove to our second place of worship, with the trust that the time is not distant when we shall require a better tabernacle and a permanent dwelling-place. And all the days between, till the convention assembles, will be much absorbed in preparing our first candidates for the holy ordinances of baptism, confirmation, and communion." After speaking in terms of gratification of the general and favorable attention drawn to the Church of the Advent, he adds, "If we had as large a church as there is in the city, there would be a gathering of the doves to the windows. Our place is uncomfortably thronged at all the services; and we have more than seventy communicants who have spontaneously reported themselves. Others excuse themselves until there is more room."

As a sort of episode in the current of events, he had the satisfaction, during the month of May, of receiving a visit from his parents. His mother arrived on the 8th, in company with a friend and his wife and child, who had prolonged their stay at New Haven until that time. While he notes many incidents of this visit with evident gratification, he seems to dwell with peculiar pleasure on every thing which contributed to their mutual religious enjoyment. "When the day of Pentecost was fully come," he says, "we were, like the apostles, with one accord, in one place, and mother was with us, in our upper room, at the breaking of bread, and also at the afternoon service. Both she and Mrs. B—— (her friend) seemed to enjoy our simple service very much, and to prefer attendance there to the more costly sanctuaries." In the same letter he says, with reference to the anticipated visit of his father, "I wish you, by all means, to be here

on the first Sunday after Trinity, which will be our last day in our present quarters, whether the new one be ready or not, as I have no objection to have you see under what circumstances our infancy has been cradled." Again, he writes on the 20th: "The bishop of the diocese will be absent next Sunday; but desired me, with his best respects, to request you to take his place at Trinity Church in the morning. . . . In the afternoon I shall expect you to preach the last sermon in our present nestling-place; and for the rest, I will release you from any other claims, though I dare say you will hardly escape without being required to preach a third time." And so it happened; the third sermon being preached at Christ Church in the evening. But, besides these duties, his father was called to minister in a case of most affecting interest. On his arrival in Boston, he was requested to visit a lovely little girl, in whom he had taken a deep interest while she was spending some months with her grandparents in New Haven. She had been for some time in declining health, and was now, as she well understood, rapidly approaching her end. Her young heart clung to one from whom she had already received much religious instruction; and, at her own request, the visits were repeated until the time of her departure. She passed through her change in peace and holy joy. By the desire of her friends, he performed the last solemn rites, as well at the dwelling of the parents as at the grave at Mount Auburn.

On the 15th of May, the hall of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was dedicated; and in the printed order of exercises is found the following "Original Hymn, written expressly for the occasion, by Rev. William Croswell:"—

Thou, who hast taught us how to prize
The truths which nature's fragrant maze,
In glories of unnumbered dyes,
To our enraptured sense conveys,
Be with us in this festal hour,
And, while the clouds of incense swim
In homage from each chaliced flower,
Accept, with these, our grateful hymn.

Amid the city's stunning din
Thy mute but radiant power we bless,
That, through its dusty depths, pours in
Such gleams of vernal loveliness;
That here thy odorous blooms impart,
Above all art or man's device,
A spell to soothe pale Labor's heart,
As with the airs of paradise.

Nor let the influence rest, till all
The dear delights in Eden nursed,
Recovered from their primal fall,
Like these, shine brightly as at first;
Till man himself, redeemed from stain,
His heaven-taught work in Christ complete,
And, through ONE GREATER MAN, regain
An entrance to the blissful seat.

On Sunday, the 1st of June, the congregation of the Church of the Advent took leave of their upper room in Merrimack Street, which they had occupied since the first Sunday in Advent, with the expectation of taking possession of their new hall on the following Sunday. But in this expectation they were disappointed, as the following extract from the rector's record will show: "On Sunday, the 15th of June, A. D. 1845, the place of worship was removed to the commodious hall, in the chamber of the building forming the corner of Lowell and Causeway Streets, the rector preaching the first discourse from the text, *Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ,* 1 Cor. iii. 11." Of this service he thus speaks in his next letter: "Our hall was opened under very favorable auspices, and all concerned seemed to be more than satisfied. It is a fine room for speaking and singing, and I have never heard such responses since I have been in Boston." Again, he writes: "As soon as the other parts of our building are completed, we have announced our purpose of commencing daily service, and have every reason to expect a fair attendance of devout worshippers."

There is a melancholy gratification in recording such a passage as the following, from a letter of June 30: "Mrs. PRESCOTT (widow of the late Rev. E. G. PRESCOTT) is now on a visit at Mrs. CARPENTER'S. It has given me a sad satisfaction to receive from her the cloak which her husband wore, the gift of his parents, and the more to know that this was according to his expressed wishes, in a will written several years before his death. Brotherly and intimate as our relations had been, I did not know, until since his decease, with how much truth it could be said of his affection for me, 'Behold, how he loved him!' May it inspire me more earnestly to covet the best gifts, — a portion of his spirit, — and to wrap myself as it were, with his zeal like a cloak."

From this time, as appears from frequent allusions in his correspondence, the affairs of the new parish passed on progressively and happily. These and other matters will be noted in the order of their date. July 7, after giving an interesting description of the celebration of the "glorious fourth," consisting in part of "a floral

procession of little children through the mall," he speaks thus *hopingly* of an interview with the bishop: "I had a pleasant visit from the bishop, on the afternoon of the 4th of July, and have never found him more agreeable. He spoke of meeting with you in New York, and alluded to you in a way very gratifying for a son to hear. He thought you had altered but little since he first knew you, during his connection with the seminary at New Haven. I might say none for the worse. He introduced no debatable matters, and we agreed on all points as far as we went. I shall not seek any occasion to differ from him, and hope that the even tenor of my way may not be disturbed." The following passage in the same letter is too characteristic to be omitted: "Yesterday was communion Sunday. I exchanged, in the afternoon, with the rector of Christ Church, — baptizing a child, *of course*, — and afterwards administering the communion, in private, to an aged colored Christian on the point of departure. It was an edifying service, — how could it be otherwise? — but the straitness of the quarters in which these wretched people live, and the train of thirteen who communicated with him, had almost given the flesh advantage over the spirit."

In a letter of the 14th, he gives the first intimation of a practice which was subsequently adopted as a general rule — that of employing, in their worship, the prose translation, instead of the metrical version, of the Psalms: "Yesterday afternoon, I delivered a sermon on 'speaking to yourselves in psalms.' I believe that I carried all my congregation with me, and that the Psalter will be our psalm book exclusively from henceforward." In the same letter he again alludes very pleasantly to his relations with the bishop, and to his favorite subject of a daily service: "The bishop continues to be very kind and attentive to me personally, and I see no indications of abatement of confidence in any quarter. Many of the parish are impatient for the commencement of daily service, but we are obliged to delay in consequence of the unfinished state of the rooms above us, in which the sound of the axe and hammer is not yet ceased. I do not feel much anxiety on the score of the additional labor. I already spend an hour every day in the vestry, which might be far more profitably spent in worship; and the size of the room is such, and its adaptation to sound so fine, that it will require scarcely any more vocal effort than in common conversation. Besides all this, I shall not be alone. The clergy will rally round the standard as soon as it is set up, and several are already pledged to officiate regularly, and to stand in the gap when emergencies shall arise. In the strength of God, we shall try. I am not sure that it will not be the first attempt to revive the week-day service in this city since the year 1686, when, at the second meeting of the members of the Church of England, it was 'agreed, that the prayers of the Church be said every Wednesday and Friday of the year, (for the present

in the library chamber of the town house in Boston,) and in the summer season to begin at seven of the clock in the morning, and in the winter season at nine of the clock in the forenoon.' It is, also, quite as remarkable a coincidence as many others that are chronicled, that in 1753, while their church * was building, 'the congregation requested and obtained leave to meet in Trinity Church on Sundays, at separate hours from the congregation of that church, and on festivals and prayer days in Mr. CROSWELL'S meeting house.' We hope the Church of the Advent will be as famous in the annals of the town as Mr. CROSWELL'S meeting house, in its associations with festivals and prayer days."

One other topic is introduced into his correspondence of this month, which it seems proper to notice, as an act of justice to his memory. The case of Mr. WASHBURN'S ordination attracted some attention at the time; and, in the discussion of the subject in the church periodicals, he may have been placed, as a member of the standing committee, in a false position. It is but fair, therefore, that he should be permitted to tell his own story. Under date of July 21, he says, "As a member of the standing committee, I have had my share of excitements. We had a special meeting to see if we should *volunteer* any advice to the bishop touching the delay of Mr. WASHBURN'S ordination at Newburyport, which had been appointed for Wednesday. The ground was, the use of the prayer commendatory of a sick person at the point of departure, on the occasion of General Jackson's *death*, not a little to the astonishment of his congregation. His papers had been already signed, and were in the hands of the bishop, who had received an explanation so far satisfactory to him as to lead to the appointment for his ordination, and no counsel was asked. I was opposed to any action unless it should be solicited, or, at least, without any previous conference with either the bishop or the party involved in the consequence. I was overruled, however, by the rest of the committee, who passed a declaration of sentiments, which I thought quite superfluous, at least, if not questionable. The thing is done, howe[illegible], and I wash my hands of it. I fear the effects will be mischievous." On the 28th, he writes, "You will be curious to hear the issue of affairs at Newburyport. I am not yet in possession of all the particulars. But, as might have been foreseen, the parish has been thrown into prodigious excitement. No less than sixteen clergymen had assembled to attend the services. The bishop did not feel willing to proceed with Mr. WASHBURN'S ordination, under the standing committee's interdict; and the other two candidates, to avoid the invidious aspect of the affair, preferred, as did the bishop, to wait for

* King's Chapel, Boston, which was rebuilt, of stone, in 1753.

another day. Indeed, at a meeting of the vestry in the morning, some inflammatory resolutions were passed refusing the use of the church for the services, unless their minister was ordained. This, of course, was very irregular and contumacious, but still of significancy, as showing the indignant sense entertained of this officious interference on the part of the standing committee — two of whom are fortunately, or unfortunately, natives of Newburyport, and have, perhaps not unjustly, to shoulder most of the responsibility. A petition has been circulated and signed by almost all the proprietors of the parish, urging the bishop to make an appointment for the ordination at an early day."

The following passage will be read with melancholy interest, now that this burying ground has become the place of the contemplated rest of his mortal remains: "I was much interested in the account of the exercises at the New Haven burial ground — a spot rendered dear to my heart by the ashes of kindred, and the cherished place, D. V. of my own final repose, while the flesh resteth in hope. I regret that the gateway is to be Egyptian, if it were only because it does not differ from those which so much annoy me here, with their pagan symbolism; but more especially, as ominous of the slight hold which Christian architecture, as well as Christian association generally, has upon the public mind. It will have a rare beauty and interest notwithstanding, and I have the warmest sympathies with the spirit that has led to this garnishing of the sepulchres of the righteous. It will be long before the generations expiate the sacrilege towards the dust of their fathers, who were buried on the upper green."

The first Sunday in August appears to have been a day of some note in the annals of the new church. This is inferred, not only because it is mentioned by the rector in his journal and correspondence as an occasion of much interest, but is also made the subject of a paragraph in one of the daily newspapers of the city: —

"Church of the Advent. The Rev. Dr. Eaton, formerly rector of Christ Church, the Rev. Mr. Croswell, also formerly rector of the same church, and the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, and the Rev. Mr. Pollard, of Nantucket, all officiated together on Sunday last, (August 3,) at the administration of the Lord's supper in the new Episcopal Church at the corner of Lowell Street in this city. The occasion was one of much interest to the frequenters of that place of worship, and the friends of the reverend clergymen." — *Boston Post.*

As the time drew near for the commencement of daily services in the new chapel, it was perceived that its peculiar location might present a serious obstacle to the enjoyment of their devotions: "Our

building," he says, "is not yet quite in order for daily service, and if it had been, I fear that we should have an insurmountable obstacle to encounter, in the bustle, and din, and stunning tide of this thoroughfare, or rather centre of thoroughfares, on which our chapel borders. A corner stand is grand for business, but very unfortunate as a retreat for devotion. We might as well stand and pray, like the Pharisees, at the corners of the streets, as to hope to have our voices heard over the tumult."

But, notwithstanding these objections, it was resolved to try the experiment; and accordingly, as the record states, "On Monday, September 1, 1845, the daily service was commenced for the first time in Boston, the Rev. F. W. I. POLLARD, being assistant to the rector." And, from a letter of the same date, the following particulars are gathered: "Yesterday, dear father, I gave notice that I purposed, by divine assistance, to offer daily the sacrifice of morning prayer, at the ancient hour of prayer, being the third hour, or, according to our present horology, nine o'clock. The announcement was simply for the week, that I might not engage myself to any extent beyond my ability to execute, and that the time might be changed, or the service discontinued altogether, if it should be deemed expedient. The morning was bright and auspicious, and there was an encouraging attendance, considering that the intention was not generally known. The weather being cool and autumnal, we were able to shut out the noise more entirely than I dared to hope, and the interruption was not very serious. At times, the rumbling of the carts served very well for an accompaniment, though occasionally, like a heavy organ, it drowned the human voice. Spiritually, I doubt not, the service will be a great blessing, so long as we are in earnest, and throw ourselves into the system with simple boldness, and have faith to follow Christ on a venture. And, physically, I believe it will be no disadvantage, especially if I can learn the great lesson of saying prayers instead of preaching them, or rather if I can unlearn the opposite. I had a tolerable trial of my strength, having had three services yesterday without assistance, and being also alone this morning. I am not aware that I have passed a Monday, for many months, with so little sense of fatigue. The brethren of the city will be ready to assist me whenever I require it; and as soon as Mr. POLLARD returns from Nantucket, I can count, I think, upon his accepting a proposal from me to become my assistant for the next three months. Long may day unto day continue to utter speech, and may we soon be able to add, that 'night unto night showeth knowledge'!"

Writing again on the 9th, and continuing the same subject, he says, "My expected assistant has not yet arrived from Nantucket; and besides being bound every day, not an unwilling victim, to the horns of the altar, I have had, for the last two Sundays, three ser-

vices, and all the ordinances. My health, happily, was never better, and I ascribe the improvement in part to the system. I am persuaded that the Church, if it is to be built up at all now, must be built up, as at first it was, with daily prayer, and that those who would see in open vision the glory and the consolation of Israel, must continue, like Simeon, and Anna, and the apostles, daily with one accord in the temple; and then we may hope that the Lord will add daily to the Church such as shall be saved." After detailing a long list of occasional services, and mentioning the constant attendance of the venerable Dr. Eaton at daily prayer, he continues, "It commenced silently; like a little leaven it spreads apace, and the time, as we fondly anticipate, is not distant when it will pervade the whole lump. The attendance yesterday was between thirty and forty, and is daily increasing."

From this pleasing theme, he turns to one of peculiar sadness: "Letters from Mr. Brinley inform me of the death of his excellent and long-suffering daughter Harriet. She has lingered much longer than could have been expected, and her death did not, of course, take them by surprise. But this gradual reduction of their household, till the departed are more in number than the living, makes each bereavement more sad and the hearts of the survivors more heavy: —

'Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!'

Would that all the invalids whom we have in our hearts could regard the prospect before them with the unshaken faith and unclouded hope that illumined her sick chamber. Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He adds this touching reflection: "How sudden the transition! how thin the partitions between bliss and woe! On the other side of the way, E—— (a cousin of Miss Brinley) is probably preparing for her nuptials, on the 24th instant, and the future is full of bright hopes and promises. Happy indeed if she realizes at last what her deceased cousin enjoys; for sure she has entered into bliss, and hears the inexpressive nuptial song."

Having been invited to attend this wedding, he left Boston on the 23d, was present at the nuptial ceremony on the 24th, and proceeded to New Haven in the evening. Here he met his brother from Albany, and, after a pleasant visit of a few days, returned to Hartford, and, on the 30th attended a meeting of the Board of Fellows at Trinity College, for organization and business. In a letter written after this meeting, he speaks of the college as requiring some new impulse to redeem it from its then unpromising condition. The following criticism may appear somewhat severe, but its justice will not be called in question: "I was sorry to see such a set of portraits hanging on the walls of the library. There is not one

of them but that is verily a *caput mortuum*, without a particle of vitality, except Bishop SEABURY, which is indeed a live likeness, and standing out gloriously like the living among the dead."

He returned to Boston on the 1st of October. "Being," he says, "the anniversary of my wedding day, I resisted all temptation to tarry at Hartford, though obliged to spend most of it, like John Gilpin, on the road. Had I been as great a man as he, I might have been as anxious to save appearances.

'Said John, it is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'"

In several of his succeeding letters he writes in remarkably good spirits; speaks of the health of himself and family as excellent; and in all his allusions to the affairs of his parish represents them as prosperous and encouraging. "The daily service goes on quietly at the Church of the Advent, through sunshine and storm alike, and with little deviation in the attendance." Again, after mentioning a number of adult baptisms, he says, "We have the names of some twenty candidates for confirmation, and the number will probably be increased before the bishop's visitation. In addition to one daily service, we are engaged almost every day with the sick, and are more exposed to interruptions, in season and out of season, than ever before. These are, however, among the blessed tokens that our ministry is not a sinecure, and that we are not without signs of life and the divine presence."

The confirmation above alluded to was held on the evening of the Sunday before Advent; and some account of it is gathered, first from his letter of November 25, and next from one of the newspapers of the day. "Our place of worship," says the letter, "was thronged; the music was delightful; the congregation manifesting that *engagedness* in the worship which is so contagious, and distinguishes us from any congregation in the city, and seventeen candidates kneeled around the altar. The office was impressively performed; and the bishop delivered an extemporaneous address, which was very good, though it contained nothing either episcopal or distinctive, of course, not even the slightest recognition of what was characteristic in the rite. After all was over, and the congregation had withdrawn, he proceeded to deal with the rector and his assistant, in the spirit of one who was about to lay his hands — I had almost said *violent* hands — upon an antagonist; and in a manner neither creditable nor convincing. I hope that we shall never be obliged to listen to such a charge again from any lips; and I cannot repeat it on paper. I respectfully, but steadily, repelled his imputations in a way that gives

me no compunction to reflect upon. . . . I have always anticipated that the simple exhibition of the Church as it is, and a bending of effort to revive the tone of our public worship, so as to give it vitality, would, please God, be quite irresistible. And so it has proved. Since we began the daily service, the attendance has been increasing constantly, and on the Lord's day we have not a seat to spare. Every week inquirers are coming to know what they shall do; and the Lord is adding daily to the Church such, we trust, as shall be saved. Meanwhile we need great grace and prudence; for we have violent opposition to encounter; though nothing can harm us, if we do not harm ourselves. We adhere most tenaciously to the rubric, and we go together like one man."

The newspaper account of the transaction is in these words: —

"The Church of the Advent. The impressive ordinance of confirmation was administered by Bishop Eastburn, on Sunday evening last, at the Church of the Advent, to seventeen persons.

"We were agreeably surprised both at the number of the candidates, and the unusual solemnity of the congregation; and we could not help considering that the general tone of the arrangements — the genius of the place — were the *indicia* of a promising future. It was a pleasing thing to see the youngest church of the diocese receive its appointed head with such cordial welcome; to see its doors and its aisles thronging with worshippers, and its chancel surrounded with those who were about to enroll themselves under the banner of the Cross. For the first time the bishop knelt at its newly-raised altar; for the first time he laid his hands upon its new disciples; for the first time he invoked a blessing upon its sacred walls.

"It must be a satisfaction to this prelate to observe, with the actual extent of the city, the visible growth of the Church; and that, while we live in an age in which the hand of the spoiler is busy in stripping life of its refinements, and religion of its God-appointed aids, there yet exists a temple where the spirit of past centuries may take refuge — an altar whereon it may burn the incense of its sacrifice. The Churchman must hail the advent of this star in our religious horizon as the omen of still better things; and though now its pure glimmerings are scarce observed amid the light of more imposing bodies, yet we hope it will continue to shine on with that steady and mild glory, which can only be obscured by the advent of the Sun it worships."

These particulars, though sufficiently interesting in themselves, derive an additional importance from the fact that the scene in the Church of the Advent, after the confirmation, was indicative of the bitter and persecuting spirit manifested in the bishop's subsequent proceedings, and was indeed the incipient step in a series of high-

handed and oppressive measures, without a parallel in the annals of the church in this country. But before a detailed account is given of these measures, it seems proper to place on record the following paper, left in the handwriting and under the signature of the rector, and dated but a few days after the transaction, and while all the circumstances must have been fresh in his memory.

Minutes of the Conversation between the Right Rev. Bishop EASTBURN *and the Rev. Messrs.* CROSWELL *and* POLLARD, *at the Church of the Advent, in Boston, Sunday evening, November 23, A. D.* 1845.

The Right Rev. the Bishop of the diocese visited the Church of the Advent, by appointment, for the purpose of administering confirmation, on Sunday evening, November 23, 1845. The rector and his assistant were in the robing room when the bishop arrived. The usual civilities were exchanged, and there was no apparent want of courtesy or good will on the part of the bishop. As Mr. POLLARD was in his cassock, the bishop inquired whether he would conduct the service. I said that I proposed to have him read the lesson. To this no objection was made. The bishop then selected the psalmody, robed himself with my assistance, requested me to read the preface in the confirmation office, and to direct the candidates to come forward, but made no inquiry, that I remember, either as to their number or character, or with reference to the state of the parish. On entering the chancel, the bishop went to the right end of the holy table, and I offered evening prayer at the other. The Rev. Mr. POLLARD, who was on the same side of the chancel with myself, — and whose duty it was to read the lesson for the evening from the lectern, — knelt down during the prayers with his face towards the corner of the holy table. The chapel was crowded, and the air was close and oppressive. The interest in the services was somewhat exciting to me, and, as I supposed at the time, affected the bishop in the same way. Seventeen candidates were presented, all of them of mature years; and all of them were, at the time, or have since become, communicants. There was no sermon. In the place of it, the bishop, after the confirmation, returned to the right of the holy table, and, standing with his back nearly against the wall, delivered an extemporaneous address. There was a hurry and agitation of manner which I attributed, at the time, to interest in the duty before him. An unfortunate transposition of words occurred, of which he did not seem to be aware, and which it is painful to record. I refer to his speaking of the Lamb of God who "washed us from our *blood* in his own *sins*." After the congregation had begun to retire, I went over to the side of the chancel, where the bishop was standing and wiping the perspiration from his face, and made some allusion to the heat. I said that the room had

been often over-crowded, and that we were suffering for want of a church. To this he replied by an impatient waving of his hand towards the windows, as if they should have been further let down. After the aisles were further cleared, I told the bishop that we could then get to the robing room at the opposite end, if he wished. He said that he did not like to expose himself to a change of air until he was cooler, or something to that effect. Presently he said, with an abruptness and severity of manner that startled me, "Mr. POLLARD, what did you say *Saint* Titus for? Why can't you say *Titus*, as every body else does?" Mr. POLLARD said he did not know but others said as he did. *Bishop.* "No, sir, never. The apostles are called saints, and no others. We don't say *Saint* Mary." This may not be the precise form of expression, and more was said; but this was the idea conveyed. "And why do you kneel in that way, half a mile off from the table? I have spoken to you often enough about these mummeries, at Nantucket. These things give pious people great offence." *P.* "How would you have me kneel, sir?" "Turn to your chair, and kneel there." *P.* "I do but conform to the usage of the place." *Bishop.* "No, you don't; Mr. CROSWELL did not kneel in that way." I then said, "Bishop, Mr. P. kneels according to our ordinary usage. When a third clergyman is present, and prefers to take one end of the altar, for symmetry's sake, I generally take the other." The bishop expressed great surprise, as if he had heard of this for the first time.* "Mr. CROSWELL, I am very much surprised at this. I should not have expected it of you. What is the use and meaning of it? Why kneel down half a mile off, and not come up at once to the table? I can understand why a Romish priest should do so. The host is there. But what have we on the table to worship?" I spoke of my conviction that our method ministered to reverence. *Bishop.* "I think as much of reverence as any one, but I abhor superstition!" I said, "Bishop, Mrs. Barbauld tells us, that there is a class of persons who have a superstitious dread of superstition." Without noticing my reply, the bishop went on in a rapid and disconnected way to allude to the danger of conformity to Romish usages, — of the consequences of these innovations in England, — of Mr. Newman's apostasy. I assured him that I had no more sympathies with Romanism than himself. He spoke of the English country churches, and King's Chapel in this city, as in contrast with ours. I observed that our little hall was hardly to be compared with his own church, or any others; but I thought that on comparison with places of worship of the same size, I knew of none that was better arranged, or where he

* A clergyman of the city has since told me that he had explained by word and attitude to the bishop, the very night before, in reply to his very particular inquiries, our precise manner of conducting the service, and place and mode of kneeling.

himself appeared to better advantage in his ministrations. He interrupted me to say, that at East Boston, where he had officiated the Sunday evening previous, I should be astonished to see how easy it was to give a room, which was merely a long narrow store, a truly ecclesiastical air. They had there pulpit, desk, and communion table, although they had far less room than we had. I told him that I had been much interested in that enterprise, had officiated there twice, and administered the communion for the first time, but could not conceal my surprise that he should suggest it as a model; that there were three structures in the chancel on the same level, looking to a stranger like three little red altars; that the only other arrangement, like that of the Church of the Messiah, seemed to be a sort of conference-room desk for prayer and preaching, and a little shelf projecting as the holy table. The bishop alluded to our use of the Psalter, in the place of the Psalms in metre, and did not see how I could reconcile it with the way in which the General Convention had set forth the latter. I told him, as I had told him at a former interview, that they were permitted, not required to be used, and that, if we did not choose to avail ourselves of that permission, we were at liberty to fall back upon the usage of the universal church. He said that, upon this principle, he did not see why we might not use Watts, or the Rippon Collection. I told him that I thought not, as I was not aware that these had ever been in use by the Holy Church Universal. I said that I thought I could show him an expression of opinion from Bishop Griswold, which did not differ greatly from mine. He replied, "Well, when the House of Bishops expresses an opinion, it will be time enough to use it as authority," or language conveying some such impression. The bishop called attention to our large cross, candlesticks, shelf, &c., as indicative of affinities with Rome. "If an Irishman were to come in here," said he, "and see that cross, he would kneel down to it at once, in the aisle. He would think that he was in a Roman Catholic chapel. It looks like one." I said that I thought, without the "Roman," his remark was true. "It certainly did look like a Catholic Chapel." The bishop said, in the course of his remarks, "that practices like these had brought the parish in Nantucket to ruin." When we withdrew to the vestry, Mr. Pollard, who had maintained silence since the opening of the conversation, said, "Sir, you have charged that I brought the parish in Nantucket to ruin. I protest against such a statement. I refer to the statistics of the parish, in the journals of the convention, to show that it was spiritually flourishing during the whole period of my ministry." "Statistics," the bishop said, "were not always to be relied upon." "The debt of the church," said Mr. Pollard, "was not incurred by me. I had no responsibility for it." I observed, that it was generally known that Mr. Marcus had involved the parish in its pecuniary embarrassment long before Mr. Pollard's connection with

it. The bishop said that, "the great obstacle to the payment of these debts was the dissatisfaction in the diocese with the proceedings of Mr. POLLARD, — that Mr. JENKS was well satisfied of this now." Mr. POLLARD observed, that he must then have changed his opinion very much within a short time. The bishop then being ready to leave, I was unwilling to part with him thus, on an occasion from which I had anticipated so much satisfaction. I said, "Bishop, I thank you for your services this evening, which have afforded us great gratification." To this he responded, as we shook hands, — but with some hesitation, — "Well, I hope God will prosper you." This was the substance of our conversation on that evening, when our joy was suddenly turned into heaviness. I do not pretend to exactness, but as I am enabled to recall it, after the interval which has since occurred. Portions of it are indelibly impressed on my mind, never to be obliterated. Other parts are less distinctly remembered. The bishop's remarks were desultory and unconnected, and made apparently under strong excitement; and I was much agitated and disturbed at the time. I trust that I have nothing extenuated, or set down aught in malice. I have requested Mr. POLLARD to write out a statement this day, independently of mine, that by the mouth of two witnesses every word may be established. There were other bystanders whom I could name, who heard the opening of the conversation, and observed the manner of the bishop.

W. CROSWELL.

P. S. Having understood that it had been currently reported that the bishop had, before this visit, given me admonition with reference to our attitudes and arrangements at the Church of the Advent, I take this opportunity of correcting this impression. I had never heard from the bishop one word, directly or indirectly, on any of the matters alluded to in his pastoral letter to the clergy. It is true, that on one occasion he had spoken to me about wearing the surplice in preaching, and the use of the Psalter. He appeared, however, to be satisfied with my reasons for not changing my dress, and, indeed, said that he was disposed to lay little stress upon it.* I stated, at that time, my objection to the use of the Selections of Psalms set forth in 1832. The bishop told me, that if I did not like to use that selection, I was at liberty to use the version previously set forth, and which was still retained in his own parish, (Trinity Church.) But I humbly question whether there be any warrant whatever for the practice, and whether the last metre version does not supersede all the preceding ones. On this subject, the bishop's request at parting was, that I would consult with my vestry,

* The bishop preached himself in the surplice from the desk, every Friday during the last season of Lent.

which I did accordingly ; and he was careful to premise that I was not to regard what he then said as an official expression of opinion. This is the only time that the bishop ever exchanged a word with me on the subject in question.

W. CROSWELL, *Rector.*

This first step having been taken, the bishop now seemed ready to pursue the rector of the Church of the Advent in a manner calculated, at least, if not designed, to effect the ruin of his reputation and influence as a Christian minister. Accordingly, the following extraordinary paper appeared in the bishop's official organ, the Christian Witness, of the 5th of December, and, being issued in large numbers, was circulated throughout the country : —

To the Clergy of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

Reverend and dear Brethren : A deep sense of the responsibility attached to my office, as the chief pastor of this portion of our common fold, has constrained me to address you on a subject, in regard to which I would fain, if duty would have permitted, have remained silent.

It is already known to you, that, towards the close of the last year, a parish was incorporated in the north-western part of this city, under the name of the Church of the Advent. Its commencement afforded me sincere pleasure ; and having been begun with the avowed intention, on the part of the respectable persons engaged in it, of establishing a church with free sittings, I commended it to the liberal aid of the Episcopalians of Boston. On the evening of Sunday, the 23d of last month, according to previous appointment, I visited the temporary place of worship of this parish, for the purpose of administering the apostolic rite of confirmation ; and there observed, to my inexpressible grief and pain, various offensive innovations upon the ancient usage of our church. In the form of the communion table ; in the decorations of golden candlesticks, and of a large wooden cross, by which it is surmounted ; and in the postures used in front of it by the assistant minister, who, as I learned from the rector, was only conforming to the constant practice of the latter on all occasions except the service of that evening, I perceived, with sorrow, superstitious puerilities of the same description with those which already, in the case of another parish church of this diocese, had called forth a public expression of disapprobation, first from my revered predecessor, now resting from his labors, and subsequently from myself in the address to the convention of 1844.

I feel, my reverend brethren, that I should be guilty of a dereliction of plain duty, were I not to express, in this public manner, my utter and unqualified condemnation of these practices, carried on in the principal city of the diocese, and under my own immediate

eye. Were these novelties nothing more than childish, they would be on that account sufficiently objectionable to call forth my censure; for it certainly must be a fit subject of rebuke, that there should be found a disposition among any of the clergy to abandon, in their mode of conducting divine service, that masculine simplicity and dignity by which our beloved and venerable Church, both here and in England, has been so long and so justly distinguished. But chiefly do I condemn these innovations upon established custom, because of their pointed and offensive resemblance to the usages of that idolatrous papal communion against which our Prayer Book so strongly protests; and because, where a communion table is fitted up like a Romish altar, and certain postures are used by the clergy indicative of reverence towards that altar, the certain effect of such a spectacle is, to produce gradually among the congregation those very corruptions in regard to the sacrament of the Lord's supper from which, by the good providence of God, we have been so graciously delivered. Those who are familiarized, by the officiating minister, with the *forms* of error, will fall, by an imperceptible but sure process, into error itself; and thus our people will be led, by the very services in which they engage while actually within the bosom of our own Protestant Church, into doctrinal departures of the most grievous and vital character. And, in addition to these considerations, I will not dissemble the pain which such practices give me on another account — namely, the ridicule and contempt to which they expose the Church of our affections from all sensible and enlightened persons of other Christian bodies.

In view of the dangers above stated, and considering this subject as far from being a mere matter of taste and fancy, about which men may safely differ, I have already privately remonstrated against the novelties adopted in the Church of the Advent, and have expressed my views, as opportunity offered, to various individuals. But knowing that this mode of signifying disapprobation must, of necessity, be limited in the extent to which it reaches, and fearing lest my supposed silence should, in any part of this diocese, be construed into acquiescence in things which I condemn, and which I regard as pregnant with evil, I embrace the present method of letting my sentiments be more widely known.

It is a pleasure to me to feel well assured, that with the usages referred to, and with the unsound and unchurch-like theology to which they belong, a great majority of the clergy over whom God has given me the oversight have no sympathy. But others are constantly entering our ranks, and may need, especially the younger of them, to be warned against the imitation of such examples. Whether the course adopted in the parish referred to will be continued or not, it is beyond my ability to conjecture; but, however this may be, I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that I am clear of

the responsibility of being a silent spectator of irregularities, degrading to the character of our Church, and perilous to the souls of our people.

That your hearts' desire, my reverend brethren, in your high and holy calling, may be to set forth the unsearchable riches of Christ to a world lying in sin and death, is the prayer of

Your affectionate diocesan,

MANTON EASTBURN.

Boston, *December* 2, 1845.

This publication, as might have been expected, produced the most intense excitement, not only in Boston and vicinity, but in every place where the paper had been sent. The wardens and vestry of the Church of the Advent immediately assembled, and expressed their deep sense of the wrong which had been thus inflicted on their rector and the church in the following preamble and resolutions: —

At a meeting of the wardens and vestry of the Church of the Advent, held December 5, 1845, *the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:* —

Whereas there appeared, in the Christian Witness of December 5, a letter from the right reverend the bishop of this diocese, in which the arrangements made by us for divine service in our chapel and the mode of conducting it are severely censured and denounced to the public as "offensive," "superstitious," and "degrading to the character of our Church and perilous to the souls of our people," we have thought it our duty to give the subject matter of the letter a respectful consideration, although it is addressed neither to us nor to our rector, and our attention has never been officially called to it. And although no request or representation has been made to us by our bishop on this subject, and we are not called upon to take any action or express any determination thereupon, yet it may be expedient to record our reasons for what we have done, and our feelings as to the same: therefore, by the wardens and vestry of the parish of the Advent, it is unanimously

Resolved, That it is with surprise and regret we learn that our bishop has thought proper to denounce, in this public manner, the arrangements of our chapel, and the conduct of worship there, and especially that he has done so without having addressed to us any communication upon the subject, or having called our attention to it, either as a body or as individuals.

Resolved, That we have carefully considered so much of this letter as touches upon our province and duties, to wit, the furniture and arrangements of the chapel, and do not find any thing there alluded to by our bishop, except the communion table, the cross, and

the candlesticks, by which the chancel is lighted in the evening; and that, as to these, we can see no just cause of complaint.

Resolved, That, in placing a single cross in the window of the chancel behind the altar, we believe we have introduced no "offensive innovations upon the ancient usage of our Church," but have the example of a multitude of churches in England, and an increasing number in our own country. That it is hardly for us to enter upon the defence of a usage so ancient, sacred, and continuous.

Resolved, That in the matter of the communion table, or altar, we can see no cause for censure, or even for scrupulous doubt. It is a simple movable table, of pine wood, standing upon four legs, occupying the usual place, covered with a plain crimson cloth, having no resemblance to the altars used in Roman Catholic churches, and differing in no respect from those in general use among us, unless it be in having a small shelf on the side next the wall, which we suppose is immaterial, as it is believed that the same may be seen in some other churches, where it has remained without objection. In fact, so far is this, in our opinion, from tending to superstitious practices, that we have thought it might rather be liable to the objection of being too much like the table of common household furniture, to meet the requirements of the holy table and altar, which the Prayer Book teaches us to consider it.

Resolved, That as candles have never been burned in our chapel, except during service at night, for the purpose of lighting the chancel, (as on the occasion of the confirmation referred to in the letter,) we presume the bishop's objection can only be to the use of the candlesticks upon the altar instead of some other mode of lighting the chancel. That when the chapel was furnished, we deliberately considered the different modes of lighting the chancel, and were unanimously of opinion that candlesticks were more appropriate than the modern fashions of gas fixtures or globe lamps, as being more scriptural and ecclesiastical, more significant, more consonant with the feelings of a worshipper, and less liable to mixed and secular associations. That we are informed that, on this point, we have the support of an existing rubric and a not unfrequent practice of the Church of England, and the example of churches in this country and this diocese, where candlesticks have been used in this way for years, without objection or remark. That we have reconsidered this subject since the letter has appeared, and cannot but believe that the substitution of either of the other modes of lighting the chancel for the four candlesticks now in use would be repulsive to the feelings of the congregation, and aiding in the deplorable introduction of novel, secular, and uncanonical decorations into sacred places.

Resolved, That although the position our minister may be led to take, when engaged in an act of worship, is not within our super-

intendence, yet we cannot but record our regret at the manner in which the letter speaks on that subject. That the custom has been uniform, from the first opening of our chapel, for the minister, in the devotional parts of the service, to turn his face towards the holy table, whether kneeling at its side or more in front, and that we have never known any other "postures used" in these services than that of simple kneeling, as required by the rubric. That this mode is congenial with our own feelings and sense of the proprieties of public worship. That we know it to be grateful to the worshippers at the chapel. That, so far from giving offence, we have found that not only the stated worshippers, but strangers, whether of the Church or of other religious bodies, have frequently expressed their sense of its fitness and solemnity. That it is of material aid, as we believe, in abstracting the mind and centring it upon the divine worship. That although it is not for us to decide upon rubrics intended for the direction of the clergy, yet we may say, that we understand them to be constructed upon the supposition that the minister will face in the same way with the people when engaged with them in the same acts of devotion; "turning towards the people" when he addresses himself to them, as in reading Holy Scripture, the sermon, and the like. That, as our congregation has become habituated and attached to this mode of worship, (some of them having thus first learned the Church,) we should feel regret at having it abandoned, independently of its general propriety.

Resolved, That, taking a general view of this subject, we believe, and have frequently heard it said, that the arrangements of the chapel are simple and consistent; and we know that the mode of conducting the worship has called forth an interest and engagedness in the service on the part of the congregation which is most encouraging to both priest and people.

Resolved, That inasmuch as our bishop, in his letter, has publicly spoken of the practices of our rector as "superstitious," and "puerile," and has charged him with "exposing the church to ridicule and contempt," and "degrading its character and perilling the souls of the people," we cannot but record, with deference, but decidedly, our convictions to the contrary, and our solemn protest against the manner of this condemnation. We cannot express our sense of his many excellences, of the untiring and self-sacrificing efforts he daily makes for the good of his people and the poor of the neighborhood, of his dignity and simplicity in conducting divine service, and our obligations to him for his solemn and affecting instructions. That his labors have met with great success in building up the parish, and, we believe, in the spiritual growth and comfort of many that are under his charge. That we cordially sympathize with him in the efforts he is making, by the daily service, the observance of holy days, a regular offertory, the use of free sittings, the introduction of

simple and ancient music, visitations of the poor and sick, and frequent celebration of the sacraments, ordinances, and offices, to do his part towards presenting the Church in its entireness before this community.

Resolved, That the assistant minister, of whom the letter speaks, has, as we believe, conformed to the usages of the parish and to the wishes of the rector, and has won the respect and affection of all by his patient endurance, his self-denial, his constant labors, especially among the poor, sick, and afflicted, and his single-minded devotion to the duties of his holy office.

Resolved, That when we consider the character, age, and services of our rector, and that most of the officers of the parish are personally known to the bishop, we are the more surprised at the appearing of this letter, as well as at its tone. That we regret it the more, as it places us, unexpectedly and unwillingly, in the attitude of a public defence against our ecclesiastical head in the diocese.

Resolved, That the clerk procure a copy of the "Christian Witness" referred to, and place it on the files of the parish; that these resolutions be entered in full upon the records; that a copy of the same be transmitted to the bishop; and that they be sent to the "Christian Witness" for publication.

R. H. DANA, } *Wardens.*
C. P. GORDON, }

THERON METCALF,
THOMAS D. MORRIS,
ALEXANDER WOOD,
R. M. COPELAND,
R. H. DANA, JR., } *Vestrymen.*
W. E. COALE,
R. H. SALTER,
THEODORE METCALF,
C. R. BOND,

The rector also addressed the following letter to his diocesan: —

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND MANTON EASTBURN, D. D.,
BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Reverend Father in God: I received through the post office this afternoon a copy of the "Christian Witness" of December 5, containing the following circular: [Here follows the letter, as at page 357.]

I am fain to believe that many of my clerical brethren in that mystical body, whose members suffer one with another, will feel hardly less deeply hurt and aggrieved than myself, both by the manner and matter of the foregoing official communication. As one who truly loves the brotherhood with whom he has been so long and so intimately identified, and who has ever desired to carry himself

dutifully towards his bishop, according to the vows of his ordination, I cannot affect to conceal the distress which it has given me; nor will you wonder that I should be most anxious to rescue myself, before the Church, from the fearful charge of having introduced among the "flock of God, of which the Holy Ghost hath made me overseer," "irregularities, degrading to the character of the Church, and perilous to the souls of our people." On such a charge, the canons require that every clergyman should be presented, tried, and convicted, before the bishop is authorized to pronounce sentence. As I have been condemned, in this case, without the formalities of a hearing, I see not what is left me but to present, with a brief statement of the case, my earnest but humble protest against a proceeding so severe, and, as I am inclined to believe, in our branch of the Church, so entirely unprecedented.

I send you, also, at the request of the wardens and vestry, a copy of a series of resolutions unanimously adopted by them, at a meeting held on the evening of the 5th instant, in which your letter receives a careful and respectful consideration.

Having passed the first eleven years of my ministry in this city, as rector of one of the oldest churches, I need not speak for myself of my manner of life during that period. I left, in 1840, to take charge of a parish in the diocese of Western New York, not only without censure or reproach, but with a voluntary testimonial of affection and confidence, signed by the bishop and every one of our clergy resident at that time in Boston, Newton, and Lowell. In transferring my canonical relations, your truly "revered predecessor, now resting from his labors," wrote to Bishop De Lancey the following dimissory letter, a copy of which I have happily preserved: —

Dear Sir: The object of this is to transfer from the State of Massachusetts to your diocese the Rev. William Croswell. Merely to say that, for three years last past, he has not been justly liable to evil report, for error in doctrine, or viciousness of life, though eminently true, seems in his case very unnecessary. He will leave behind him no clergyman more highly, more justly, or more generally esteemed for those qualities which constitute and adorn the gentleman, the scholar, and the faithful minister of Christ. While, with many hundreds of others, I deeply regret his loss to this diocese, I may well congratulate you on such an accession to yours. That in his new situation he may find friends as numerous and as cordial as those he leaves, is the prayer of

Your friend and brother,

A. V. GRISWOLD.

The prayer of the aged and beloved bishop was answered, in my new residence, beyond my expectations and deserts. Of this, however, it is foreign to my present purpose to say more. I would gladly have said less. But, though unconscious of the slightest change in the principles and views with which I entered the

ministry, or of deserving, in any respect, to forfeit the confidence of those who are set over us in the Lord, yet a glance at the heinous imputations against me, in your circular, painfully convinces me, that a testimonial, from such a quarter, of my "freedom from any *just* liability to evil report," however "eminently true," may not seem so "very unnecessary."

Suffice it to say, that I joyfully embraced an opportunity which offered, just a twelvemonth since, to return to this city of my affections; and accepted, with your sanction and approbation, reverend father in God, the rectorship of the newly-organized Church of the Advent. I found a band of zealous and intelligent laity ready and willing to coöperate with me. We commenced, under every disadvantage, in a humble and obscure "upper room." It was my "heart's desire," in accordance with the closing aspiration in your circular, "in my high and holy calling to set forth the unsearchable riches of Christ to a world lying in sin and death." Next to this, in building up a new parish from the beginning, it was our unanimous wish to carry out, as strictly as possible, the intentions of the Church, as they are expressed in the Prayer Book. With these two objects steadily in view, I have been willing to labor in season and out of season, and from house to house. As in the primitive days of the gospel, by the divine blessing, the word of God has grown mightily and prevailed. We removed to our present chapel, which, though very convenient, is not large enough for the accommodation of our people. The Lord is still pleased to add daily to the Church such as, we trust, shall be saved. The number of communicants has increased to more than a hundred; thirty persons have been baptized, of whom nine have been adults; and several others are preparing themselves for the same "washing of regeneration."

I ascribe, reverend father in God, the blessing which has thus far crowned our efforts chiefly to the simple and constant exhibition of our church, as a church "instant in prayer," and by seeking to stir up all that is within us to make the most of our privileges, and thus exhibit the service, not as a mere formality, but a free-will offering of the heart and understanding. To inspire the feeling of earnestness and reverence in others, we have sought to be earnest and reverent ourselves. We have knelt devoutly before and with our people, "towards God's most holy place," as our new version of the Psalms expresses it, that they also might learn to kneel after our example. The effect has been all that we hoped for. The flame has spread from heart to heart. The cold silence and wandering looks, the carelessness and apathy, which are subjects of complaint in so many places of worship, have disappeared before it. Many, who have come without religious sympathy, we have reason to know have been joined together with us in a new bond of Christian union. I venture to say, that the expression of "ridicule and con-

tempt," to which you allude, has not been known among us; though doubtless some who "came to scoff" have "remained to pray."

The establishment of the *daily service* has, according to our fond anticipations, eminently contributed to the same happy result. It was commenced on the 1st of September last, and has been since continued without intermission. To meet the demands of this service, in addition to our many other duties, I secured the assistance of a brother beloved, a native of this city, not without your being apprised that it was in contemplation, whom I had known and esteemed, from the first beginnings of his ministry at Lynn, for his self-sacrificing fidelity, and his patient endurance of hardness as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. While I heartily respond to the terms in which he is noticed in the resolutions of the vestry, it is proper for me to add, that whatever censures you have thought fit, thus publicly, to cast upon the arrangements or mode of worship in our chapel, no part of them should fall upon him. The responsibility rests with myself and the vestry. He has simply conformed to our usages and my wishes, and has neither suggested nor practised any variations therefrom.

I need not say, reverend father in God, that your visitation to our parish had been looked for with much interest. The crowd of worshippers on that occasion, the simple but inspiring music, "the hearty and athletic responses, the sympathy of sacred sounds, the collective strength of prayer," the devout and reverential demeanor of the congregation, the number and respectability of the candidates for confirmation, (all persons of mature years,) and your own unusually glowing and fervid address, — made us feel that it was, indeed, good to be there; and we could not but regard these as grateful evidences that God was with us of a truth, and had signally blessed our efforts to revive the tone of public worship from the cold and lifeless state, the want of vitality and engagedness, into which it has so confessedly fallen among us. I need not say that I was greatly disappointed to find that your feelings, at that moment, were so entirely different from mine.

In the hasty and impulsive, not to say excited, remarks which fell from you, while my mind was yet filled with the impressive and solemn services in which we had just united, — and even before you left the chancel, — I did not recognize any thing like a formal or deliberate, much less authoritative, judgment in the matters to which you alluded. The style of rebuke, addressed to my assistant, was such as I never had the pain to hear from any bishop before. It was administered, not on account of his kneeling in *front* of the holy table, as one might be led to suppose from your letter, which he did not do, (although it is every where done without blame, whenever three clergymen are in the chancel,) but on account of his not turning his back upon it, and facing his chair — a position which, as I

had at the time no knowledge of your preferences, would have made him liable to reproof from me. You afforded the wardens and vestry, on that occasion, no opportunity to confer with you, although they waited long at the entrance of the church to do so; nor has any communication, whether official or otherwise, since been made to us collectively or individually. I could not but expect, that if, upon reflection, in that very brief interval which occurred between your visitation and the publication of your letter, you should conclude these matters to be of sufficient gravity for episcopal correction, you would, at least by official communication of something like a private character with the rector, wardens, and vestry, have designated the new mode of worship which you wished to have introduced into our chapel. As you state that, during that time, you "expressed your views as opportunity offered to various individuals" other than ourselves, so might you have had opportunity of ascertaining, at least, whether the result of such a communication with us would or would not have prevented any supposed necessity of "utterly and unqualifiedly condemning" a clergyman and his vestry in this public manner. It might, at least, have left you without occasion for the somewhat remarkable admission, in regard to a parish "under your own immediate eye," that "whether the course adopted there will be continued or not, it is beyond my ability to conjecture." If, however, in the exercise of your discretion, it seemed more proper, before thus communicating with the parties most interested, as a spiritual father with his children in the faith, to call the attention of all my clerical brethren to my alleged delinquencies, I cannot but regret that you should have preferred, to all other obvious modes of doing so, that of publication in the columns of a newspaper; thus seeming to expose our common mother, the Church, to the gainsaying of the world.

Since the publication of your letter, I have carefully examined it, again and again, to ascertain precisely the grounds on which your charges and condemnation are founded; and can discover nothing but what relates to the arrangement of the chancel, and the posture of the officiating ministers in prayer. These topics — the chancel, holy table, candlesticks, cross, and attitude — are so satisfactorily treated in the accompanying resolutions, that further comment might seem to be unnecessary. It may be expected, however, that I should give my own opinions, without reserve, on all these subjects, in their order.

In the arrangements of our chancel, with reference to the size of our chapel, the utmost simplicity consistent with the decency and dignity of public worship was intended; and I am not aware that it contains a superfluous article. A communion table of the plainest description, and which has nothing to recommend it but its fair proportions and its decent covering — the gift of an individual; four

candlesticks, on a shelf immediately above the holy table, to light the chancel at evening; two narrow and high-backed chairs, imported at an early day, as I am informed, by our Pilgrim fathers, for the use of a Puritan parsonage; and a lectern, — as entirely simple and unadorned as a common music stand, — from which the word of God is read and also preached to the people. Above the table, in the window, is the cross, the symbol, of all others, which we delight to make most conspicuous. These constitute all the furniture of the chancel; and I doubt whether there is another in the city which contains less of what can be dispensed with, or that is reasonably or unreasonably offensive.

For the evidence, in detail, that our communion table is not fitted up like a Roman Catholic altar, I refer to the resolution of the vestry on that point. Their views on this subject correspond with my own, so far as I can judge by description, not having seen the interior of a Roman Catholic place of worship for many years, and having very indistinct impressions with regard to it. But, though the holy table in our churches bears no resemblance to a Roman Catholic altar, reverend father in God, is there no sense, I appeal to you, in which the members of our Church may say, with the blessed apostle, "we have an altar," as well as priest and sacrifice? On this subject, the views of the Right Rev. Dr. HENSHAW, Bishop of Rhode Island, are essentially, I presume, your own, as well as mine and those of most of the clergy; or, if not, they will not, I am sure, be denounced as a part of that "unsound and unchurch-like theology" with which the faithful are to have no sympathy. "What," says he, in his lecture on "the true construction of the terms altar, priest, and sacrifice," which has been published in many forms, and with which you are doubtless familiar, — "*what is an altar? In its simple idea, it is something upon which, or at which, an offering is sacredly made to God.* It is a common mistake to suppose that an altar *necessarily* implies that the offerings presented upon it must be bloody or animal sacrifices. There is nothing, however, in the term itself, or in its use among all nations, to justify this exclusive interpretation. From a very early period of the Christian Church, the HOLY TABLE, where the common praises and prayers were offered up, and where the Lord's supper — the highest act of Christian devotion — was celebrated, was called an altar. This appellation has been common in every succeeding age; and we are very familiar with this application of it in our own. Other denominations of Christians, no less than the Church, speak of their altar, where they celebrate the most affecting services of their religion, and invite persons to *approach and surround it*, in the expectation that God will meet with and bless them there. This word occurs but once in our Prayer Book — in the institution office; but, as there applied, we know that it indicates what is called 'the Lord's table,'

and the 'holy table,' in other parts of the book. No one mistakes our meaning when the word is so used; all know that we mean the place where the sacred mysteries of our religion are celebrated, and our most solemn offerings of devotion presented to God." "We have no wish to mystify what is plain; but, on the contrary, to relieve the minds of humble Christians from perplexity, by explaining language which the Church has seen fit to employ, and *teaching them not to be alarmed when things are called by their right names.*" If, then, reverend father in God, we of this church have, in this sense, or any sense, *an altar*, why should it be a subject of "utter and unqualified condemnation" that it *looks so very like* an altar?

In the matter of the "golden candlesticks," I will only add, to what has been said in the resolutions of the vestry, that, so far from being an offensive innovation upon the ancient usage of our Church, these ornaments are in strict accordance with the existing English rubric. Dr. Wheatly — whose "Rational Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer" is commended as a text book, by the House of Bishops, to the "careful study" of every candidate for holy orders — states expressly that "two lights were, by the injunctions of King Edward VI., and by the Act of Uniformity, passed after the reformation, to be set upon the altar." "And *these lights, used time out of mind in the Church, are still continued in most, if not all, cathedral and collegiate churches and chapels, so often as divine service is performed by candlelight; and ought also to be, by this rubric, used in all parish churches and chapels at the same time.*" This usage, therefore, is directly inherited by us from our martyr reformers. With regard to contemporaneous practice in the mother country, it is sufficient to say, that the Bishop of London observes, in a late charge, "I see no objection to candles on the communion table, provided that they are not burning, except when the church is lighted for evening service." If it were worth while, in a matter of so little importance, to look for authority in our own diocese and city, it might be stated, that in Christ Church, — the only one of our older churches that was ever opened for worship at night, — previous to the alterations in the year 1830, lights were burning upon the holy table as often as they were needed at the evening service.

With regard to "the CROSS," I cannot bring myself to say one word in answer to your objection. I am happy to confess, that I am "childish and puerile" enough to love and rejoice to have that precious symbol presented to the eye in all holy places — "of all symbols the most speaking and most touching; proclaiming Christ crucified; the alpha and omega of the Church's existence." Neither the size, nor the fact that it is "wooden" as well as "large," can in any way affect the feeling or the principle, though they may help to give it character and significancy. I hand it over to "the sensible and enlightened persons of other Christian bodies," who are referred

to in the note, and who do not forget, in the sign, the thing signified.* This objection is the more remarkable, because there is not one of our churches in the city which is not as open to censure on similar grounds. To begin with Trinity Church or Cathedral, the chancel of which has been arranged and highly decorated since your incumbency, if not under your supervision. We miss the cross, indeed, but the mitre is not excluded. There is the descent of the Mystic Dove, the tables of the law which came by Moses, radiant with glory; the prayer of our Lord, and the creed of the Holy Catholic Church; to say nothing of the monumental emblems and the likeness of "the living dead" graved on the tablet erected, under the sanction of the convention, to the memory of your meek and saint-like predecessor. For the same reason that I rejoice to see these, I should more rejoice to see the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Christ Church has always abounded in imagery, painted and carved, of every description, and in every direction; and there are few among us who have not interesting and affecting associations connected with its beautifully-curtained altar piece of the last supper, with its golden chalice; the descent of the Holy Spirit; and the rays over the chancel, in the midst of which is disclosed the ineffable name. Over the holy table, in St. Paul's, is a painting of the transfiguration, direct from Rome. At Grace Church, a cross in bold relief, on the shaft of the baptismal font, intercepts the eye between the porch and the altar. In the chapel of the Church of the Messiah, there is a cross over the holy table. Trinity Hall is arranged much like ours, in what you regard its objectionable features; and at St. James's Church, in Roxbury, a cross is conspicuous among the decorations of the chancel window. In this respect,

* The late Dr. Adam Clarke, a burning and shining light of the Methodist connection, who will not be suspected of any leaning towards Romanism, tells us that, in passing through a graveyard, he was struck with the appearance of graves ornamented with crosses and garlands as tokens of affectionate regard. "A frozen-hearted formalist," says he, "may condemn this, and call it superstition; true religion and pure affection would give it a far different name. I felt and could have wept with the disconsolate parents and survivors, and kissed the crosses by which the meritorious death of our blessed Savior was thus held out to public view, as the only foundation of the survivor's hope, that death, the last enemy, should be finally destroyed, and that those hearts knit together here in pure and honest love should be reunited in eternity, where bonds can no more be broken, and death can never enter." — *Life, 2d edition*, 1841, p. 289.

Dr. Grant, a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, tells us, in his travels among the Nestorian Christians, that he was guided by one of the bishops to a plain stone cross which lay upon the altar, supposing that he would manifest his devotional feelings, after their own custom, by pressing it to his lips. "There is something," says he, "very affecting in this simple outward expression, as practised by the Nestorians, who mingle with it none of the image worship or the other corrupt observances of the Roman Catholic church. May it not be that the abuse of such symbols, by the votaries of the Roman see, has carried us Protestants to the other extreme, when we utterly condemn the simple memento of the cross?'

reverend father in God, are not all the members of our communion, yourself included, yea, and all our fathers before us, and even the original continental Protestant reformers, included in the selfsame condemnation? The Lutherans have retained the cross in their churches; and if we, who follow their example in this respect, are justly stigmatized as Popish, then, as the learned author of "No Union with Rome" remarks, were Luther and Melancthon themselves eminently Papistical.

The only other subject of censure to which you have alluded relates to the position of the clergymen in the devotional parts of the service; by which I understand you to refer to our kneeling with our faces towards the holy table. To nothing else can the equivocal expression, the "postures used," which I regret to see in your letter, be applicable. We use no other "posture" in prayer than that of kneeling towards the altar; and this is no other posture than that which every reverential worshipper is taught to assume in his devotions in the house of God, and which every member of our communion adopts, when he is invited to draw near in faith to the holy table, and to make his humble confession to Almighty God, devoutly kneeling. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive how any one is to pray *at* the holy table, without turning his face towards it; or why that posture should be stigmatized as "superstitious," when used within the chancel, which is adopted, as a matter of course, by every one without it. I have had experience of its happy effects on my own mind, in aiding reverential feeling, collectedness, and abstraction of thought, and freedom in prayer, as the countenance was relieved from the constraint of a gazing congregation. Indeed, I must confess that I can see no distinction, *in principle*, between facing the altar at its corner, as was done by my assistant on the evening to which you refer, and facing it at its side, as was done by yourself on that occasion.

True it is, that we have endeavored to observe the distinction which was made by the compilers of our liturgy between the daily morning prayer and the ante-communion office. This has been done in accordance with the directions of our best ritualists, with regard to the "place of reading prayers and the position of the minister." "From what has been brought together," says Robertson, in his masterly and dispassionate work entitled "How shall we conform to the Liturgy?" "we may conclude that the *rubric was originally understood to fix the chancel as ordinarily the place in which the service should be read.* In some cases, perhaps, it was said at the holy table; but it seems to have been more generally said in a lower part of the chancel, where the priest's stall was constructed. The stricter Churchmen turned eastward, (*i. e.*, towards the altar,) which position, as well as the place of service, the Puritans vehemently objected to." Would it were the Puritans only who seem

to object to it now, when those who desire to be accounted among "the stricter Churchmen" turn in the same direction. On this subject great diversity of opinion and practice has prevailed, and been tolerated in different portions of the Church. One of our bishops, some years since, complained that the holy table was frequently "placed so low as hardly to be seen, unless it is looked for," and recommended the abolition of the reading desk, on the ground of its manifest uselessness, and the gain effected in additional room. Another has expressed a wish to abolish both desk and pulpit, confining the devotional part of the service to the proper place, — the altar, — and using the movable Bible stand from which the lessons are read for the sermon, homily, or exhortation. This was our preference in arranging our present place of worship; and the service is thus exhibited, in open view, in all its simplicity, beauty, and integrity, as designed, we think, by the framers of our ritual, and as the early Christians, without doubt, beheld it, antecedent to the days of Popery.

In adopting these authorized and edifying practices and those arrangements which insure the least display, and without which suitable room for our chancel could not be obtained, we cannot perceive that we have given any ground for the charge of introducing "irregularities degrading to the character of our Church, and perilous to the souls of our people." We do but stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ and the Church have made us free. Uniting upon the broad platform of the ancient creeds, and cleaving steadfastly to the established formularies of the Church, and abiding by its prescribed practices, we claim the same latitude, in mere matters of opinion, which we freely accord to others. The peace of the Church is only to be preserved by such mutual concessions as are required by an observance of the three great rules for maintaining catholic concord — "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." If the practices which form the subject of your letter fall under the second head, as we have supposed, then the "liberty" has little to recommend it, which can only be exercised under the penalty of official denunciation. If, however, it is not in these, but in "essentials," that, in your judgment, our usages are irregular, degrading, and perilous, then the canons prescribe the proper and obvious remedy for the offence. While the wise and prudent provisions of the Church in this respect are intended to serve as a guide to her bishops in "so ministering discipline that they forget not mercy," they are intended no less as a protection to the inferior clergy against condemnation without trial and without conviction. Waiving entirely the indignity offered to me as a man, therefore, I feel that I have just cause to complain, as one of the presbytery, that the protection which the Church has thus provided for that body has been by this precedent rendered of none

effect. It is hard, indeed, to conceive how any "irregularity" can possibly be more "degrading to the character of our Church," or more to be deprecated in these days of disquietude, rebuke, and blasphemy, than the virtual "degradation" of the clergy in the eyes of their people by methods alike unknown to the system of the Church and to the laws of any well-ordered government.

Reverend father in God, you will perceive the regret expressed in the resolutions of the wardens and vestry of our parish that they find themselves forced into a position of defence towards one with whom they had endeavored to hold different relations. If these are the sentiments of the laity of my charge, how much more sensibly must I be affected by them! Those who know me will bear me witness, — and if I know myself, their witness is true, — that I would have endured much evil speaking, rather than be compelled, as I have been, by a public condemnation, to a public defence. But all the relations that I sustain in this life — and I do not deem it too solemn to add, towards the life to come — seemed to call upon me not to be silent under your accusations. You have taken occasion, through the public press, to hold me up as a presbyter who has been unfaithful to his vows, who has not hesitated to sacrifice to an inclination towards idolatrous usages and to superstitious puerilities the character of the Church and the souls of our people. If charges of this description were true, there would be little question whether I were worthy to be a Christian minister, since I should hardly be a Christian man. This were indeed to "be toward the flock of Christ" not "a shepherd," but "a wolf."

"This is not a vain thing for me," therefore, reverend father in God, "because it is my life." Nurtured from childhood in the strictest principles of the Church by a venerable parent whose long and consistent ministry has made his "hoary head a crown of glory" in the sight of the whole Church; rooted and grounded in the distinctive principles of the faith, not by "Union Questions" of all denominations, but by such little books as his own "Rudiments of the Church" and "The Young Churchman's Guide;" honored in being a catechumen of Bishop De Lancey, during a portion of his academic life at New Haven; instructed in theology at the feet of Bishop Brownell, at Trinity College, Hartford; receiving authority at his hands to minister in holy things as a deacon; and admitted by Bishop Griswold to the priesthood, as one of those who had "used the office of a deacon well, and had purchased to himself a good degree," — I claim that my training, as a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," ought to be above the shadow of suspicion. Having thus been "taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers," I continue to this day in the things that I then learned and have been assured of, knowing of whom I learned them. I have let my eyelids look right on, and mine eyes look straight

before me, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and desiring no other or more excellent way than those good "old paths" in which they had hitherto led me, and in which they had found, with myriads of the redeemed before them, true rest unto their souls. From the time that I was appointed "to stand in the house of God and to minister at his holy altar,"—and I am now no novice,—each succeeding year has brought the increasing conviction, that "in proportion as we imbibe the spirit of our noble army of martyrs and reformers, as exhibited in the liturgy and ordinal, the more effectually we shall preach the true gospel of Christ and insure the divine blessing on our labors." It has been my heart's desire ever to do thus. I have honestly endeavored, according to the grace given unto me, and in the plain, unsophisticated sense of my ordination vow, "to give my faithful diligence so to minister the doctrine and sacraments and the discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded and this Church hath received the same."

When it pleased the great Head of the Church, reverend father in God, to cast my lot in this new field, where the laborers are not sufficient for the harvest, it pleased him also to inspire the hearts of the respectable and intelligent laity of our parish with more than common zeal in this holy work. Their names and standing in this community are a guaranty that it was *not* "a zeal not according to knowledge." They know—and there is One who knows better than any of us—that I have determined from the first, the Lord being my helper, to know nothing among them save Jesus Christ and him crucified; and that I have longed to be a means, in his hands, of bringing many of them to glory. They know that I have labored earnestly for the peace and purity of the Church; that I have not only "studied to be quiet," myself, but "to set forth quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people." They know that I have thrown myself, to use the words of a dear Christian brother, "fearlessly, trustfully, and dutifully on the system of the Prayer Book, in its whole form and spirit, keeping back from the people no portion of the heritage to which they are entitled, and giving them the full benefit of all the means which are provided to enable them to 'grow in grace,' and to make their 'calling and election sure.'" They know, as those only who have tried it can know, that "the more faithfully they discharge the duties which the Church enjoins, and the more minutely they comply with her various requirements, the more rapidly they grow in admiration of her practical system, and perceive her wonderful capacity to satisfy all the yearnings of the human heart." They know, also, that these well-meant efforts have been appreciated far beyond our most sanguine expectations; and that "high and low, rich and poor, one with another," have resorted to our humble services, as to "the shadow of a rock in a weary land." In the midst of this state of things, and

with these prospects, "it is not an open enemy that has done us this dishonor; but it is thou, my guide!" However unhappy the consequences may be elsewhere, I am sure, among those who know me, of their continued confidence, and their lively sympathy and prayers. But with all these supports, and the testimony of a good conscience besides, still it is the sorest of all trials to our sinful nature "to do well and to suffer for it, and to take it patiently." That grace is only to be acquired by the discipline of the cross. Looking to that cross as our only hope, I bow my knees to Him who loved the Church and gave himself for it, that this severe affliction may be overruled for good; that we may take up our cross daily, and bear and endure it, rather than talk about it; and exercise the lessons of forgiveness which it teaches towards those by whom we are wounded in the house of our friends. In this spirit I would also entreat your forgiveness, reverend father in God, as well as that of our great Head in heaven, if I have unawares exceeded the bounds of a due earnestness; if it is I, indeed, who have been, unconsciously, the "troubler of Israel," or if it is I who, by any form of error, in word or deed, have caused to offend one of the little ones that believe in Christ!

I remain, reverend father in God,

Yours, in "the holy office of priesthood,"

W. CROSWELL.

BOSTON, *December* 6, 1845.

These three documents, being published together in pamphlet form, were thrown into general circulation; and such was the demand for them, that edition after edition was called for, until the whole issue amounted to several thousands.

In addition to the preparation of this public appeal, the rector found time to keep his father apprised, through his private correspondence, of every thing that was passing around him. December 10, he writes, "I ought to have written you many days since, in order to relieve the anxiety which my silence, I fear, must occasion, and to explain the nature of our unhappy relations with the bishop. Since the issuing of his letter, however, I have been much engaged in preparing a respectful remonstrance, founded on a statement of the case, and in which I have the best advisers and counsel; and this has so engrossed me, that I have not the time, nor have I had the heart, to disturb you. We shall issue our publication this week, and it will make you, I trust, neither ashamed of your son, nor abate a jot of your trust and confidence in his fidelity to the ordination vows assumed in dear old Trinity, at New Haven. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. The Lord is on our side, and we have favor with the people. Of the conduct of our diocesan, it is not necessary or becoming that I should here express

myself; but I wish you could see some of our friends, and hear the expressions that reach us from every quarter. . . . As soon as this is off my mind, I will write more fully. Next week I hope to attend the meeting of the Board of Fellows, at Hartford, on Tuesday; and, in that case, shall give you the balance of the week at New Haven. In the mean time, keep quiet, and also keep up a good heart, as also do we. I have seldom seen our people more exhilarated. There is another view, however, to be taken — the consequences to the Church; and this makes it, whatever the issue to us, a sore trial. Pray for us." In his next, December 15, he announces his intention of visiting Hartford and New Haven, and acknowledges the receipt of his father's letter, which, he says, "is a great gratification to me. It corresponds exactly with what I hear from every quarter." After his return, which was greeted by his friends with great cordiality, he again writes, giving an account of the great number of letters which were pouring in from all directions; and adds, "I could not have anticipated such a burst of enthusiasm; but it shows with what warmth the catholic members of the Church draw towards each other, and how lively the flow of circulation is through its great heart. Already our second edition, like the first, of a thousand have been scattered in every direction, and is exhausted. Another edition of two thousand more will be ready to-morrow, to supply the demand here and abroad." Lastly, on December 30, he writes, "Messages still continue to come to us from all quarters of the land; and our notoriety, if not our fame, seems to ring from side to side. Our four thousand copies are nearly exhausted. Appleton, of New York, has ordered a thousand, to meet the demand in that region. He writes to one of our vestry, that he endeavored to prevail with the editor of the Protestant Churchman to publish it; but he says he *cannot*, though it seems he does not scruple, according to your account, to make his comments upon it. . . . Until yesterday, I have not happened to meet Bishop Eastburn. In going through Summer Street we passed each other, saluting with great civility as we continued each on his way in opposite directions. I do not know how agreeable it might have been to him; but it disturbed me but little."

During the excitement of this occasion it was but natural that the press, both religious and secular, should become more or less involved in the controversy. The bishop's organ in Boston having sounded the keynote, all the religious periodicals of the party caught up the tune, and, as in duty bound, undertook the defence and justification of the bishop; while, through the medium of anonymous pamphlets and the secular press, many attempts were made to divert public attention from the real merits of the case. But none of them were suffered to affect the rector of the Advent and his friends. They had more than sufficient to satisfy them, in the full, abundant, and

cheering testimonials of approbation already alluded to. It would be highly gratifying to copy some of these testimonials at large, and to select portions of all. But a few extracts only can be given. Some of these were written under strong excitement, immediately after the appearance of the bishop's circular in the Witness, and before the reply of the rector had been issued, and may now be passed over. The first extract is from the letter of a layman of high standing and respectability in a neighboring diocese: —

"The extraordinary course of your bishop has excited, so far as I hear, a common feeling of disgust and reprobation; while your reply, in its whole spirit and manner, is regarded as such as the occasion demanded, and worthy alike of your sacred office, the rights of your church, and the feelings of an injured man. . . . Circumstances have unfortunately placed Bishop EASTBURN in a position that enables him to inflict wounds upon the Episcopal faith and character; and he has availed himself of its opportunities to an extent, and in a manner, beyond the worst hopes of its enemies. It is very desirable that the facts, as they are, should be known, — for, wherever they are not known, they will scarcely escape misrepresentation, — and that the circular, with your letter, and the resolutions of the wardens and vestry of the Church of the Advent, should be widely circulated. We desire many copies for our uses here and for different parts of the diocese. . . . And now, well beloved, go forward in the strength of your position, and doubt not in the favor of the great Head of the Church. This intended rebuke, as grievous and wounding to a sensitive mind as it is derogatory to the Christian character and the teachings of Episcopacy, — nay, unworthy of our common humanity and the conventional rules of social life, — will, if there is a spark of the old spirit unextinguished in the ancient commonwealth, recoil upon its author with great and just severity. In a true church, and among a free people, such arrogance and unfairness of arraignment and condemnation — an accusation so lofty in its equivocal generalities and yet so 'puerile' and groundless in itself — may swell the tide of worshippers at the Church of the Advent, but must finally limit the followers of a heartless and arrogant bishop to such as prefer the mitre, rather than the cross, as the symbol of their faith. . . . If we cannot imitate your noble devotion to your faith and its duties, and your example of a blameless, elevated, zealous, but unpretending Christian life, we can admire these qualities, and give you, all of us, our sympathies and our prayers."

The next in order of date is from a venerable presbyter of his own diocese — a clergyman of gentle spirit, but of great firmness and decision of character: —

"I am truly thankful to you for your kind letter, as well as for the *pamphlet*. I was a little uncertain as to the course which you

might think proper to take in regard to that extraordinary communication of the bishop, although I was perfectly satisfied that whatever you might do in the premises would be just what the occasion required. I am delighted with the manner in which you have treated the subject — calm, dignified, and consistent with your character, as a man and minister of God's holy Church, and, at the same time, conclusive in argument and forcible in appeal. It was, indeed, a matter of surprise to me that the bishop, whom I wish to honor and esteem, should so far have mistaken his duty by giving way to excited feelings as to endeavor, by 'indirect means,' to throw odium upon one of the most worthy of his presbyters, and to place under the ban of ecclesiastical censure a parish that deserves only encouragement and praise. But in these days of 'rebuke and blasphemy,' of selfish purposes and party organizations, we ought not to be astonished at any thing. It is enough to know that we must *suffer* as well as *labor;* and from whatever source our trials may proceed, there is great comfort and satisfaction in the belief that He 'whose we are, and whom we serve,' will guide us by his grace and defend us by his power. The spirit with which you have written is an assurance to your friends that you are rightly armed in the cause of truth and righteousness, and that no enemy will be permitted to have the advantage over you. I trust that, under the protection of Him who walks in the midst of his 'golden candlesticks,' you will go on in prosperity, 'in nothing terrified' by adversaries from without or within; and that neither prejudice nor misrepresentation will disturb your peace or interfere with your usefulness."

The next extracts are cited from the letters of two presbyters of the diocese of New York — both of whom are of high standing in the Church, are somewhat advanced in age, and have ever been ranked among the most conservative of their brethren: —

The first says, "I have just received and read your reply to Bishop Eastburn. I have not time now to write at length; but I cannot allow a moment to pass without thanking you for the copy I received, and assuring you that my whole heart goes with it. Under almost any circumstances that I could have conceived of, my feelings would have been very strongly in favor of passive submission. These are days in which we need the strongest examples of deference to those who sit in the seat of the apostles. But considering the state of the public mind, and the nature of this wretched appeal to popular passion and prejudice, I declare I could not see how you could, in duty to the Church or to yourself, refrain from uplifting your 'testimony.' . . . May God guide and prosper you, and turn this trial altogether into good."

The other writes more at length: "I was not only 'deeply hurt and aggrieved' at the unworthy treatment you have recently met with, but more indignant, I fear, than your meek nature would

permit you to be. As to what course you would pursue I felt uncertain; but I knew that it would be wise, Christian-spirited, and gentlemanly. It is all this and more, if more could be expressed. Nothing could have been better, more appropriate, or, as I should suppose, more effective. I cannot see a point in statement, argument, or expression that could be altered with improvement. I received the letter last evening, and have read it, with the resolutions of the vestry, several times. The resolutions are admirable. God be praised that you have such a body of laity about you. I see in this movement a step in advance for sound Church principles and practices, not only with you, but throughout the Church in our hemisphere. This, if done in a corner, will resound throughout the land. Be of good courage, therefore, and our shame and mortification at such an Episcopal ebullition (for we must all feel this sentiment far more than we do exultation at your triumphant vindication) will be turned into thankfulness to Him who makes the wrath of men to praise him."

The following warm-hearted salutation is from an ardent young brother in a more distant diocese: —

"May you have a good deliverance! You have done well in the stand you have taken; and kept such temper under the provocation as, I am sure, few of us could command."

The opinions expressed in the following extracts are those of a presbyter of another diocese, who, from his own showing, must have written with calm deliberation, and without personal or party prejudice: —

"I have read Bishop Eastburn's letter to the clergy of his diocese, and feel confident that the impression which it was adapted to produce on some minds must be unjust and injurious. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, that I read your letter to the bishop in your own defence. As you know, I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, and consequently am not influenced by partiality in the opinions which I have formed on the case. I may say further, that there is nothing peculiar, either in the arrangements of the church in which I officiate as rector, nor in my mode of conducting the service. Nay, I am rather averse to some things which you and your wardens and vestry approve. But I must say that I think your treatment by Bishop Eastburn was unjust, unkind, injudicious, and uncalled for, and adapted to disturb the peace of the Church. I cannot admire, approve, or envy, either the matter, the manner, or the tone of the bishop's letter. Even if his motives and his feelings were pure, and had he felt constrained by duty to use his legitimate influence and his canonical authority to secure an alteration, his letter was precipitate, unfeeling, and unworthy of your 'right reverend father in God.' It was, therefore, with great satisfaction that I read your manly and masterly defence. I see

nothing in matter, manner, or spirit to condemn, but much to admire and approve. I most sincerely sympathize with you, and trust that God will give you grace and strength to maintain yourself in the liberty wherewith Christ and the Church have made you free, and to preserve the Christian temper which pervades your letter. I rejoice that you have wardens and vestrymen able and willing, under God, to sustain you in the midst of your trials. My approval and sympathy are of small moment to a man of your principles and position; but to gratify my own feelings, and do an act of simple justice to a distant brother, I have written these lines."

This, also, is from a presbyter of a distant diocese: —

"I received to-day through the post office a copy of your letter to the bishop of Massachusetts, occasioned by his letter to the clergy. I seize my pen, in the first place, to thank you for it. . . . In the second place, I beg to assure you of my sympathy under what I cannot but look upon as a most unkind and wanton attack. If I may judge from this distance, and knowing nothing except from your letter about the matter, it seems to me that the *manner* in which the bishop makes his onset will counteract itself, and shield you. His sharp and bitter and overstrong expressions strike me as wholly out of place and uncalled for. . . . I am much pleased with the tone and spirit of your letter. 'Studying to be quiet,' may we all be so, trusting that He who bore the cross for us will enable us to bear it after him."

Many other letters from clergymen of age and Christian experience — some of whom have since been called to their reward — express similar sentiments; conveyed, indeed, in many instances, in language of strong indignation against the oppressor; while, in every case, the course pursued by the rector and his vestry is entirely and cordially approved.

It is needless to say how much his father was moved by this unwarrantable assault upon the reputation of a beloved son. He saw, on one hand, an assailant, buoyed up by official power and influence; on the other a humble subordinate, with nothing but his Christian integrity and faith in God to sustain the shock. Still, with such "fearful odds" against his son, he could not doubt the result. With an honest parental pride, he saw with what prudence, and judgment, and Christian grace the young soldier of the cross interposed the shield of truth against the shafts of one who, without cause, had made himself an adversary. Contributing, therefore, as far as possible, by his counsel and encouragement, to fortify and sustain him in the conflict, he cheerfully and in good faith committed his cause to God.

It has been said already that the scene in the Church of the Advent, after the confirmation, was an incipient step on the part of the bishop, in a series of measures, hostile to the interests of the

parish and its rector. That there is no mistake in this assertion, will be roved by the succeeding narrative. It will be perceived that there was no relaxation in the policy of the bishop towards the Church of the Advent, nor in his harsh and tyrannical treatment of the rector, until death closed the labors, the cares, and the trials of this faithful servant of Christ, and left the bishop to reflect on the wrongs that he had inflicted on an unoffending laborer in the vineyard over which God had given him the stewardship.

1846.

An incident very soon occurred which sufficiently shows that no wrong has been done to the bishop in imputing to him a settled hostility to the Church of the Advent. On Sunday, the 18th of January, a young clergyman, who was visiting his parents in Boston, had officiated in the morning at the Church of the Advent. But having accepted an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Watson, assistant minister of Trinity Church, to preach for him in the afternoon, he accordingly repaired thither for the purpose of fulfilling his engagement. "The bishop," says the letter which relates the incident, "had been apprised of it, and assented to the arrangement. He received Mr. —— very pleasantly, inquired after his father, and, while he was preparing to put on his robes, asked what he had been doing with himself in the morning. —— replied that he had been officiating. *Bishop.* 'Where?' *Reply.* 'For the Rev. Mr. Croswell.' *Bishop.* 'Then I must tell you that you cannot preach here. After the course which I have taken with regard to the Church of the Advent, I cannot allow you, with any consistency, to go into this pulpit.' He repeated the same idea in various ways, to which ——, with his characteristic meekness, simply replied, 'that he was not aware that it involved any inconsistency.' But the bishop ended the conversation with the remark, that he must be the judge of that; and our young friend took his hat and went to St. Paul's. His father and friends (who had come to Trinity Church to hear him) were sitting without, waiting for him to make his appearance; and had no idea, until the service was over, what had been the matter. . . . The clergy who have heard of it are very indignant, and regard it as a wanton and unprovoked insult. . . . Every body inquires, as if we had not yet reached the 'ne plus ultra,' What will come next? or whose turn will it be? . . . His father called on the bishop for explanation, but got no satisfaction. He said, moreover, that he should make it a rule for the future to deal in the same way with those who preached at the Advent."

In carrying out these designs, the bishop had a subservient press to flatter and encourage him; and while the party papers were thus ministering to his pride and self-complacency, they were notoriously unscrupulous in their mode of assault upon the Church of the Advent. Proposing to send a copy of one of these papers to his father, he says, "I will send it, that you may see how far the force of party malignity can go, and how bent these men are on their own destruction. Every paragraph of this description sends new recruits to the Church of the Advent, and in the end will be overruled to great good." Such, indeed, proved to be the fact. Their place of worship was uniformly well filled, and sometimes crowded, and much ardor and enthusiasm prevailed. "Nothing has transpired," he says, "of public concern, since Mr. ——'s affair; but there is no saying what unaccountable thing the bishop may take it in his head to do next." Speaking of some proposed exchanges, he says, "The clergy, some of them, manifest an anxiety to be known as having officiated at the Advent, notwithstanding the bishop's injunction."

The following is the substance of a letter of January 21, addressed to the agent of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, and will sufficiently explain itself: "In reply to your favor of the 17th, enclosing the request of the executive committee of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union that I would undertake the revisal of their Sunday School psalms and hymns, I hasten to say that I feel a deep interest in this portion of their work; but that my impression is most decided, that it would be much easier to make a good collection *de novo* than to attempt to amend the old one. I have long had the idea in my mind of what such a book should be, but have done little or nothing towards realizing it, and the materials within my reach are of the scantiest description. Still I have little doubt that I could secure the assistance of Messrs. ——, ——, and other of our own poets, and by making what we could not find, — and composing only where we could not better compile, — something could be easily arranged, which would harmonize with the spirit of our services and the order of the Christian year, and be 'taking,' as the phrase is, not only with children, but with all childlike hearts. I should be unwilling, however, to engage in it without having placed at my command some of the choice collections of verse of this description, original and translated, which have been issued within a few years in our motherland, casual specimens of which, floating in some of our periodicals, have charmed me with their exquisite simplicity, and their true, church-like tone. I should expect the committee to furnish me with these to a reasonable extent. The rest would be a labor of love. If the committee think proper to engage me on these terms, I am ready to commence at once.

One thing I would suggest further; and that is, that I have no desire that it should appear in any more pretending form than that of the selection which you sent me, and indeed should be anxious that its purchase should be within the means of the poorest child among us. I have no sympathy with the disposition which has been manifested, of late, to get up children's books in an ambitious and extravagant style; and would discourage it by example and precept, so far as it lay in my power. It has occurred to me, as I write, that it would correspond with the purposes for which it would be constructed, and not be an unpoetical conception to call it THE CHILDREN IN THE TEMPLE; and to admit nothing within it that might not be kindred in its spirit with their *Hosanna to the Son of David!*" In transmitting a copy of this letter to his father, he says, "I think it more important to do this work well than at first might seem; because it may have an important influence on that revolution in our metre psalmody, as a portion of public worship, which every catholic heart must sigh for." In a subsequent letter, he informs his father that the executive committee had authorized him to proceed with his work, in all respects, according to his own suggestions; "and," he says, "I do but wait the arrival of a package of the books which they are collecting for me, to commence the arrangement of the hymns for the 'Children in the Temple.'" Having learned, however, that KEBLE had at this time in the course of publication a new book on a similar plan, but entirely original, and having also received from the executive committee some further suggestions with regard to a larger collection of church poetry, he seems to have suspended the prosecution of his plan; and, so far as can be discovered, he never found time to carry it into execution. It is certain that no such work was issued from the press of the union; and nothing can be found, beyond a few samples among his loose papers, to show that he ever made any considerable progress in the undertaking.

The following hymns were not probably designed to form any part of this collection. Though without date, they were evidently written at an earlier period. They are inserted here merely to show his facility in accommodating poetical numbers to the capacities of the juvenile mind.

HYMN FOR THE INFANT SCHOOL OF CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

Though steep and narrow is the way,
And perilous each stair,
How many little feet to-day
Have safely clambered there!

And thus, whate'er life's trials be,
Still upward may they press,
Till with their angels they shall see
God's face in righteousness.

Here be faith's ladder fixed secure
Whereon their souls may rise,
And make, through Christ, their entrance sure
To mansions in the skies.
And on that day when last are first,
And heaven's high gates draw near,
O, be it theirs to hear the burst
Of welcome, "*Come up here!*"

A SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

The sparrow finds a house.
The little bird a nest;
Deep in thy dwelling, Lord, they come,
And fold their young to rest.
And shall *we* be afraid
Our little ones to bring
Within thine ancient altar's shade,
And underneath thy wing?

There guard them as thine eye,
There keep them without spot,
That when the spoiler passeth by
Destruction touch them not.
There nerve their souls with might,
There nurse them with thy love,
There plume them for their final flight
To blessedness above.

At this time, when daily prayer was offered both morning and evening at the Advent, and when his pastoral duties were unusually engrossing, he was still enabled, by divine assistance, to dismiss all disturbing and vexatious thoughts, and to tune his heart and his harp to strains of sweet sympathy and condolence. He had heard of the deep affliction of the friend and companion of his youth, Henry Edward Peck, who had been his schoolfellow and his classmate in college, with whom he had ever cherished the most close and intimate relations, and with whom he had stood, as the friend of the bridegroom, at his marriage. This friend had been

bereaved of his eldest child, a son of great promise, who, at the age of fifteen, was just entering upon his course of collegiate education. Writing to his father, he says, "I grieve to hear of the calamity that has overtaken our dear friends in the death of their first born. I will endeavor to send them words of comfort, and remember them in my prayers." The following lines show how well this resolution was fulfilled: —

AD AMICUM.

Friend of my early youth,
Whom each succeeding year,
Disclosing depths of love and truth,
Has made to me more dear.
The spell at length is burst
That kept me dumb so long,
And at my heart, as at the first,
Old friendship's pulse is strong.

The scales fall from our eyes,
Nor darkly now we see
How youngest hearts may realize
That life is vanity.
How valueless now seem
Its passing smiles and tears!
Like dreams remembered in a dream
Its imagery appears.

O, lovely was the sight,
When last I saw thy son,
And hailed the promise with delight
With which his youth begun.
It brought to mind the days
Of our own golden age,
Ere yet we took the separate ways
Of manhood's pilgrimage.

As in that fairyland
Through which we trod when boys,
Pursuing ever, hand in hand,
Our studies and our joys,
We saw him pressing o'er
The selfsame pleasant road
Where we had passed so long before
To learning's high abode.

But ah, how soon the train
Of visions melts like foam!
We search for that sweet face in vain
In thy afflicted home.
How hast thou borne the blow
By which the wreck was made?
And tears that in such anguish flow,
How shall their course be stayed?

I, that did once rejoice
To be the bridegroom's friend,
Till I can cheer thee with my voice,
Some soothing strain would send.
But who but God can dry
The fountains of your grief?
And when the merry hearted sigh,
Who else can give relief?

O, in this dark eclipse,
Though all be gloom beneath,
Methinks I hear some angel lips
These words of comfort breathe:
"Believers, doubt not this —
All that God takes, and more,
In that approaching world of bliss
He will, through Christ, restore."

W. C.

Boston, *March* 12, 1846.

In a letter to his parents, under date of Easter Tuesday, he writes, "I know that you will be anxiously looking for us at New Haven every hour about this time, and I wish that I had some more satisfactory apology for not having apprised you of my intentions. During Passion Week, it was so that we had matins and even song every day, and lectures in addition, of which (including the Sundays and the two days in Easter week) I have prepared and preached *nine*. Besides our parochial services, there have been many painful and exciting duties and occupations, growing out of the troubles in Trinity Church and Mr. Watson's resignation. This was an unexpected step, and one which his clerical brethren would not probably have advised. It seemed, moreover, not absolutely necessary, from the very overpowering number of his friends among the proprietors. These have not been diminished by this act, but increased rather, while the excitement against the author of the persecution which has driven him away is prodigious. I have no doubt it is all for the best." It is not designed, in these pages, to enter at all into the

merits of this controversy between the bishop, as rector of Trinity Church, and the proprietors, touching his treatment of Mr. Watson. The whole affair was spread before the public at the time, and was doubtless well understood. After giving a brief statement of the case in his letter, and mentioning the departure of Mr. Watson, he adds, "They had a dull Easter at the cathedral, (Trinity Church,) like the passover to the Egyptians; but the children of Israel at the Advent had light in their dwellings. Our services were very animated and delightful, and the daily prayers have been much frequented. There is no prospect, at present, of their forsaking the assembling of themselves together around our altar." He speaks very gratefully of a valuable Easter gift, received from the ladies of the parish as a token of their interest; and after making his arrangements for the proposed visit, he concludes, "We are all well at this present, and have great cause to rejoice that we have been carried through much arduous duty with so little weariness."

Although, as just remarked, it is not designed to meddle with the controversy between the right reverend rector and the proprietors of Trinity Church, yet it may be proper to give place to the two following resolutions, introduced, among others, by William H. Gardiner, Esq., at a meeting of the corporation of Trinity Church, May 4, 1846, and passed with almost entire unanimity. It will be perceived, that while the first pointedly disapproves of the party ground assumed by the bishop in his dealings with his clergy, the other is equally opposed to the rule avowed by him for excluding from the ministrations of his church such clergymen as happened to differ with him in certain narrow theological views and opinions, and especially those who had officiated at the Church of the Advent: —

"*Resolved*, That the proprietors of this church have not viewed with indifference the questions which of late years have divided and greatly agitated the whole Protestant Episcopal communion; but, on the contrary, avoiding themselves all participation in such controversies, they have viewed these dissensions among brethren of the same church with unmingled dissatisfaction, and intend, if it be possible, that all such matters of dissension shall be utterly excluded from the walls within which they and their ancestors, for more than one hundred years, have peacefully worshipped.

"*Resolved*, That the proprietors of this church do not recognize nor admit, as a just and appropriate means of advancing the cause of true religion, the principle of exclusion from the altar or the pulpit of clergymen of regular standing in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and otherwise well approved for piety, learning, and a blameless life, and conforming to the settled usages and forms of worship in this church, for the cause of theological views or opinions not involving a case for ecclesiastical censure on the score of non-

conformity to the doctrines of the church of which they profess to be members."

But this pointed rebuke had no effect in calming the hostile policy of the bishop towards the Church of the Advent and its rector. It will be perceived, before the record of the present year is concluded, that the episcopal power was exercised in other modes of annoyance. But it may be remarked, in passing, that these hostile measures, instead of checking, rather promoted the flow of good feeling from other quarters. The gift of a beautiful alms chest from the Lord Bishop of Fredericton was among the gratifying tokens of regard for the interests of the parish; and the following extract will show how it was appreciated by the rector. Writing to his father May 11, he says, "Our alms chest made its first appearance in the porch of the church this morning. It is greatly to be admired, and will attract much attention. I do not know that it will escape episcopal censure as a thing of superstitious devices. I hope it will serve the great end designed, in keeping in mind those of Christ's poor who are ever, according to his prediction, and for our sakes, to be with us. God bless them!"

Another significant token of respect for the rector, and of confidence in his ministerial principles and practice, may be found in the fact, that, at the annual commencement of Trinity College, the honorary degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him. He was unavoidably prevented from attending on this occasion; and to show how wholly this honor was unexpected, and how it was received by him, it is only necessary to cite the language of a private letter to his father, August 9: "Brother ——— was here on Friday, and left his card for the Rev. Dr. Croswell, but it was not until some hours afterwards that I waked up to the consciousness of the very unexpected accident that had befallen me at the commencement of Trinity College. I regard it as a result towards which our good bishop's pastoral has been mainly instrumental; and I know not whether I ought to ask for condolence as much as congratulation. I need not say that I have not been emulous of distinction of this sort; and I must be both older and wiser than I had thought, if it be not both undeserved and premature. I feel quite sure that it will be regarded by contemporaries as the consequence of undue favoritism, and make my seniors jealous. I have ever wondered that men should be anxious to win that which is so certain to work their disparagement on the part of their fellows. There are but few *figurative* crowns, even, that are not crowns of thorns. *Per contra*, and notwithstanding, — so far as the honor is an unsought and undreamed-of token of confidence in my clerical fidelity to the old landmarks, at a time when so much effort has been made to throw distrust and suspicion upon my course, — I frankly confess

that I do most highly value these honors, and doubt not that many friends, as they do here, will share in my gratification."

The next phase in the bishop's hostile policy is developed in the following correspondence, which is given entire : —

Correspondence on Confirmation.

I.

To the Right Reverend Manton Eastburn, D. D.,
Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

Right Reverend Sir : I beg leave respectfully to represent that there are several persons in my parish who have been for some time ready and desirous to be confirmed. By making an appointment at your own convenience (the canonical notice being given) to visit our chapel and administer that apostolic rite, you will greatly oblige

Yours, faithfully in all duty,

W. CROSWELL.
Rector of the Church of the Advent.

Boston, *November* 23, 1846.

II.

Tremont Street, *November* 24, 1846.

Reverend and dear Sir: I received, yesterday, yours of that date, requesting me to visit the place of worship of your parish, for the purpose of administering the rite of confirmation.

I can assure you of the great pleasure it gives me to learn from you that there are those in your congregation who are desirous of ratifying their vows to God in that solemn ordinance, and of my entire readiness to gratify your wishes in reference to them, if the way can be prepared for my doing so consistently with what I feel to be my own duty. But, before making any appointment, I feel it right to learn from you whether such an alteration will be previously made of the arrangements of the chapel, and of the mode of conducting divine service there, as shall be conformable to the prevalent usage of our Church during past years. I indulge the persuasion that you and your vestry will see the propriety of according to my wishes in this respect; and will add, that if you should think a friendly conference between us on the subject to be desirable, the wish will be cordially responded to by myself.

In the event of no such alteration being made, I must decline, though with great pain, visiting your chapel for the performance of the interesting service which you request. As I feel it to be right, however, that those members of your parish to whom you refer should not, on this account, be deprived of a privilege to which they

are entitled, I shall be ready to notify you of the time and place (the latter to be, of course, one of the churches in Boston) at which I will administer to them the laying on of hands, as soon as you shall have informed me that the candidates will be ready thus to meet me for the purpose.

I am very truly yours,

MANTON EASTBURN

The Rev. Dr. Croswell.

III.

Boston, *November* 28, 1846.

Right Reverend and dear Sir: I have to acknowledge the promptness and courtesy of your reply to my request respecting your visit to our place of worship for the purpose of administering confirmation, and to express my regret that there should be any obstacle in your own mind in the way of your making an appointment for that purpose.

I am under necessity, in advance, of troubling you for a word of explanation. On showing your letter to one of our vestrymen, he expressed his decided conviction that the alterations which you desire to have previously made were with reference merely to the occasion of your visit; while to another it is equally clear that a pledge to adhere permanently to certain prescribed changes is the condition on which the appointment is to be made. This difference of opinion has created a doubt in my own mind which might not otherwise have existed, and of which I respectfully ask of you the solution, in order that we may proceed in this matter understandingly.

Very truly, your servant and presbyter,

W. CROSWELL.

Right Rev. Dr. Eastburn.

IV.

Tremont Street, *November* 30, 1846.

Reverend and dear Sir: Yours of the 28th instant has been received; in reply to which I would say, that my meaning in the communication sent to you was that of a *permanent* alteration.

I am, very truly, yours,

MANTON EASTBURN.

The Rev. William Croswell, D. D.

V.

Boston, *December* 8, 1846.

Right Reverend and dear Sir: I was truly concerned to find, by your note of explanation of the 30th ultimo, that a compliance with

your own preferences, as to modes of worship on the occasion of administering confirmation at our chapel, would fall far short of satisfying your demands. It had been the unanimous understanding between the vestry and myself, that the arrangements of the chancel, and the method of celebrating divine service, should on that occasion be entirely at your own disposition, and we were prepared to take your own directions with regard to them. Thus much we were willing to concede, for the sake of peace, and from an anxiety to avoid the appearance of compelling you to any thing like a compromise of your opinions, or that might seem to betray a disregard of your feelings. At the same time, it is due to ourselves to say that we feel even such a requirement, under the circumstances, to be a dangerous precedent, and not therefore to be yielded as a matter of right, but simply with a view to prepare the way for the administration of that solemn ordinance "consistently with what you feel to be your own duty."

After maturely weighing your letter with this explanation, I now understand you distinctly to require nothing less than this — as a condition absolute and precedent to the discharge of episcopal offices in our church, viz., an assurance or pledge that certain changes shall be made in our arrangements and mode of conducting divine service; and that these alterations shall be permanent and continuous.

Now, I fully admit that there may be departures, not from the written law of the Church only, but from a recognized and legitimate usage, of such a character as to warrant a bishop in refusing to perform episcopal offices in a church where they exist. Yet I do, with all solemnity, protest against this ground being taken with reference to things not required by the Church, about which there is admitted doubt, and a recognized diversity of practice and opinion in the Church. To use a sort of interdict in order to compel conformity to each bishop's private tastes, preferences, and opinions, I cannot but feel to be a violation of the rights of presbyters and parishes. It is not possible that such a claim should be submitted to and carried out, — and even if it were, though I do not mention it as a reason, yet it deserves to be considered, — however it might seem to create greater uniformity within each diocese for a time, it would certainly result in a more marked difference between different dioceses, and in the same diocese, under different bishops.

I have had much opportunity, during the last year, carefully, and I may say daily, to consider our arrangements and mode of worship, and have been confirmed in all my previous impressions with regard to their consistency with the rubric, as expounded by the best ritualists, and as to their salutary tendency in preserving in my own mind, and that of my fellow-worshippers, the reverence which is due in divine ministrations. It is freely conceded that there are

points in which they differ from those that obtain in the church of which you are rector, and from those which generally prevail at present in this neighborhood. At the same time, it cannot be denied that these very usages have not only been followed without objection in other portions of the Church, but have received the sanction of the highest authorities. And even in this neighborhood, as the oldest rector in this city, I have lived to see various diversities of practice, and many considerable changes in the arrangements of chancels; and it would be easy to enumerate particulars in which they differ on points where the Church has given no discretion. In none of these things, I am satisfied, has the parish of the Advent gone beyond the latitude which the Church allows, or offended against either the letter or the spirit of its rules, or violated its decent or seemly order, or afforded a bishop any warrant for depriving us of the episcopal visitation and offices which are secured to us by the canons.

Another obvious difficulty is suggested by your requirement of a personal promise or pledge to pursue a certain course, and this, too, not for a special occasion, but unlimited in its terms. When I was admitted to the holy order of deacons, first, and then of the priesthood, in addition to the solemn vows of ordination, I signed a declaration, in which I engaged "*to conform to the doctrine and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.*" These obligations rest upon me with all their weight at this moment; and for any offences in violation of them, I am liable to canonical proceedings. I have reason to object to giving any pledges beyond these; and over and above the duties put upon me by the Church, I regard the enacting of such pledges as a dangerous precedent — especially when required, as it is here, under the penalty of cutting off from important privileges. If I remember Bishop WHITE's commentary aright, the standard by which the bishop's "godly admonitions" are to be directed, are the various established institutions of the Church, and not his private opinion. "The Church," says he, "is under a government of *law*, and not of *will*." If the assurance which you require relates to the established institutions of the Church, then it is superfluous; if, as in this case, it is for something beyond those, and for the purpose of securing conformity to private opinion, or local practice, on points upon which there are diversities of opinion and practice in the Church, then the requirement, under the penalty which you have affixed to it, is one in which I am unwilling to involve myself; and the claim of a right thus to demand it, I feel bound, on general principles, to withstand. As a personal matter, it may not be improper for me to allude to the peculiarity of my position, in being called upon *privately* to abandon observances for which I have been, in the most public manner, censured by yourself, and which you have held up to the world as perilous and degrading;

since the relinquishment of them, under such circumstances, could hardly fail to be regarded as an admission of the character imputed to them, if not also of the legality of that act of censure.

It has occurred to me that you may possibly be under mistake as to what is actually done at our chapel. We know that there have been false representations, and are still, to some extent, false impressions, abroad on the subject; and it has always seemed to me that your circular indicated a wrong conception of our usages. Yet our worship is public and daily, and nothing is concealed. I would call your attention to my letter of December 6, 1845, and to the resolves of the wardens and vestry which accompany it, as containing a full and fair statement of our arrangements and mode of conducting divine service. If you have supposed that any thing else is done by us than is stated in those documents, we shall be happy to correct your impressions, or to communicate any more particular information which you may desire. But while I acknowledge your offer of a personal conference, yet, after what has taken place, and in consideration of the importance of the subject, I think you will agree with me, that whatever may pass between us should not be left to depend upon the recollection of conversations; a state of things which is always embarrassing to the parties, and especially so after any considerable lapse of time.

If, on a full consideration of the case, you adhere to your determination to refuse a visitation, I have no other alternative, consistent with a due regard to those of my flock who would otherwise be deprived of privileges to which they are entitled, but to submit. Though I am well persuaded of their readiness to meet their bishop wherever he may appoint, it will occur to you that there may be strong preferences as to place. If they are not to receive confirmation in the place where they have received their deepest religious impressions and been knit together in one, and at the foot of the holy altar where some of them have already made, and all hope to make, their first communion, I trust it will seem but reasonable to request that they will not be required to attend at the church of any of my junior presbyters. In a word, if the bishop refuses to come to us, we hope, at least, to be permitted to come to the bishop in his own cathedral church. Considering also the age and circumstances of some of the candidates, I would further ask, that it may take place on the Lord's day, and at the usual hour of morning or evening service. On any Sunday after the Epiphany which you may appoint, I will endeavor, the Lord being my helper, to be prepared to present myself with such as he shall have given me.

I remain, right reverend and dear sir,

Yours, in the holy office of priesthood,

W. CROSWELL.

Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Bishop, &c.

VI.

BOSTON, *December* 12, 1846.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I write this to inform you that I shall hold a confirmation in Trinity Church, in this city, on the morning of the second Sunday after Epiphany, January 17, 1847, at which time it will give me pleasure to administer the rite to such as you shall present to me. The service will commence at the usual hour of quarter past ten.

In the mean time, I am very sincerely yours,

MANTON EASTBURN.

The Rev. W. CROSWELL, D. D.

During the progress of this correspondence with his bishop, he expresses, in his letters to his father, a great desire to "avoid the necessity of reviving the old controversy." But, without "forgetting what is due to the diocesan," he is still resolved to put the whole matter upon a right footing. His last letter to the bishop was drawn up with deliberation and care. "I am desirous," he says, "to give it as much of completeness as the importance of the subject deserves. I do not count upon its making any impression upon him. I am satisfied that all argument is lost upon his mind, when his will is in the way; but a great principle is at stake, and one in which the whole Church is interested, viz., whether the threat of cutting off from canonical privileges may be lawfully used to compel conformity to a bishop's private tastes, preferences, and opinions. I hope these unpleasant discussions will not be allowed to divert our thoughts and hearts, at this season, from more important subjects. Our services are as much crowded as ever, and seem to awaken a hopeful degree of interest in those who attend them. The animation of our worship is truly inspiring, and I am sure it would do your spirit good to be sustained with so hearty a response as we have had to-day." On finally acceding to the bishop's ultimatum, he gives as a reason, "After making due protest against what I regarded as a dangerous precedent, I thought it would be better not to encourage a standing out against his appointment to meet us elsewhere. Indeed, consistently with a regard to the welfare of my flock, who would thus be required to forego a privilege to which they were entitled, I did not see my way clear to do so. Accordingly, I signified my willingness to avail myself of his alternative." He afterwards speaks of the civility of the vestry of Trinity Church, and the pewholders generally, in tendering accommodations to the people of the Advent, on the occasion of their visit. "This occasion," he says, "begins to be looked forward to with great interest, and will draw together a crowd. So that this thing will not be done in a corner."

While his mind was thus heavily taxed with this unpleasant controversy, and while his pastoral cares and labors were exceedingly

pressing, he had a domestic trial which caused him much anxiety. His little daughter, who had been slightly indisposed from time to time, now began to suffer from the incipient symptoms of a complaint, of the serious nature of which he was not fully aware, but which eventually caused her a long and distressing confinement. Of the result of this case, which proved more favorable than the family had been led to fear, it may be necessary to speak hereafter. The record of the ensuing year now presents itself.

1847.

From the foregoing details, the reader is prepared, in some measure, for the opening incidents of the present year. These are related by the rector of the Advent with sufficient minuteness to show the true position of the parties. January 11, after apologizing for some delay in writing, he says, "Duties have come as thick and fast as the minutes. My time has been frittered away, not unprofitably, as I hope, but still in a way of which I can give no very precise account. The preparation of candidates for confirmation is always attended with a good deal of care, as frequent calls are necessary, not only for the purpose of instruction, but to communicate the first idea often, to those you are addressing, that they, having ears to hear, are expected to hear. We have the additional obstacle to encounter from the course of the bishop, and the unwillingness which many have to receive confirmation at his hands. Some have already gone into other dioceses to avoid the necessity, and others will do the same. Still, I think, a considerable number will go to the house of God in company next Sunday morning, and count, at least, upon about twenty — all adults, and about half of them gentlemen. The wardens of Trinity Church have reserved pews for our accommodation, and we shall be attended probably by a large body of our parishioners. It will be a spectacle of much interest, and I have no doubt that the church will be crowded. I shall give you an account of it as soon as it is fairly over." Accordingly, on the 18th he writes, "Yesterday was clear and bright, and was very favorable for our solemnities. Our candidates met by appointment at our chapel. Eighteen were present. I had counted upon more; but sickness prevented in one instance, and other reasons in more. Had the ordinance been administered in our own place, and under ordinary circumstances, the number would have been nearly doubled. As it was, there was something remarkably interesting in the character of the company presented. There were no mere children.

All were mature and full grown, of different ages and stations in life — young men in their prime, aged, rich, and poor — the latter intelligent and respectable in their appearance. We provided a carriage for the invalids, — the rest proceeded on foot, — a large body of the parishioners accompanied us. Eligible seats were provided for the candidates near the chancel on our arrival. The bishop sent for me to the vestry room, and invited me to read the epistle in the ante-communion service, and take a seat in the chancel.. I did not hesitate to accept the invitation. The church was full. The bishop preached, and the confirmation followed. There were but six candidates from Trinity Church, making just enough in all to fill the rails once, without crowding or confusion. I presume a service of more intense interest never was transacted within those walls. The bishop's address was quite unexceptionable. I was under much emotion at times, though controlled within proper bounds. The bishop betrayed none. . . . When I went to the vestry, I told him I was obliged to him; and added, with some agitation, that I could not have desired any thing to have been different in his address. He said, with a hard and stereotyped way, that the service was solemn, and he hoped that a blessing would attend it. And so we parted, with a strong hope on my part that I should soon be enabled to come with a younger train."

Buoyed up by this hope, and encouraged by the flattering prospects of his parish, he pursued his course steadily and diligently; allowing himself, by way of relaxation, but a few weeks during the whole year, which were spent in short visits and excursions. Owing to the occasional sickness and absence of his assistant, the chief burden of the weekly and daily services devolved upon him, except when relieved by the generous and voluntary aid of Dr. Eaton and other visiting brethren. His health suffered, at times, from excessive duty and exposure; and in addition to this, a sad drawback to his enjoyment was experienced in the long-protracted and dangerous illness of his little daughter. She began, early in the spring, to have alarming symptoms of disease. The origin of her complaint was somewhat obscure, and its progress slow. But it resulted in *lumbar abscess*, and subjected her to a tedious confinement, in a recumbent or reclining position, for several months. During the heat of the summer, she was removed, by the recommendation of her physician, and at the kind solicitation of a most excellent friend, Mrs. Carpenter, to her residence at Lee Vale, a delightful, quiet, and retired place in Cambridge. Here, besides the best of medical attendance, she had every possible care, attention, and indulgence that the most devoted friendship and parental affection could bestow. In the latter part of July, to the great relief of her anxious friends, her complaint came to a favorable crisis. She passed through it safely, and was eventually restored to health. His letters during this severe vis-

itation are marked with his usual tenderness of feeling, mingled with the most unreserved submission to the will of God; and when the danger was past, he opened the deep fountains of his heart in the most affecting strains of praise and thanksgiving.

During the pendency of this trial, and amid the great labor and care which came upon him in the due order of his public services, his mind was very much absorbed by another object. The hall in Lowell Street, though fitted up in a neat and commodious manner, was too much exposed to noise and interruption during the week-day services, and also proved to be too small to meet the increasing demand for sittings. A movement was therefore made, early in the year, for procuring a permanent house of worship for the use of the parish; and a fund was commenced for the purpose by many liberal subscriptions. February 15, he says, "Our affairs look very promisingly; our subscription papers are filling up apace; and we can almost see our church rising, as if by magic, and like the temple of old, without the sound of axes and hammers." But these anticipations were not fulfilled precisely to the letter. To raise the necessary funds, to select a suitable site, and to erect a new church, would necessarily consume too much time. Hence it was deemed advisable to procure, with as little delay as possible, a more capacious and convenient place of worship. And to this object the attention of the rector and the corporation of his church was immediately directed. After much inquiry and examination, the effort resulted in the purchase, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, of a plain and substantial building, in an eligible situation on Green Street, originally erected by a Congregational society, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Jenks. This building was remodelled, and adapted to the worship of the Church, and was first occupied as a regular house of prayer by the parish on the first Sunday in Advent. As there will be occasion to speak more at large of this building and its ecclesiastical arrangement before the record of this year is closed, the subject is dropped for the present, for the purpose of touching upon other topics alluded to in his current correspondence.

The feast of St. Paul's having passed, he recurs to it in his customary strain of solemn contemplation, coupling his reflections with a passing tribute to one of his early friends and classmates, Isaac H. Townsend, Esq., of whose death he had recently been informed: "I kept St. Paul's day as of old, and recalled its return in other years; and I thought of those who had gone since I wrote 'The Ordinal.' How swift the lapse of time! How true to experience the similes of the inspired book! It has made me sad to think of Townsend's premature death, humanly speaking. I remember the fresh and eager look of his boyhood when we sat at the feet of the same teacher, and he was foremost of all his peers. In college, he

distanced us all. His legal studies were conducted in the same spirit. In his determined purpose of acquiring all mysteries and all knowledge, he seemed to sacrifice every thing else — to hold himself aloof from the ties of domestic life, lest they should interfere with his intellectual progress; and I fear he has paid the fearful forfeit in taxing his mental powers beyond their natural strength. For some time, the energies of his mind, I have been told, have been failing; and if he was conscious of it, I do not doubt that it has hastened the catastrophe. I was never intimate with him. We had but few sympathies together, and but little in common. Still I respected him, and appreciated his acquirements. I hope the pearl of great price was among them, and that he had treasure laid up in heaven; for if not, the richest of our race are poor indeed.

> The stars * are thickening on our college roll,
> Types of their place, perhaps, in other spheres,
> And warning signs to bid thee, O my soul,
> Prepare to join the friends of happier years."

Writing to his father, Monday before Easter, he says, "I have a summons to be present at the examination of Trinity College, commencing on Tuesday of Easter week, as chairman of the committee of the Fellows. The call is imperative, and I must obey, unless something providential here should make my remaining still more indispensable. . . . It will not be a very satisfactory recreation for the Easter holidays, cooped up in a college recitation room for two days; but laurels are not to be won without a sacrifice." He proceeds, "Our services are intensely interesting as we draw nearer and nearer to the cross. Yesterday was so fine a day that the church was full. To-day we have services morning and evening, and the same all the days of the week."

In obedience to the summons from the college, he proceeded to Hartford on Easter Monday, April 5; and after attending to the duties there, he made a short visit to New Haven, and returned to Boston on the 16th. He found his assistant sick, and his own labors were consequently so much the more abundant. His letters, therefore, at this time, though despatched weekly, were more brief than usual, and afford only here and there a passage for selection.

On Monday in Whitsun week he writes, "Pentecost is in character — the elements genial and inspiring — and the tender green of the young leaves shows that the soul of universal nature is at last stirred. We were with one accord, in one place, seeking the grace promised to divine unity in the communion of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; and not, we hope, in vain."

* In the college catalogues, a *star* or *asterisk* placed against the name of a graduate denotes his decease.

For the sketch which follows, no apology is necessary. It serves to illustrate the policy of the bishop, in giving countenance, in one case, to the very same chancel arrangements which he made the ground of ecclesiastical censure in the Church of the Advent. "Last night, the bishop administered confirmation at St. Stephen's, for the second time this season, to about thirteen or fourteen persons. His address was more parental and affectionate than ever I heard from him before; and I hear of no exceptions taken to the arrangements of the chancel. And this is most remarkable; because, wherein our own were open to exception, St. Stephen's goes far beyond us. High up, on the ledge of the wainscotting, over the altar, and just beneath the window, was a row of burning candles, — the candlesticks could not be seen, — disclosing a large wooden cross in the window. On the altar itself were two silver candlesticks, of three branches each. A large cross in the middle aisle bore aloft similar candlesticks on the arms and on the head; and another row along the singers' gallery constituted the source of all the material illumination which the place had."

From this time until the autumn, with the exception of a short visit from his father, very few incidents occurred to break in upon the round of cares and duties already alluded to. But in the month of September he was induced, by the urgent solicitations of two of his young friends and fellow-townsmen, Henry Edwards and Oliver S. Prescott, to visit New Haven and preach a sermon, on the occasion of their admission to the order of deacons. He had consented to this arrangement with much reluctance, on account of his want of time to make the necessary preparation. "I will endeavor," he says, "not to fail you, and hope that I shall not disappoint reasonable expectation. I can give but little thought to any thing beyond what presses upon me weekly." The ordination took place on the 16th of September, and all the services, not excepting the sermon, passed off to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

His next absence from home was on a short excursion with his friend Dr. Shattuck, of which he gives the following sketch in a letter of October 12, addressed to his mother, while his father was attending a session of the General Convention: "I returned this morning from a week's excursion to Troy, Albany, West Point, and New York. . . . Nothing could exceed the gratification afforded by our visit to our friends at Troy and Albany. The little Church of the Holy Cross at the former place, with its daily services and choir of charity children, — its architectural beauty, reminding one of what he has supposed to be furnished by some of the academical chapels of Oxford and Cambridge, — is truly a study for a devout pilgrim of the cross. . . . A cordial reception awaited us also at Albany. . . . On Thursday afternoon of last week, we arrived at West Point. . . . We did not see much of the

military; but we saw what we came to see, and what we valued more; for our pilgrimage has been an ecclesiastical one. The scenery is beyond my power to convey an impression of; and we agreed that Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque, might, in this respect, have envied us. What most interested us was the little chapel of the Holy Innocents. It was in a secluded spot, a mile or more below the Point, between the mountains and the river, and in the best taste. Mr. WEIR, the artist, not only designed it, but it has been executed more at his expense than that of any other person. When we know that he is dependent on his art for support, and that he has a family of nine children, his self-sacrifice and unselfishness in this matter is the more exemplary. The morning and evening service is daily celebrated, and we joined in the sacrifice. We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. WEIR and other excellent catholic spirits. We spent a memorable hour with Mr. WEIR in his studio, and he showed us some sketches for paintings, which gladdened our eyes and hearts."

On the feast of All Saints, November 1, after congratulating his father on his return from the General Convention, he notes a few particulars in relation to the building which had been purchased as their future place of worship. "We are slowly completing our alterations of the Green Street meeting house into something that shall be all-glorious within. I think, however, that it will be the divine service chiefly that will make it so. The basement is very large, and will afford fine accommodations for our Sunday school. There will also be a large robing room and vestry below. The principal audience room will have a spacious and commodious chancel, and a rather high altar. The pew doors have been taken off, and there is abundant room to kneel. There seems but little remaining to be done; but the days are short, and it may be that we shall not be ready to commence our services there till Advent Sunday." Speaking subsequently of the slow progress of these alterations, he says, "But what they accomplish is very satisfactory; and I think we shall have as church-like arrangements of the altar and furniture as are to be found in the city; though this is not saying much. There will be a hundred pews, or rather open seats, on the floor; for we have discarded the doors, and cut down the ends to a scroll elbow piece — a vast improvement in the appearance of the building, and settling an important principle. How strange the spectacle would be in our eyes, if we were not accustomed to it — this buttoning in of families on the floor of the sacred edifice, each in their separate *pens!* . . . Since these repairs have been going on, I have dwelt, as it were, in the house of the Lord, when I could be spared; and shall spend much more time there when all is completed; and hope

to find, as indeed I have ever done, that one day in His courts is better than a thousand."

Writing on his forty-third birthday, he began to moralize on the occasion; but being interrupted, he says, on again taking up his pen, "I will not resume the attempt to sermonize. Suffice it to say, that I adore the goodness and mercy that have followed me all the days of my life thus far, and so abundantly blessed our domestic relations to our mutual comfort. May God long spare each member of the family to be a comfort to the rest; and, after a short separation, may it please him to hasten the number of his elect, and unite us forever in his heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!"

The following characteristic passage is from the same letter: "I was at the laying of the corner stone of the Church of the Messiah yesterday. I endeavor to unite with the brethren, whether they will unite with me or not. Brother RANDALL's address was very good; and at the aspiration at the close, I audibly responded, 'Amen.' I took his hand afterwards, for his faithful testimony, and hoped that they would bring forth the top stone with shoutings. I do not envy him his building when completed, in comparison with ours; and I forgive him that I could not draw from him a word of congratulation in return for mine."

November 14, he speaks of his desire "to make out, if possible, a genealogical table of the CROSWELL family before all are gone who can assist in developing it. I think the memoirs of the family, in all its branches, would be rich in curious anecdote — the eastern hardly less so than the western. Without an exception, whatever their parts, none of the name have ever accumulated any great wealth, though many of them have come very near it. I am inclined to think, however, that many of them have been rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom."

November 22, he writes, "We had our last communion and Sunday services at the chapel in Lowell Street yesterday, and they were of solemn interest — both the curate and myself preaching appropriate sermons."

The opening of the new place of worship in Green Street was an event of deep interest to the parish as well as the rector, and the fulfilment of many pleasing anticipations. From his own pen, however, there is but a brief sketch of the event itself, and this is found in a diary, entitled "WORDS OF DAYS: a record of the daily ministrations of the offices and ordinances of the Church at the Church of the Advent, in Green Street, from the time of its reopening as a place of Episcopal worship, on Advent Sunday, November 28, 1847." But a more particular account is copied from one of the religious periodicals of the day: —

"CHURCH OF THE ADVENT. The first service of the parish of the Advent, Boston, in their new place of worship, was held on Sunday, the 28th of November. The chapel was previously occupied by a Congregational society, and has been fitted up in a manner suitable for the worship of our church. *The pew doors have all been taken off, and every seat is free.* The chancel is spacious, with only the altar within the rail, and a lectern and seats for the clergy without the rail. Above and behind the altar are four tablets, for the creed, Lord's prayer, and sacraments, and a simple cross, over which are the words, LO, I COME! particularly significant of that event, to the commemoration of which, as past, and the preparation for which, as to come, the church is specially consecrated. The Rev. Drs. CROSWELL and EATON, and Rev. Mr. POLLARD, officiated; the communion service was performed, and Dr. CROSWELL preached a highly interesting sermon. The congregation was very large, and the prospects of the parish are quite encouraging. It is a singular coincidence, that this parish, which took its name without reference to the time of its organization, should have had its first public service, its first service and sermon by its first and only rector, and its first service in its new place of worship, each on Advent Sunday." — *Churchman.*

Among the pleasing incidents connected with the transfer of the Green Street Meeting House to the parish of the Advent, was the receipt of the following communication from the Rev. Dr. JENKS, in answer apparently to a note inviting him to attend the services of the Church on Advent Sunday: —

1 CRESCENT PLACE, *November* 26, 1847.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Accept my sincere thanks for the very kind invitation you have so obligingly sent me. I could not peruse your note without emotion. And I rejoice that the house in which I have so long officiated in the gospel will still resound with the preaching of "Christ crucified" for the sins of men.

This satisfaction is much enhanced, when I contemplate the danger there was, lest a company, formed for the purpose, should have succeeded in obtaining the house in order to erect a theatre on its site. This would have been a "grief of heart" to me.

I had made my arrangement with my reverend brother BLAGDEN some time before the reception of your note; and shall expect to attend statedly, (when abroad,) at the Old South, where I am engaged to preach on Lord's day morning next. But this does not lessen my obligation for the kindness of your friendly offer.

Among the most painful things attending the scattering and dissolution of the late church and religious society in Green Street, the dispersion of the flourishing Sabbath school was, perhaps, the greatest.

It is pleasant to me to reflect that the room it occupied will be reopened, and sacred instruction be still given to the young.

That it may please the great Head of the Church to make your ministry long and greatly successful, and that he may enable you not only to "save yourself," but also "them that hear you," is the desire and prayer of, reverend and dear sir,

Yours in the gospel of Christ,

WILLIAM JENKS.

Rev. Dr. Croswell.

But while the affairs of the Advent were thus prosperous, the rector and his people were soon taught to feel that the "tyranny" of the bishop's course was by no means "overpast," although it assumed, in some respects, a new or modified form. The rector, writing to his father November 22, says, "Last week, five of the clergy, Messrs. Vinton, Clark, Mason, Woart, and Randall, called, in a body, first at our house, and then at the church; but not finding me at either place, they left without mentioning their errand. The next evening they called again, and I gave them a cordial reception. They professed to have the best intentions, and a hearty desire for unity and a restoration of clerical intercourse. This feeling, of course, was reciprocated. They had been first to the bishop, to see on what terms he would consent to bury the hatchet. They had had difficulty in inducing him to concede any thing. But he had finally concluded to waive his objections to every thing, provided I would pray towards the people. I had rather a free talk with them — not unpleasant on either side, and not compromising, you may be sure, on mine. It ended with the assurance that I would give the subject a deliberate consideration, and inform them of the result. A meeting of the clergy, the beginning of a sort of city convocation, is to be held this evening at Dr. Vinton's. Instead of attending, I purpose to send the following note:" —

Boston, *November* 22, 1847.

To Dr. Vinton, &c.

Dear Brethren: I have again to thank you for your kind efforts to mediate between the bishop of the diocese and myself, with regard to the posture observed in divine worship at the Church of the Advent. I have carefully reviewed the whole subject more than once, and have uniformly returned to the conclusions which are contained in a correspondence between the bishop and myself, nearly a year since. I beg leave to submit a copy of that correspondence to your candid perusal, and should have no objections, for my own part, to its being published, if it should be thought advisable. It should be understood, that conformity to our usage, in the particular to which you refer, has never been required as a condition of clerical

exchange with my brethren, and that a kneeling stool will be provided for the use of those who may prefer, for any reason, to kneel at the lectern.

Very sincerely, your obedient servant,

W. CROSWELL.

P. S. There are considerations of a delicate nature, which I will mention when we meet, that prevent me from joining the brethren at your house this evening.

This was followed by a letter from the bishop: —

Tremont Street, *November* 24, 1847.

Reverend and dear Sir: I have learned, with great satisfaction, that several of the parochial clergy of the city, with a view of promoting brotherly unity and friendly clerical interchange between yourself and them, have represented to you their wish that you would so far conform to prevailing usage, in your mode of conducting divine service in your church, that so desirable an end might be accomplished.

I now beg to express to you once more my own strong desire on the same subject; and, as you are on the eve of taking possession of a new place of worship, I have thought the present a favorable opportunity for thus afresh declaring to you my wishes.

There are several particulars in which a return by you to the usages of your brethren is desired by me — such as the wearing of the gown, instead of the surplice, in preaching; the reading of the morning and evening prayer from a reading desk; and the use of a pulpit for preaching, and the regular use of the metrical psalms and hymns. On these, however, I will not insist; and the utmost that I now ask you to do in this matter is, either that, if the prayers should be read from a reading desk, you will kneel at it, according to the prevailing custom, with your face towards the people; or that, if the prayers be read at the communion table, you will see that it be so placed that both you and the other clergymen officiating can stand or kneel without inconvenience at the end of it, and close by it, in the usual way, instead of being at a distance from it, either at the end or in front.

I take this opportunity of saying, though I can scarcely think it necessary, that, in all my past measures connected with this unpleasant subject, I have been influenced by no considerations of personal unkindness to you. The friendly intercourse which had previously subsisted between you and your family and myself, after your removal from western New York to this city, forbids this supposition.

My motives, in what I have done, have been those of official duty exclusively; and, under the influence of the same motives, I now

most earnestly call upon you, as your diocesan, at least to make the change above referred to, and no longer to persevere in a course so at variance with the customs which, from the first establishment of our Church, have prevailed in our places of worship, both in this and other dioceses.

I am, reverend and dear sir,

Your faithful brother,

MANTON EASTBURN.

The Rev. W. Croswell, D. D.

He could not but look upon the introductory part of this letter as "rather cool — the object of the clerical delegation being, as was expressly stated by them, to mediate between the bishop of the diocese and myself." He was too much occupied at the moment to return a full answer; and therefore sent, by way of explanation, the following hasty note: —

Crescent Place, *November* 27, 1847.

Right reverend and dear Sir: I write this brief note to say that your favor of the 24th was put into my hands the next day; but that, owing to the very pressing nature of my engagements in preparing for the opening of our new place of worship on Advent Sunday, I am not able, this week, as I could have desired, to do more than to acknowledge the receipt.

In great haste, very truly,

Your friend and servant,

W. CROSWELL.

Right Rev. Dr. Eastburn.

From various causes of delay, the full answer was not forwarded to the bishop until the 30th of December. In the mean time, he kept his father advised of every proceeding, and often received a free expression of his opinion on the several points involved in the discussion. But a single extract is made from a letter to his father, December 6: "Touching the postures, I agree with you entirely. The arrangements being mainly like those at the Church of the Holy Communion, (New York,) we kneel at an angle of forty-five towards the end of the altar, exhibiting the profile to most of the congregation. . . . Dr. Boyle was with us on Sunday, and commended our manner of exhibiting the service, as not only unexceptionable, but exemplary, and said that it came nearer than any other to the interior of the oldest church in Christendom, St. Clements of Rome, built in the fourth century, with a simple altar, and without that invention of a late Papal age called a *pulpit* — a word, he said, originally applied to the rostrum from which the mountebanks exhibited their antics. 'A use not so foreign,' said

the doctor, 'from that to which they are now sometimes devoted.' It is somewhat remarkable, not to say providential, that the oldest and most venerable presbyter in the diocese, good Dr. Eaton, is constantly present and assisting in our daily and weekly services." Nothing now remains to complete the record of the year but his letter to Bishop Eastburn.

Boston, *December* 30, 1847.

Right reverend and dear Sir: I have thought it due to your office and character that a letter of so much importance as yours of the 24th ultimo should receive the most mature deliberation. Hence the delay in returning an answer; though I cannot say that I have, from the first, felt much hesitation as to the course which I ought to pursue.

My impressions differ considerably from your own with regard to the design and intention of the call of several of the parochial clergy of the city, to whom you allude as interested in promoting brotherly unity. These respected brethren, with a view to the restoration of happier relations between yourself and the Church of the Advent, had kindly volunteered, as I understand it, to act in the capacity of mediators. To this end, according to my recollections, they had first called upon you, to ascertain precisely what terms of promised conformity they were to be allowed to propose as a condition of the performance of episcopal acts in our church, and, of course, were to acquaint you with the result of their interview with me. I gratefully appreciated such services as these at their hands, as neither unworthy of them nor myself; and, at their request, I carefully reviewed the whole subject. Several days before the receipt of your letter, I informed them that I had done so, more than once, and that I had also uniformly returned to the same conclusion which I had already communicated to you in a correspondence with regard to confirmation, about a year since, and for the same reasons. As they did not appear to have been made acquainted with that correspondence and its bearing on our present unfortunate relations, I submitted a copy to their candid perusal. And I would now beg leave to call your own attention to it again, as bringing to view some momentous principles which are involved in this matter, as it has been regarded by me, and a recollection of which is necessary to a proper understanding of our relative rights and duties. If these were as clearly expressed as I suppose, in my letter of December 8, 1846, they were perhaps unconsciously overlooked by you at the time, or have been forgotten, or lost sight of, since. Certain it is, at least, that you have not, to my knowledge, taken any notice of them. I further apprised the brethren that waited on me, that, however well satisfied of the correctness and suitableness of our usages, I had never assumed to require con-

formity to them as a condition of clerical exchange; and that a kneeling stool, moreover, would be provided for those who, for any cause, should prefer to kneel at the lectern. In this connection, I cannot but regard it as remarkable, that many other of the brethren of the city and neighborhood, as well as of the Church at large, and who had been much more familiar with our mode of worship than some of the brethren who waited upon me, have repeatedly officiated at our chapel, and have had no difficulty in accommodating themselves to our usages. I think it right to state, that the three senior presbyters of the diocese, veterans in the service of the Church, are among the number who have expressed great satisfaction in our services, and have regarded our arrangements as unexceptionable; and I must be allowed to add, with undisguised gratification, that one of these, the eldest and most venerable of all your presbyters, whose irreprovable ministry covers more years than I have lived, has been in the habit of assisting at our daily and weekly service, and authorizes me to say, that he is ready to bear his testimony in favor of the tendency of our mode of ministration to high religious enjoyment and edification.

If I am correct, as I believe, in the positions taken in the letter alluded to, of December 8, 1846, then I cannot perceive how they are affected, either by any thing that fell from my brethren (who had not seen that correspondence) at the time of our interview, or by your own letter of the 24th ultimo; unless it be that certain things are now yielded as admissible which have heretofore been publicly set forth in terms tending, where I was not known, to bring my ministrations into contempt, as, "degrading," or, what is worse, into abhorrence, as "perilous to the souls of men." The remaining particular, in which conformity is yet insisted on, as the condition of the performance of episcopal acts, stands, as it seems to me, upon the same footing with the rest. Nor do I perceive upon what notions, either of church law, of general propriety, or the furtherance of uniformity, it is more obligatory than the claim to enforce by authority the use of the collect and Lord's prayer before sermon, the reverent bowing at the holy name of Jesus in the creed, or the exclusion of desks and pulpits from chancels. Yet in none of these points is there any such penalty imposed upon your clergy for a non-compliance with your wishes and preferences, however earnestly expressed; while among the clergy themselves, as is best known to those who have been longest among them, there is a conceded diversity of opinion and practice, and a mutual toleration of differences.

Putting all previous acts out of the question, and supposing the case to stand solely upon your last letter of the 24th ultimo, I should certainly have been disposed, for the sake of peace, to yield all deference to your requests, whether official or otherwise, and with-

out, perhaps, very carefully considering whether the compliance proceeded from a spirit of submission to ecclesiastical authority, or from mere good nature, or indifference, or sentiments of personal consideration. Even in this case, however, it could not with consistency be admitted, for a moment, that the bishop's conscience and private opinion were to be regarded as the standard of clerical conformity, or that compliance with his preferences was the condition on which his clergy and parishes were to be allowed the enjoyment of their chartered privileges. Canonical obedience to the diocesan, in our branch of the Church at least, has its limits, which, however they may seem to vary, as viewed by different minds, are intended, as the expression shows, to be distinctly defined by our standards. And one cannot help being struck with the strong and explicit terms in which those limits are jealously guarded in the pages of the only exposition of the canon law of our Church which has yet been published, and which in many quarters, at the present time, would be regarded as authoritative. Speaking of the supposition that the bishop is not to be restrained in the conscientious exercise of his official functions, this able writer observes, "Now, on this subject, a very dangerous error seems to be gaining ground. The practice of early bishops is often referred to, under the imposing names of *antiquity* and *primitive usage*, to sanction the acts of modern Episcopacy. But it seems to be forgotten, that *the usage of regulating the exercise of the bishop's functions by certain fixed rules is as ancient as the office of a bishop.* There is as much of venerable antiquity in the custom of making *laws* for bishops, as there is in making *bishops* themselves. It may be safely affirmed, that, since the days of the apostles, they never were left with no guide but their own discretion. A law, indeed, cannot be made wholly to *prevent* a bishop from doing a bishop's appropriate duty; but the history of the Church is full of legislation to regulate the mode in which he shall perform that duty." — *The Rev.* Dr. F. L. Hawks, *on the Constitution and Canons.* Canon xxvi. pp. 257–8.

In accordance with what is here stated, surely the most dutiful presbyter would be justified in declining compliance with any requirement of his diocesan, which, according to his conscientious belief, was wrong and of dangerous precedent, and also of consequence enough to warrant him in bringing on himself and his Church the results; or if there was a conviction that the manner of the requirement was illegal, and that the illegality was of the same consequence as in the preceding instance.

The present case, however, it is unhappily not to be forgotten, does not stand upon your last letter of the 24th ultimo, nor is it to be regarded independently of previous episcopal acts. Even the apostle Paul, (Acts xvi. 37,) after he had been "beaten openly, uncondemned," at Philippi, was not willing to be "thrust out privily."

In view of his ignominious treatment, without a trial, without an opportunity to plead his privilege, or make his defence, he did not choose to go away, or abandon his ground, as Thomas Scott remarks, "in an underhand manner, and with the imputation of having deserved such punishment, but he required to be honorably discharged." There may be cases, says the same homely but honest commentator, when it will be proper for the servants of Christ to claim the protection of the laws against oppression, not from vindictive feeling, but as being most conducive to public justice, the peace of the Church, and the credit of their profession. It is deeply to be regretted that you have connected my reputation with terms of the deepest reproach for the matters in question without any previous presentation or canonical proceedings against me for any offence whatever, without a trial, and uncondemned by any tribunal known to our system. Under these circumstances, it will be perceived why I cannot, with any show of reason or justice, at this late day, and as a mere matter of form, be expected "privily" to abandon my ground. I cannot thus voluntarily subject myself to the imputation of having deserved that severe and open censure, never yet openly revoked, or expose myself to the construction of admitting a bishop's power virtually to inflict sentence of condemnation on his clergy without a trial. Of such a course as this, at once "violating the established rights of the parochial clergy, and overturning a fixed principle of our ecclesiastical polity," the opinion of the distinguished canonist whom I have already quoted is strikingly full and forcible. "Now we say, that, under our system of government, a bishop has no right, directly or indirectly, to try a clergyman. . . . It will be a sad day for the Church when the clergy, without the intervention of triers of their own order, may be tried and condemned by the bishop alone. The smallest approach to such an encroachment should be promptly resisted. It is of vast importance for the well being of the Church to preserve their just rights to that large body of real operatives, the parochial clergy. Power always passes, slowly and silently, and without much notice, from the hands of the many to the few, and all history shows that ecclesiastical domination grows up by little and little. Give to bishops a right, without a formal trial by their peers, virtually to condemn presbyters in *one* case, and it will surely come to pass that the day will be seen when precedent will be cited for it in *all* cases. . . . The overwhelming tyranny from which the reformation freed the Protestant Church grew up by this *paulatim* process." — *The Rev. Dr.* F. L. Hawks *on the Constitution and Canons.* (Canon xlii. pp. 364–5.) If there be aught of authority in this voice of eloquent warning, I cannot but think that it puts the question at issue between us at rest. It will no longer seem strange that, as I did on a former occasion, so I do now, once more, respectfully decline

involving myself in any pledges beyond those of my ordination, and over and above the duties put upon me by the Church. It will also be perceived, that on the general principles for the sake of which I have suffered these last two years, and which I have more largely dwelt upon in our previous correspondence, I am solemnly bound to withstand the right to demand them.

I ought not to conclude without observing, that it was our endeavor so to order our new place of worship that it might not be open to your former objections. That part of the chancel within the rails of the altar is, of course, reserved for its appropriate sacramental solemnities. On the space without, it has been our purpose to offer, daily, the other portions of that true and laudable service which our branch of the Church seems to contemplate and direct, however neglected by modern usage. In these respects our ministrations are mainly conformed to those which at present obtain in the Church of the Holy Communion, in the city of New York; and I venture to enclose with this so much of the Rev. Dr. MUHLENBERG's excellent pastoral tract on postures in prayer, as may serve, in some measure, to explain and vindicate our own.

Very faithfully,

Yours, "in the holy office of priesthood,"

W. CROSWELL.

Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts.

1848.

"WITH a grateful sense of all God's mercies, we enter upon the beginning of another year, which we hope to spend as we should desire if we knew it to be our last." Thus does he commence the correspondence of the new year, and, after filling his sheet with miscellaneous matter, he closes with the "salutations of the season." But even before this letter had been sent to the post office, he had occasion to express his devout gratitude to God for a special mercy, in giving him a second daughter. This took place on the 3d of January; and he had it in his power to announce that both mother and child were doing well. "We have had," he says, "sundry choice gifts for the new year, but this is the most precious of all."

At the same time, his parochial relations were fair and prosperous. It is true, that the expense of repairing and fitting up their new place of worship had involved the parish in a considerable debt; and in his anxiety to see this encumbrance removed, the thought had occurred to him, that some aid might be sought from the friends of

the enterprise in other dioceses. Writing to a lay gentleman in New York, on whose friendship and generosity, as well as sound judgment, he knew he could rely, he says, "The expenses of the repairs have, of course, exceeded the estimates. It comes heavily upon the few who have made the whole outlay of the purchase, and I am most anxious to relieve them of a portion of it. I have been reluctant to consent to applications to our friends abroad for assistance; nor would I do so now, but I think it right to let them know that a little aid in this emergency would be most seasonable. If you could tell me how I could raise a thousand dollars in New York, without asking for it, you would do me a great favor." But on further reflection, and after receiving advices from this excellent friend, he changed his mind, and wrote again, acknowledging the correctness of his views, and adding, "In truth, I have from the first resisted the idea, as unworthy of being entertained by Boston churchmen, of receiving foreign aid in our local enterprises; and, indeed, I have taken the ground with regard to all applications from abroad for erecting churches, that every community must provide its own place of worship, and that, if a missionary failed to inspire sufficient enthusiasm to induce the faithful to gather to divine offices under such a shelter as a barn could give them, his labors must evidently have been in vain, and it would be an intimation of the will of Providence that his tent must be pitched elsewhere. I have been willing that our operations should be tried by this test, and I am sure they will abide it. From the warm sympathies, however, manifested in our behalf, from the first, and from the encouragement which our visiting friends from New York and elsewhere had held out, there have been some who were sanguine that we had but to hold out our dish to have it filled even to running over. I am not sure that I have escaped blame in some quarters for my remissness in availing myself of such supposed facilities. Under these circumstances, when the pressure came rather heavily upon a few, I wrote as I did to you, and am very glad that the tenor of your reply confirms all the views which I have so often expressed. In the mean while, Hercules, or rather some more Christian power, has put his shoulder to the wheel, and the whole sum necessary to complete the purchase of the property has been raised, chiefly within ourselves, besides the necessary funds for repairs. . . . In this respect we begin to realize how one individual example of generous zeal produces many like minded. I trust, in this way, you have yourself been instrumental of more good than you can measure, in the Church at large, and that, multiplying and reflected in all directions, you will live to see the whole glowing around you like a constellation. . . . Every thing looks very encouragingly. The church is well attended, the ordinances honored, Sunday school flourishing, the wants of the poor provided for, the support liberal,

the sympathy of the brethren at large lively. Those of the city clergy who have attempted to gird us in with a wall of fire, and compel us to unworthy terms of fellowship and exchange, will find that there are more with us than against us. I have commenced a series of exchanges, and shall probably find no difficulty in obtaining the reciprocation of services with almost every clergyman of character and standing in this part of the diocese. Many of the best of them would be glad if it were in their power to adopt the same arrangements." After urging his friend to employ his influence in favor of free sittings and the restoration of the daily service, as the privilege of Christ's people, he adds, "I never was so clear and so happy in my convictions, that this is according to the divine will and the primitive order of the Church. The Lord Bishop of Fredericton will consecrate no church in his diocese in which the sittings are not free; and I believe that he has already consecrated some twenty on these terms." Writing to his father on the same subject, he says, "Our prospects look more encouraging than when I wrote last; I mean financially, for in every other respect they are all that the most sanguine friend could desire. . . . We can see our way clear for the payment of every cent, with the exception of the mortgage of ten thousand dollars under which we took the building, and we shall endeavor gradually to wear that away likewise. This has been accomplished, thus far, without a cent of assistance from abroad, and with all sorts of antagonistic influences round about us." After speaking of the hostilities pursued by the bishop and his partisans, including repeated assaults in the columns of the "Witness," he adds, "In the mean while, I am regularly invited to meet the settled clergy once a fortnight, as they assemble at each other's houses in rotation. I have continued to decline these overtures for several sufficient reasons, which it is not necessary to mention in detail. I never affected these little coteries of associationists, and it is no great privation."

But few items of general interest are to be drawn from his correspondence of this period. He always speaks gratefully of the well being of his family; and on the 15th of February thus notes the baptism of his little daughter on the previous Sunday: "In the afternoon, the venerable Dr. Eaton received 'Susan' into the bosom of the Church by holy baptism." And on the 13th of March he speaks thus of a portrait for which he had been sitting: "Brackett has about finished my portrait. I have sat but seven or eight times, at my convenience, and he has not been exorbitant in his demands on my patience. I saw it for the first time to-day. It seems to me to be quite remarkable. The style is very good — subdued and grave; the dress simple — no canonicals; the face thoughtful. I should have reason to be satisfied with it as a likeness, and it is so pronounced by those who have as yet been allowed

to see it." A copy of this picture was afterwards presented to his parents by the kind friend under whose patronage it was painted. It was highly valued, at the time, as a most faithful portrait; and now that the living original is no more to be seen on earth, it is held as an inestimable relic.

Having now prepared another class for confirmation, he entered into the following correspondence with his bishop: —

Boston, *April* 4, 1848.

Right reverend and dear Sir: I trust to be prepared to present several candidates for confirmation, whenever you shall think proper to make an appointment for that purpose. If consistent with your other engagements to name any time towards the close of the month, it will be most agreeable to me.

It is hardly necessary for me to repeat, that, on occasion of episcopal visitation, the arrangements for worship at the Church of the Advent are submitted entirely to your own direction.

Very sincerely, your faithful presbyter,
W. CROSWELL.

Right Rev. Dr. Eastburn, Bishop of Massachusetts.

Tremont Street, *April 5*, 1848.

Reverend and dear Sir: As I do not feel myself at liberty, for reasons well known to you, to visit your church for the purpose of administering confirmation, according to the request contained in your note of yesterday, I beg to say, that I shall hold confirmations, during the present month, in the following churches: —

Sixth Sunday in Lent, in the morning, at Grace Church, Boston; and at the place of worship of the Church of the Messiah in the afternoon.

Easter day, at St. Paul's, Boston, in the afternoon; and at Christ Church in the evening.

After Easter day, I shall be absent from the city, as you are probably aware, on every Sunday until the fifth after Easter.

It will give me great pleasure to administer the "laying on of hands" to such candidates as you may present to me on any one of the four occasions above named. I leave the selection entirely to yourself.

Meanwhile, I am, very sincerely, yours,
MANTON EASTBURN.

The Rev. Dr. Croswell, Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston.

Boston, *April* 12, 1848.

Right reverend and dear Sir: In declining to administer confirmation at the Church of the Advent, I cannot but think that you are continuing to do us a great wrong. I feel bound, therefore, to

continue my solemn remonstrance against it, and also against the inference, that, in submitting to it thus far, I intend to waive any canonical ground of objection. Under this protest, I beg to apprise you, that, from my long and interesting connection with the ancient parish of Christ Church, I am inclined to regard your appointment for that place as least open to exception, and propose to present my candidates accordingly, should the rector permit, on Easter Sunday evening.

Faithfully, your presbyter,

W. CROSWELL.

To the Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts.

Accordingly, the following correspondence took place with the rector of Christ Church: —

Boston, *April* 12, 1848.

To Reverend John Woart,
Rector of Christ Church, Boston.

Reverend and dear Sir: Of the churches in the city in which I am allowed by our bishop to present my candidates for confirmation, you can readily conceive by what associations I am led to name Christ Church, when excluded from my own. It seems to be my duty, first, however, to obtain your permission for what might otherwise be considered as an encroachment on the rights of presbyters and parishes; and I wish to assure you, that the movement is involuntary on my part, and I disclaim all responsibility for it.

Very truly, yours,

W. CROSWELL.

The Reverend Doctor Croswell.

Reverend and dear Brother: It will be perfectly agreeable to me to have you present your candidates for confirmation to the bishop this year at our church. You can make such communication to Bishop Eastburn, if you desire it; and when the time is fixed, I should like to know it, as I shall endeavor to be present.

Very truly, your friend and brother,

JOHN WOART.

Bedford Street, *April* 13, 1848.

Bedford Street, *April* 19, 1848.

Reverend and dear Brother: I have appointed a quarter past seven as the time of service at Christ Church, next Sunday evening. You will be notified by the sexton, or by some other person at the door, which pews are to be occupied by your candidates.

As to the service on such occasions, I usually refer every thing to the bishop, the reading of the prayers, &c., &c.

Affectionately, in Christ, your friend and brother,

JOHN WOART.

The Rev. Dr. Croswell.

Having thus again submitted, under protest, to the bishop's unreasonable dictation, he had only to proceed, patiently and diligently, in his daily duties, and in preparing his class for the ensuing solemnity. A few brief sketches from his "Words of Days," and other memoranda, will show how he was occupied during the distinguished week, commonly called Passion week, which preceded the great festival of Easter.

"Sunday next before Easter, April 16. Rector at Sunday school with Rev. Dr. Eaton. . . . Rector baptized an adult, and preached on the supper at Bethany, as introductory to the services of the week. P. M., baptized seven children. Preached on the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. After service, performed funeral solemnities in the church.

"Monday, April 17. Morning service by rector, assisted by Rev. Dr. Eaton and Rev. Mr. Pollard. A few remarks on the service made by the rector. Evening service by the same. Sermon by rector: 'They shall look on Him whom they have pierced.'

"Tuesday, April 18. Morning service as yesterday. Short commentary by rector on service and the twenty-second Psalm. Evening service by the same. Sermon by the rector, on 'the cleansing of the temple.' Large congregation.

"Wednesday, April 19. Morning service as before. Remarks on treachery of Judas. Evening service by rector; also the sermon, on the Lord's supper. The choir in attendance at every service this week. Music very solemn and impressive.

"Thursday, April 20. Morning service by rector and Messrs. E. and P. Sermon by rector, on 'Gethsemane.' At evening service, Mr. P. assisted rector in prayers. Rector preached on character and warning of Pilate.

"Good Friday, April 21. Morning prayer by Rev. Mr. P. The rest by the rector, assisted by Rev. Dr. E., in the epistle. Rector preached: 'Behold the Lamb of God.' Large congregation. Music very touching. Evening service at half past seven. Prayers by Rev. Mr. P. Lessons, psalter, and sermon on the penitent thief, by the rector.

"Easter even, April 22. Morning service by rector and Rev. Messrs. E. and P. Sermon by rector, on the holy women resting according to the commandment. After service, baptized two adults. At evening service, rector and Rev. Mr. P. officiated. Sermon by rector, on 'burial of Christ.' Baptized two persons.

"Easter day, April 23, —

'Sweet day, so calm, so soft, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

At Sunday school, Rev. Dr. E. officiated. Morning service by rector, assisted by Rev. Dr. F. Rector preached: 'The Lord is risen indeed.' Very large congregation and communion. In the afternoon, rector read service, Dr. E. assisting, and preached: 'Christ our Passover,' &c. After service, distributed books to the children, provided as an Easter gift by the liberality of a parishioner. Candidates for confirmation assembled at church at half past six o'clock. Walked to the house of God called Christ Church, in company. Rector assisted Rev. Mr. WOART in the evening service, and read preface to the confirmation office. Twenty candidates presented by the rector. Church very full."

It is further mentioned, as a significant fact, that while the rector of the Advent presented his *twenty* candidates, the rector of Christ Church, after an interval of two years, presented but *nine;* and that, at the recent confirmations in St. Paul's and Trinity, there were but *seven* presented in each church. It is also stated, as a gratifying circumstance, that the late governor of New Brunswick, Sir William Colebrook, and suite, attended the service and communion at the Advent in the morning, and did not go to the "Cathedral" (Trinity) until afternoon. In a subsequent letter, he says, "I was favored with an interview with Sir William Colebrook and lady, last week, and was much delighted with their simple and unassuming manners. Lady Colebrook is particularly devoted to the Church, and has been as attentive at our daily service as her health will allow."

To show in what estimation his recent services were held by his parishioners, it seems proper to transcribe a portion of a note from one of his most confidential friends of the laity, to whom he had loaned his late correspondence with the bishop: —

"Though so many days have passed since Passion week, I cannot return these papers without telling you of the great numbers in your parish who have spoken of you, in connection with the services of that week and of the preceding and succeeding Mondays, with warm gratitude. One gentleman, in particular, asked me why I would not let you know what we all felt. It seemed to many of us as if God must have helped you in an especial manner to go through such labors with so earnest and unwearied a spirit. It surely will be blessed to you, in its influences on your people. For myself, in particular, I beg you to accept my most hearty thanks."

The following letter is worthy of a place in the record of the

Lenten services of this year, especially as it presents, in so true a light, the spirit in which he desired to cultivate intercourse with his clerical brethren, and labor in his divine Master's cause. Those who characterized WILLIAM CROSWELL as a formalist, or a man of extreme and exclusive views in the Church, could have done so only through ignorance or malice. The Rev. Dr. BAURY, to whom the letter is addressed, has served the Church in Massachusetts too long and too faithfully to allow his position to be questioned. It is hardly necessary to say, that the request was readily complied with.

BOSTON, *March* 13, 1848.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER: We have commenced a course of Lent lectures at our church, in connection with the Wednesday and Friday evening services, (at five o'clock,) in sustaining which several of the neighboring clergy have been kind enough to unite.

I feel greatly the need of brotherly aid and countenance, next to the supporting grace of God.

While we value the services of any of our brethren, without respect of persons or party, at such time, it would be especially grateful to enjoy those of the elder clergy of the diocese, faithful and true, with whom it has been our privilege for many years to walk to the house of God as friends.

If you could make it convenient to be in town on either of those evenings during the season, and could name the time in the course of the week (so as to prevent its conflicting with arrangements yet to be made with the other clergy) on which you would give us a word in season, I should be very much obliged.

You are aware that no constraint of conscience is attempted, with regard to doctrine, posture, or vestment. Plain, practical preaching is what is most needed with us, as every where.

Yours, in haste, but affection,

W. CROSWELL.

The Rev. ALFRED L. BAURY,
Rector of St. Mary's Church, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

After Easter, he dispensed with the services of his assistant, the Rev. Mr. POLLARD, and took upon himself the entire duties of the parish, including three services on each Sunday, and daily morning and evening prayers. But he was seldom alone in the performance of these services. The Rev. Dr. EATON always stood ready to render him any aid in his power, and he frequently enjoyed the further assistance of his visiting brethren. At this time, his general health was very good; but he began to suffer great inconvenience from a local difficulty, which continued during the remainder of his life, and which was probably the precursor of the malady which

finally proved fatal. This was an involuntary spasmodic or convulsive motion of the facial muscles, and for a few seconds at each return distorted the eye and the mouth, and proved a serious embarrassment in the performance of his public services. It was also peculiarly troublesome when he was engaged in exciting conversation. He was advised to avoid, as far as possible, all close application to study, and to take as much out-of-doors' exercise and recreation as his duties would permit. He only allowed himself time, however, to make a few short visits to his paternal home during the season; the first, with all his family, in the month of June, and another at the time of the commencement of Trinity College. This last was an exciting occasion. He had been appointed by the House of Convocation, at their meeting in the preceding year, to deliver a poem before the convocation at this commencement. From the first, he shrunk almost intuitively from this task. Under the interdict of his physicians, and amid all his absorbing occupations, he felt that the preparation of such a poem would be altogether too formidable a task upon his powers. He had other reasons, also, as will be perceived from the subjoined extracts from his correspondence, for wishing to decline; and hence he endeavored to excuse himself from the undertaking. He immediately addressed a note to Richard H. Dana, Esq., who had been named as a "substitute," in case of his failure, in which he says, "I see, by the Calendar, that the 'Trinitarians' have had the presumption to name you as a 'substitute' for a poet, and — Heaven save the mark! — that poet *me*. If I thought that you could be induced to entertain the idea, — and, for the sake of the Church and the college, it is to be desired greatly, — I would gladly stand out of your way." But it would seem that Mr. Dana was not disposed either to interfere or come to his relief. As the time approached, he felt more and more unequal to the task of preparation; and hence, writing to his father during the session of the diocesan convention, he says, "As soon as the convention is over, I shall inform the scribe of the House of Convocation that I shall be obliged to decline the poem at Trinity. My face has got to twitching at a troublesome rate; and the doctor says I must not think too intently, nor apply myself to the pen. My daily cares are about all that I am equal to. Besides this, I have greater and greater misgivings of the lawfulness of holding these exercises in consecrated places of worship, especially when a necessity is involved of building platforms over the place of the most sacred mysteries. In these respects, it is time that judgment began at the house of God. The sessions of our ecclesiastical conventions, even, I regard as among the worst kinds of profanation; much more, the academical." He wrote accordingly. "But," he says in a subsequent letter, "they will not take *no* for an answer. So I must keep at work." And, finally, on the 25th of July, he

writes, "You see that I am gazetted as laureate at Trinity, next week; and, though much unwritten poetry remains to be developed before I shall be ready, I shall probably be on hand."

Of the poem thus reluctantly prepared he entertained a very mean opinion. He declined furnishing a copy for publication, and the original manuscript is nowhere to be found complete. The only copy in the possession of his biographer (such as it is) was made by another hand, without his approbation, and it bears this indorsement, made by his own hand: "A wretched copy of as wretched a doggerel." The poem certainly was composed and delivered under many disadvantages; but this judgment of his is too severe. He seemed to have a mind too much occupied with his many duties, to find the quiet which yielded his best inspiration as an author. The laborious duties of his parish, with a daily morning and evening service, and such other cares as came upon him, absolutely prevented him from finding the time to write it out with any care. He informed one of his most intimate friends, who, after it had been delivered, asked to see it, that it was not in a legible condition; that he had composed and written a considerable portion of it in the cars, after he left Boston for Hartford to attend the commencement; that there was a great want of connection between different parts; and that the versification was very imperfect. Great allowances, it is granted, must be made for his health, and other circumstances, some of which have been mentioned, and others of which cannot be properly introduced; yet, while it is admitted that their disadvantageous influences may be traced in the poem, it is thought by many that they tended quite as strongly to unfit him to exercise a candid judgment upon its merits. If the object of this memoir were solely or chiefly to perpetuate his reputation as a poet, there would be more occasion to doubt an editor's right to use this manuscript with any freedom. When, however, he rose to perform his appointed duty in the convocation of Trinity College, he had it in mind to discharge a higher duty also. He stooped, as it were, to veil in rhyme an argument which would, perhaps, have commanded the attention of fewer persons, had he brought it forward in solid prose.

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

Mindful of this, rather than not to speak his mind where he felt a word was so much needed, he chose to speak it in a manner which it seems was so distasteful to himself. This argument in its tone and aim is so thoroughly in harmony with his character, that a faithful biographer cannot pass it by without some special notice. The excuse made for printing some part of it is, however, one rather to his memory than to the reader. The whole poem is quite

as good as most of those productions to which similar occasions give rise. To those who are familiar with its local and personal allusions, it might probably seem to claim the first place. But those parts the biographer has for the most part suppressed, from a consciousness that with other readers they might leave an unfair impression of the poem. The "poem" may be said to be a metrical essay on the reverence due to sacred places and holy things, and an exhortation to the cultivation of such reverence, especially in the Church and its academical and collegiate institutions. His own feelings on the misuse of churches for commencement exercises have just been quoted from a letter; they appear more at large in the poem. The poem is too irregular to allow an analysis; but, by way of explanation of some allusions, it may be said, that in the beginning he takes his audience back to their early college life, mingling these reminiscences with alternate touches of wit and pathos. Being a graduate at Yale, — the *alma mater* of a large part of the members of Trinity College House of Convocation, — his references are naturally turned to that place; and recalling the portraits in the Philosophic Hall, thus speaks of one of Yale's ancient patrons: —

THERE first we gazed on the serene expanse
Of BERKELEY's bright and heavenly countenance,
And could not but contrast it, in our sport,
With thy pinched visage, prick-eared DAVENPORT;
Nor queried, as we turned to either face,
Which were the real genius of the place.
Taught, in a brother's words, to love in thee
"Earth's every virtue, writ in poesy;"
O BERKELEY, as I read, with moistened eyes,
Of thy sublime but blasted enterprise,* —
Refusing, in thy pure, unselfish aim,
To sell to vulgar wealth a founder's fame,
But in thy fervor sacrificing all
To objects worthy of the name of PAUL, —
What joy to see in our official line
A faith revived, identical with thine;
Pledged to fulfil the spirit of thy scheme,
And prove thy college no ideal dream.
And when, on yonder walls, we now survey
The man "whose grace chalked his successor's way,"
And study, SAMUEL, thy majestic head,
By BERKELEY's son to heaven's anointing led,
And see the ways of Providence combine
The gentle bishop with the masculine,

* St. Paul's College, Bermuda.

We pray this noblest offspring of thy see
May honor Berkeley, nor dishonor thee.

And join with these those master minds of yore
Who loved their college much, but conscience more, —
Cutler and Johnson, — whom one rigorous day
Drove out from Yale, a voluntary prey,
To reap at once by Cam and Isis' side
The honors which maternal scorn denied.
Though it might well provoke their reverend smiles
To think of rivalling those immortal piles;
Yet, as aspiring over sect and clique,
To follow all that made them catholic,
If they were here from Christ Church chimes afar,
To-day, as Cutler's two successors are,*
They would have prayed, dear Trinity, to see
"No drought on others, but much dew on thee."

He then discusses the adaptation of architecture to its true intent; and after noticing some anomalies, such as the common use of the model of the holy sepulchre for railroad engine houses, invokes better things for Trinity College: —

Harvard and Yale have both revived the style
And antique grandeur of some fine old pile.
Those solemn towers — how beautiful they stand,
Like mighty minsters of our fatherland!
But not, alas! for worship; though their looks
Be so cathedral like, they hold but books;
The form, without the spirit, each retains —
The vizard of the fable without brains.
And so they sever piety from art,
Addressing more the intellect than heart.

Not to resist the truism of the hour,
We freely grant that *knowledge may be power;*
But on our knees, and not on alcoved shelves,
We find, through God, the knowledge of ourselves.
. . . . .
But far from such unholy sights as these
The hopes that haunt *our* sacred reveries:
In yonder hall there yet is room to spare
For store of books — would that the books were there!
But if, indeed, the love of letters hold
Its place, as handmaid to the faith of old,

* Rev. Drs. Eaton and Croswell.

And we would have that favored site to be,
Above all others, "fair exceedingly,"
Let WHEATON plan, like this, another shrine
For purposes exclusively divine;
Not York Cathedral, "on a smaller scale,"
And "much improved where the dark ages fail;"
Nor yet King's College Chapel, that "immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence;"
But "*all we can.*—high Heaven disdains the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more."
There, with the stony archwork overhead,
Beneath our feet the ashes of the dead,
And monumental effigies around,
The soul might wander as in holy ground,
And feel a soft religious sadness brood,
Deepening the spirit of its quietude.
There let the sun "salute with his first smile
Our holiest symbol crowning the dear pile;"
And be the power of architecture shown
To lift the Athanasian creed in stone.
Within, a tempered light, like sunset skies,
Let glimmerings of a thousand gorgeous dyes
Shed streaming down from every pictured pane,
Their rainbow glories round the vaulted fane,
And through the window o'er the altar fling
The heaven-hued symbols in enamelling.
"And beams thus hallowed through the scenes they pass
Tell on the floor their parable of glass."
There let the organ and the strain devout
Make every stone in sympathy cry out,
Like some harmonious fabric of the Lord's,
"Whose vaults are shells, and pillars tuneful chords."
There let the surpliced priests in order stand —
And why not white-robed choirs on either hand?
If this be too extravagant a pitch,
(Alas! that our endowments are not rich,)
Still, "what we can." Let us contend, at least,
For daily service and the vested priest;
And let the season blend, in fixed career,
The Christian and the academic year;
Be music carried to the full extent
Allowed by ancient choral precedent;
And let the students' well-trained voices swell
Each hoary laud, time-honored canticle,
Which England, purged from superstition's stain,
Resumed among her earliest rites again.

Hark! how the strains, increasing far and wide,
Rise from GENEVA * and from RIVERSIDE!†
Like deep to deep the billowy anthem calls,
From far Nashotah to her own St. Paul's,
And rings through her affiliated halls.
Vale of the Cross, as gentle shepherds tell,
Such sounds are heard in thy secluded dell;
From Corbin's grot the selfsame chant is raised,
And "daily prayer is made, and daily is HE praised."

Perhaps it is not scandal to compare
Such courts with that amphibious place of prayer,
(Contrived, like Goldsmith's chest, two debts to pay —
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,)
Where now a while in worship we engage,
Then knights and squires shall enter on the stage,
Which, for a time, a meeting house is made,
And then it glitters in a masquerade.
Four years I saw the central aisle divide
The rows of rising seats on either side,
Where double choirs, ward over against ward,
Might sing responsive praises to the Lord.
But not so these: while yet the tutor reads,
The muster master's busy work proceeds.

. . . . .

In due obeisance every head was bent
Upon the entering of the president,
But held it superstitious for the free
At JESUS' name to bow the lowly knee.
And scarce the echoes died of prayer and praise,
Before the youths declaimed or spouted plays.

These are the ways which in our western climes
Make the "men-children of these forward times;"
Of whom old Drydren said, so long ago,
"But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know seven that think themselves not so."
Against these evils let the CHURCH commence
Her sure protection, and her "cheap defence."
Though worldly cares have chilled devotion's flame,
Here let our needs a daily homage claim;
Here let our prayers like morning incense rise,
Our lifted hands like evening sacrifice;
Devotion's debt at morn and eve to pay,
And magnify our Savior day by day.

* Hobart Free College, at Geneva, New York.
† The seat of Bishop DOANE, at Burlington, New Jersey.

In order these great objects to secure,
All must be first begun in miniature;
And if a while your patience will but bear
With these plain couplets, I will tell you *where*

. . . . .

This is the place and time; at once begin
Here to restore the ancient discipline;
Adopt the Church's homogeneous plan
To make the boy the father of the man;
Where, in their due development, appear
The blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear,
And making good the old proverbial line,
Just as the twig is bent, the trees incline.

Let every pupil with his sapling aid
To fill the grounds with shrubbery and shade;
Plant oaks and "elms, those undissenting trees,"
That grow not fast, but thrive for centuries;
Beneath whose shadow, ages hence, our heirs
May bless our forethought, and take thought for theirs.
And let the English ivy, high and thick,
Conceal the tame monotony of brick —
Amid the snows of winter evergreen,
From summer suns a most refreshing screen.

Nor would my scheme reject the dining hall,
Where what was meant for one was meant for all;
Such as it was of old, when common food
Was made a bond of Christian brotherhood,
And each might wait, and of his Savior learn
"To be as him that serveth," in his turn.

But first of all erect a chapel there,
And join at morn and eve in common prayer;
If means be wanting, take yon upper room,
And teach the light to counterfeit the gloom;
Then, chastening down the gaudy light of day,
Subdue the thoughts bewildered with their play,
And let the organ add its soothing sway.
Set up the holy altar there, and trail
Their young affections round the chancel pale;
Purging the taint of heresy and schism
By constant portions of the catechism.
In open view, let none regard the floor
Too low when prostrate mortals would adore,
But duly raise, upon their bended knees,
The full response of ancient litanies;

Invoke their Savior in his Church's voice,
And in his eucharistic hymns rejoice.
The pointed Psalter, printed in their heart,
There let them learn to bear their tuneful part,
Drilled on the cadence of that thrilling scale
Which, caught from seraphs, must o'er earth prevail.
So shall the watered seed spring up, and so
Children of grace to giant stature grow.
Nor let us see that holy place within
A priest "with broadcloth buttoned to his chin."
Holmes writes, "Heaven needs no surplice;" as if he
Thought Heaven was pleased when men dressed slovenly.
Heaven needeth not man's wisdom, but much less
It needeth any of man's foolishness.

. . . . .

If this be superstition, may we be
All guilty of it in the first degree.
Remembering thus Jerusalem in his mirth,
Sweet Herbert found his very heaven on earth;
And Milton tells,* as Milton only can,
What there he learned — poor, superstitious man!
O, on yon slope, may some such towers arise
As plumed his wings sublime for paradise;
Where, in our day, due feet might never fail,
Like his, to walk the studious cloisters' pale,
And love, like him, the high embowered roof
Resting on antique pillars, massy proof,
And catch through storied windows richly dight
A dim, religious, "*superstitious*" light:
There may we hear the pealing organ blow
To full-voiced choirs, antiphonal, below,
In that same service high, and anthems clear,
As oft with sweetness through his charmed ear
Dissolved great Milton's self to ecstasies,
And brought all heaven before his raptured eyes.

. . . . .

And yet another tabernacle rear
For such occasions as have brought us here;
Above the stir and din of mangling mart,
Beside the ancient passage of the HART,†
Let faith and fancy help to give to fame
"A local habitation and a name."
Beneath the dogstar and midsummer heat,
Let no procession through the burning street,
With tasselled cap and academic gown,
Exposed to the annoyance of the town,

* Il Penseroso.

† The name of the river by which the college grounds are bounded.

Like needless alexandrine in the song,
Or wounded snake, trail its slow length along;
Pavilioned, if it need be, in a tent,
Until some WICKHAM makes it permanent;
Or cloistered where o'erarching boughs have made
Refreshing contiguity of shade;
There let us gather, where no sounds intrude
To break the silence of the solitude
Save song of native birds, or piercing scream
Of railroad engine clattering o'er the stream.
If we must have processions, let them pass
When shadows lie the longest on the grass;
And for this martial music, let there be
Such chants as floated down the sylvan Dee —
The "Miserere mei, Domine."
And let the bell in yonder humble tower
Wake dewy silence at an earlier hour,
And usher in, betimes, the festal day
"With merry peal and changeful roundelay"

. . . . .

Thus in the morning, far from Babel's dust,
These *August* days might yet be days *august*,
And words of power the place might glorify,
Which willingly the world would not let die.
There DANA might, in happiest mood, rehearse
Some last great effort of his deathless verse;
Or IRVING, like Arcadian, might beguile
The golden hours with his melodious style;
Or he who takes no second living rank
Among the classics of the Church — VERPLANCK;
Or he whose course "right onward" here begun,
Now sheds its brightness over Burlington,
(Where our young sons like noble saplings grow,
And daughters like the polished pillars show,)
And with the elder worthies, join the throng
Of young adventurers for the prize of song.

. . . . .

My heart upbraids me, friends, with double wrong,
While I inflict and you endure the song.
Were we indeed in earnest, and sincere,
When we professed that heaven's high gate was here,
And set apart forever, day and night,
These solemn courts for old liturgic rite?
Then we must sure be wrong; we greatly err
Who use the church worse than the theatre,
And, like false Israel, our high places raise
As scaffolds on our sacrificing days;

Where one at least, poor victim of his kind,
If not as strong as Samson, yet as blind,
Comes sadly forth, to make Philistines sport,
And immolate himself in Dagon's court;
Content if but the sacrifice should tend
To bring these gross abuses to an end.
Pardon thy servant, LORD, if he profane
These hallowed walls with his unworthy strain;
Forgive this once all that to-day he durst —
His last transgression, as it is his first —
In telling truths which every body knows,
But dare not speak them plainly out in prose;
And for the future, hear his solemn pledge
To be no party to the sacrilege.

O, would we teach young scholars reverence,
Let judgment *here* begin — take these things hence;
And doubt it not, His Holy Spirit grieves
To see HIS house made like a den of thieves;
To see the stage, the last our graduates trod,
Erected o'er the altar of our GOD;
And grave divines upon the platform meet
To tread our holiest things beneath their feet.
This cannot sure be right: we ask to see,
If not perfection, yet consistency.
No wonder, where such profanation dwells,
Our sons emerge precocious infidels.
O, better far, if we can find no hall
For such assembly, to have none at all;
Or, like the sons of knighthood, take degrees
Before the altar, on our bended knees.

Scarce more disgusting this, when year by year,
With his red flag, comes in the auctioneer;
Abomination, blazoned on his face,
Stands, where it ought not, in the holy place;
Where he who sells combines with him who buys
To make God's house a house of merchandise.
Within the sacred altar's rail, or desk,
He lifts his voice in impudent burlesque;
Lays godless hands upon the Bible lid,
Not to ask blessings, but to ask a bid:
And voices, never heard in time of prayer,
Are emulous in loud responses there.
O, thus, methinks, might Mammon once have stood,
With that same look, and that same attitude,
And bent his downward glances to behold
Heaven's courts inlaid with patins of bright gold,

And, as the poet tells, admiring more
The trodden wealth of that resplendent floor
Than aught enjoyed of holy or divine,
In vision beatific, at the shrine.
But had that spirit, "least erect," the gift
With which our modern Mammons follow thrift,
He might from his high place have learned to muse
Of parcelling heaven's pure pavement into *pews;*
Seen how to make each consecrated floor
Productive gold, that was but wood before;
Where men have leave in narrow slips to pray,
(If pray they choose,) *provided that they pay;*
And do not care to worship on their knees,
But sit, like rows of meal sacks, at their ease.
. . . . .
Unless its title deeds a falsehood tell,
The house of God cannot be man's to sell;
Much less to turn it, before God and man,
Into a kind of college caravan.
If insincere our gift, and we retain
Part of the price, the gift is worse than vain:
We dare to tempt His ancient people's fate,
Whose house was left unto them desolate;
And though no gates, like theirs, asunder start,
Nor unseen voices cry, "Let us depart,"
The glory will have vanished, and our God
Have written on its portals, Ichabod.

From this time the distortion of his face became more and more troublesome, and he felt constrained to curtail his mental labors as far as practicable; and even his letters were despatched with unusual brevity. In addition to this, he was visited, within a short period, with a very severe domestic affliction. The little daughter whose birth he had gratefully announced at the opening of the year, and who had enjoyed up to this time a full measure of health, now began to betray symptoms of wasting disease. The first intimation of the anxiety produced by her case was conveyed to his father in a hasty note of the 24th September. "It is astonishing," he says, "how a few days' illness of this sort will affect a child. She has quite faded away like a leaf; and unless there be a decided change soon, we shall be much discouraged." But a single day intervened before the fatal result was announced. September 26, he writes, "The spirit of our dear little Susan was called away last night, to be where the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. It was just as the shades of evening drew on, and the light of day did not fade more softly.

She had, indeed, a gentle dismission. She had been perfectly quiet and easy since morning, and we gazed on her sweet face as if it were already one of the beatified. I need not say that we feel acutely; but we are still and calm, and from the bottom of our hearts desire to kiss our Father's rod, and bless him for the treasure now so safely laid up in heaven. Our hopes are cast down. We trusted she would have grown up in your love and blessing; but it is better so; and our only prayer is, that we may be fitted to rejoin her in worlds where sickness, and death, and parting never come." October 3, he thus describes the funeral solemnities; and no apology is necessary for transcribing these particulars, well knowing that those will best understand how to receive them who have themselves suffered the like affliction: "Our dear child — or rather all of her that was mortal — was buried on the feast of St. Michael's, the services of which were so beautifully appropriate, that the sermon of Rev. Mr. GREENLEAF, who officiated, seemed to be *meant* for a funeral sermon. Every thing was so done as to be very soothing to our feelings. While she was laid out in the chamber, in her little crib, in one of her baby dresses, which was her only shroud, with a rosebud in her folded hands, she was, as it were, like one fallen into a sweet sleep. The expression of her face was beautiful; her arms never lost their natural color; and her grandmother's silver gift cup, full of the sweetest blossoms and flowers which the love of friends could select, was at her side. It was a sight which many came to see and weep over. . . . We had a sort of bier, made of a thin board, covered with white. This was carried to church by four little girls of our Sunday school, dressed in white, with black *visites*. The nurse followed, in the same dress; then the mourners, in procession, walked to the church. Instead of a black pall, we used the beautiful white blanket, with its richly-wrought border, which was presented to her mother, during Mary's babyhood, at Auburn. It was a lovely sight, divested of all the usual dismal accompaniments, and which do not seem to belong to a case where death appears to have no sting to inflict, except upon the bosom of survivors." To this he adds, "It was at first our intention to have left here on Monday for New Haven, that my wife and Mary might make you a visit, while I went on to Newark, Burlington, &c.; but we are not yet quite ready. I have written an apology to Mr. WATSON, and send this, something in the same spirit." From this letter to Mr. WATSON one or two extracts are made: "I had looked forward with much expectation and interest to being present with you on the great day of the consecration of your beautiful church. But the week finds me in great affliction, from the loss of our infant. . . . And I am laboring under the effects of a local, nervous infirmity, which all excitement tends to aggravate, as my medical counsellors advise, and which a scene

like this to which you invite me would not benefit. I reluctantly, therefore, send this note of apology, with the assurance, that in a few weeks I shall hope to see you under more quiet circumstances. I then expect that my wife, whom I do not like to leave alone just now, will be able to accompany me as far as my father's, at New Haven, while I proceed to Newark and Burlington. My health, meanwhile, is improving here by rest. Several of the younger brethren have come providentially to my assistance in the time of my need."

After a few days' delay, the journey here projected was accomplished; and, for the remainder of the year, his labors were much relieved, not only by the voluntary aid of his brethren, but by the engagement of the Rev. Oliver S. Prescott as his regular assistant. Of his complaints in his face, he sometimes writes quite despondingly, and seems to have entertained but little hope of present improvement. In one of his last letters of the year, he says, "My ailments are much as usual. I am much inclined to let my medicines alone, for the present, — our doctors so advise, — and try bathing, galvanism, riding, and exercise. My health, apart from this, continues very sound; and I do not know that it was ever firmer."

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After this temporary relaxation, he seems to have resumed the duties of the new year with renovated strength and spirits. His weekly letters are again regularly despatched; and he speaks of his general health as "never better," and expresses a hope that the "twitching in his face is gradually subsiding." During a short illness of his new assistant, he says, "Happily, I have been free from any disability, and have carried on the services, with the help of Mr. Le Baron, the curate of St. Stephen's, and Mr. Prescott's intimate friend. I preached twice on Sunday, and made an address, next day, on the Feast of the Circumcision." But while all things else were thus going on prosperously, he was again compelled to renew his controversy with his bishop, by contending for what he considered his fair and legitimate rights. The following is a copy of the correspondence: —

I.

Feast of the Epiphany, 1849.

Right reverend and dear Sir: In making your appointments for administering confirmation in the city parishes, this winter, it is

my earnest request that this privilege may be extended to the church of which I am rector, and which is hereby put at your disposal for the occasion; or, if this may not be, that some other opportunity may be afforded me for presenting our candidates. I shall endeavor to be prepared, any day, four weeks from date.

With the best wishes of the season,

Very sincerely yours,

W. CROSWELL.

The Right Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts.

II.

TREMONT STREET, *January* 9, 1849.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I have received your note of Saturday last, and in reply would say, that I will, with divine permission, administer confirmation to such candidates as you may present to me, in Christ Church, on the evening of Sexagesima Sunday, February 11. The present evening hour of service is seven, and will, I suppose, continue for some time to come.

Reciprocating the kind wishes of this joyful season,

I am very truly yours,

MANTON EASTBURN.

The Rev. W. CROSWELL, D. D.

III.

BOSTON, *January* 13, 1849.

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your reply of the 9th to my note of the 6th instant, in which you propose to administer confirmation, in Christ Church, to such candidates as I may present to you on the evening of Sexagesima Sunday, February 11. I had cherished the hope that you would at length recognize the propriety of making that periodical visitation to our parish which the rules of the Church contemplate; and I alluded to the other alternative solely with a view to avoid the renewal of an unpleasant controversy. In submitting, however, once more to the painful necessity which you have imposed upon me for three successive years, and by which the administration of a solemn and interesting rite has been deprived of some of its most endearing personal attractions, I feel it to be my duty to enter my solemn protest against your refusal to visit the Church of the Advent, as involving a violation of the first section of the twenty-fifth canon of 1832. A part of this section declares, "It is deemed proper that such visitations be made once in three years, at least, by every bishop, *to every church within his diocese.*"

Without entering, at present, upon the question, whether such an intimation of propriety be not binding upon the bishops, and

whether it has not "always had in their eyes the force of the most positive enactments," I content myself with this simple renewal of my protest; and, acting under it, will endeavor, by divine permission, to meet your appointment.

Very sincerely, yours, in all duty,

W. CROSWELL.

Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of Massachusetts.

IV.

Boston, *January* 13, 1849.

Reverend and dear Sir: The bishop of the diocese has directed me to present my candidates for confirmation at Christ Church, on the evening of Sexagesima Sunday, February 11, at seven o'clock. Constrained as I am to submit to this requirement, it is not without a solemn protest, as being in contravention of the twenty-fifth canon of 1832. If you have any objections to the proposed arrangement, you will, of course, make them to the bishop; and if I hear nothing to the contrary, I shall expect, God willing, to conform to the bishop's appointment.

Very truly, your friend and brother,

W. CROSWELL.

The Rev. John Woart, Rector of Christ Church.

In conformity with this arrangement, after the full services of the day at his own church, including a baptism and the instruction of the Sunday school children, he met some of his candidates in the evening, and proceeded to Christ Church. Writing on the following day, he says, "Our confirmation was held last evening, as was proposed. Several of the candidates were not able to go, through sickness or other impediment. But we still had twenty — as many, and more, than could be conveniently accommodated about the chancel." Two additional candidates were presented by the rector of Christ Church. But in the midst of the services the gaslight failed, producing some delay and annoyance, and candles were substituted, two of which were, "most ominously, set upon the altar." These, however, while the bishop was confirming, were carefully extinguished by the rector of the church. "The bishop's address," he adds, "was very good; but the sermon, which he intended to deliver 'from the pulpit,' in consequence of the accident to the lights, was omitted. It fell to my lot to read the lesson, which was the second for the evening, according to the calendar, (2 Cor. vii.,) which you will see to be not altogether inappropriate."

February 26, he writes, "We have entered on our Lenten services in a good spirit, and I expect that our candidates who received confirmation so recently will all make their first communion next

Sunday. Our week-day prayers are better attended than usual, and things in general look very encouraging."

From this time the labors of the season passed on uninterruptedly, until the 14th of March, when he was unexpectedly summoned home by a telegraphic despatch, announcing the severe sickness of his father. After a hasty preparation, he made the journey on the following day. It is only necessary to cite a few passages from the letters written to his wife during this visit of filial duty and affection to show the current of his feelings.

March 15, he writes, "Although you have heard by telegraph that father is better, yet I have not come on prematurely, or any too soon. I find his situation much according to my fears. The sore on his leg has obviously had its connection with this attack, and, though Dr. SKIFF has not said so, doubtless makes it dangerous. On Sunday, as I am told by several of our friends, he preached with unusual earnestness and animation; and so, indeed, as one observes, has he done on the Sundays preceding it, 'making me feel,' the friend continues, 'as if these were indeed his last sermons.' After his labors on Tuesday, he came home exhausted, had a severe chill, and all the symptoms of violent fever. He appeared that day and night lethargic and stupid, — brain inert, — a symptom which much alarmed the doctor. Yesterday, however, he was more comfortable, and so continues to-day. His head is very clear and free from pain, and at times to-day he has perspired very freely. . . . He is very restless, at times, and has scarcely slept since attacked. He is not entirely without appetite, but takes a little light nourishment, with some apparent relish." On the following morning, he writes, "Father had a restless night, with much fever, relieved at intervals by profuse perspiration. This morning, however, he is much better than yesterday morning — his countenance more natural, his tongue freer, his skin moist, his leg less inflamed, &c. . . . I feel very hopeful, but still regard him as a very sick man, and by no means out of danger. I cannot, of course, think of coming back at present, and give up the idea of being home again before Sunday." He adds, in a postscript, "I need not say that father's spirit is just what might be expected in an aged Christian priest at such a crisis."

On Saturday, the 17th, he writes as follows: "I am happy to repeat that father continues to improve; that he had a comfortable day yesterday, and a comparatively comfortable night. The doctor has been in this morning, and thinks that he is in every respect doing well, and that by the seventh day, Monday, the fever will leave him. . . . It is obviously of much importance that I came home as I did, as it has a happy effect upon father's spirits that I am here. For the same reason, I must stay as long as I consistently can. By the next week, I trust, he will be greatly advanced on the way of

recovery; and by the middle of the week I hope to be with you again."

Wednesday, 21st. "I feel now as if I could leave father with a good hope of his speedy restoration to health. . . . All that gives him any trouble now is his leg and ankle; but I have been present at all the dressings, night and day, and have seen a gradual and decided improvement each time, and the doctor thinks that he will have no difficulty with it. . . . I think father will soon be about again, and in better health after this turn than before."

To these extracts it is a pleasure to add a few other passages from a letter to his friend and his father's friend, Cyrus Curtiss, Esq., of New York, dated March 19. "Your anxieties, of course, are with us for father. Upon the first intimation of his sickness, knowing that at his time of life, and after the enjoyment of such uninterrupted health, any sickness must be serious, I hastened home, and arrived on Thursday. His worst symptoms had been relieved by that time; but he was very restless and uncomfortable, and there was enough to occasion anxiety. I am happy to say, however, that he has been constantly improving since, and is almost entirely free from fever this morning. His last night was the most comfortable which he has yet had. The condition of his leg is mending, and the inflammation seems to be subsiding as the other symptoms improve. He seems very natural, has as much appetite as is good for him, and enjoys such food as the rules allow. The doctor gives us reason to expect that in a few days he will be about again; not, I trust, to resume the round of duty under which he has sunk. . . . It will be difficult for me to be absent for many days longer; and as soon as I have seen father through this conflict, I shall return." Before he closes, he speaks in these grateful terms of a very highly-finished portrait of his father, painted for Mr. Curtiss by the artist Jocelyn: "Many a time have I thanked you in my heart that his portrait would survive, and one so worthy of preservation."

On his return to Boston, he resumed his regular correspondence with his father; though it was not until the 29th of March that he received any return, and this was but an apology for a letter. But on Tuesday before Easter, April 3, he acknowledges the receipt of a full-length epistle: "I rejoice in the sight of a letter of the usual length, and bearing evidence that the inward man is renewed day by day. I trust, also, that, by God's good hand upon you, the outward man is continuing to gain, and to make progress towards complete restoration." In the same letter he transcribes the following passage from a reply of the Rev. Dr. Potter, of Albany, to an inquiry with regard to the state of his sister-in-law, who had been for a long time in declining health: "I have been greatly comforted in seeing the state of Mrs. Sherman Croswell's mind. It is

simple and unaffected, but most real and most wonderful. She is quite cheerful; enjoys things about her with her usual sweetness; but loves to look forward, and seems to see no terror. Nor is this owing to want of depth in her views. I never saw, especially in one of her vivacious temper, a *more calm and beautiful waiting!*"

On Easter Tuesday, he writes in high animation: "These glorious Easter days! Were there ever any thing like them? They are almost a remedy for sickness; and I hope they will have a healing mercy for you, though you may yet be shut up, and cannot go to the temple of the Lord. Several of the brethren have been deprived of the same privilege. Brothers GREENLEAF and WOART have both been confined to their rooms for a week or two, and were just able to get out and sit in the chancel on Easter morning. I could not but hope that you were doing at least as much." This hope was fully realized. His father was enabled on that blessed day to go to the house of God, and present his thank-offering, though not sufficiently recovered to take any part in the services. He proceeds: "I have been greatly blessed myself with health, and all other enjoyments, for which I cannot be too thankful. Our Passion week services were interesting and well attended. The Easter services were quite transporting — music inspiring — church full — communion largest that we have yet had. We filled the font with sweet, delicious flowers; and a silver vase on a shelf of the altar contained the same lovely, natural, significant symbols of the resurrection. We have received many tokens of affectionate regard; and our prospects, individually and collectively, were never brighter."

An occasional passage is found in his correspondence which raises some misgivings with regard to the propriety of selecting so freely from his letters. Here is an example: "As to old letters, I grow very remorseless, and think it safest to consign them to destruction — reserving perhaps a few for specimens. Filled as they are apt to be with personalities, intended for one confidential eye, they may be the means of creating feuds and heartburnings, which would not be compensated for by all the letters that ever were written. My own accumulate so fast, that, excepting our family correspondence, I believe that I shall make a bonfire of the bulk of them. . . . What I have written, I have written; and I hope, before it be too late, all my letters will be committed to the flames. What a conflagration will they not make! — less, however, than if they were not consumed, considering with what a free pen I have been in the habit of writing." Whatever may have been his momentary convictions on this subject, no such work of destruction as is here intimated was ever committed. On the contrary, his well-arranged files of letters and papers probably outnumber the collections of most men of his age.

Several letters, chiefly of a private and confidential nature, are here passed over; and we now come to his account, under date of May 20, of his excursion to Greenfield, to attend the consecration of a new church in that parish: "I was at Greenfield on the 10th, as I purposed, and really had a very delightful time. I have not ceased since to regret that I had so long lost the personal acquaintance of friends, whom I had long known through Dr. Strong, and whose society I should hope to enjoy, through Christ, in eternity. It is twenty years that I have been promising myself and them to visit Greenfield. The religious services were very interesting. The consecration was on Thursday. Being the only cleric left, I preached on Friday, morning and evening, and had service again on Saturday morning. On Sunday I assisted Dr. Strong, and preached at evening service. We had one or two delightful rides on the mountain sides around, which, like the hills, enclose Jerusalem. On Monday, I returned to Boston."

On Whit Monday he writes, "We commemorated the great feast of Pentecost under circumstances that were very inspiring. . . . There was a devout assemblage, a goodly number of whom remained to celebrate our holiest act of worship, and to call mightily, as I trust, with the faithful every where, for the communion of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. To-day we continue the memorial, and resume it to-morrow again. Then follow the Ember days, the sacramental lecture on Friday, preparatory to the last crowning festival, in which we acknowledge the glory of the Eternal Trinity, and, in the power of the divine Majesty, worship the Unity. Truly this is an anniversary week to the souls who prefer the old festivals of enduring interest to the novel, local, and ephemeral anniversaries that are now drawing people together in this city. . . . As soon as this week is over, I shall begin to cast about to see what I can best do for recruiting myself during the warm weather. In the present state of concern with regard to the cholera, I shall not care to go far from the city. And, indeed, I shall expect to derive more benefit from little excursions to the neighboring beaches, exercise, and sea bathing, where I shall be entirely by myself, than amid such scenes of social excitement as may be connected with the visiting of friends. I have reason to bless God that, apart from this local inconvenience in my face, my health never seemed better." June 4, speaking of the health of the city, he says, "Some cases of decided cholera have occurred, but as yet they are kept out of the papers. Indeed, they have been chiefly imported, or, if indigenous, among the filthier and more intemperate portions of our miserable fellow-creatures. Boston is in a much less fit condition of preparation than on the former visitation. The population has greatly increased; and those parts of the city which are most exposed are crowded to excess. Still there is much to favor us: the sea-wind —

the comparative cleanliness — the complete system of *sewerage*, much more perfect than that of any other city in the country, as I am told — and the inclined plane of the hills, cleansing them more readily than if we were on the stagnant level of New York. However, our dependence is on the God whose providence directs, permits, restrains all influences, seen and unseen, in whatever way he pleases; and our obvious duty is, watching unto prayer." Of his little daughter, whose health had been suffering for some time past, he says, "Mary's seventh year was completed yesterday. Her health seems quite restored, as well as her spirits. She has some flesh and strength to acquire, however, before she will be where she was before her sickness."

June 25, after speaking of a prevailing epidemic, to which several prominent persons had fallen victims, and of various recommendations of the physicians as to diet and regimen, he turns to topics of personal consideration. "Yesterday, St. John Baptist's, was the twentieth anniversary of my ordination as priest and institution into the rectorship of Christ's Church, Boston. It was a solemn day to me. The Holy Communion was administered. By another coincidence, I attended a funeral at Christ's Church, in the absence of the rector; but there was a sad change in the place. . . . Next month, Providence favoring, I shall probably go to the White Hills. Afterwards I hope to see you at home."

Writing again, July 3, he says, "While it continues as safe and pleasant here as at present, I shall not think of leaving Boston, except on short excursions about the suburbs. My friend STIMPSON is ready to accompany me to the White Hills, either immediately, or after the 19th: as at present advised, I prefer the latter. It is said that there has been a great rush that way, in consequence of the fear of the cholera having driven visitors from their usual resorts to the Springs, &c. Primitive mountain districts have generally been exempt from those visitations of mortal disease; and I understand that neither Switzerland nor the Granite Hills have known much about it. This is a consideration, however, which is calculated to increase the company as the season advances; and we shall expect to find the peaks more populous than usual, and perhaps more than is comfortable, as the accommodations are rather straitened."

July 15, he again resumes these personal sketches: "We went down to Marblehead and Philip's Beach one day, to find some refuge (from the heat.) Another day I spent at Nahant. A third I sat on the Common, by the fountain, to catch what I could of the breeze, such as it was. . . . I am going to the Point at South Boston for a week or two, with wife and Mary, to try sea bathing. Then I expect to set out for the White Hills; and, after that, shall set my face homeward."

In his letter of the 23d he mentions an ill turn experienced by his little daughter Mary, which had given him much anxiety. She had formerly had a similar turn while visiting at New Haven; and, in both instances, it seemed unlike an ordinary fainting fit, as she fell heavily upon the floor, and remained for a few moments unconscious. "But (he says) she soon revived, and, except some slight injury from the fall, seemed to suffer no inconvenience. Of course, however, it keeps us anxious."

On the last day of July, he writes, "We have come in from South Boston, and I am preparing for our departure to the White Hills on Thursday. I should prefer to remain till after the great Fast; but am at the disposal of my friend Mr. STIMPSON, who can only order it thus. . . . I shall send you word, as we go, of our movements. We shall make our plans as we go along. At present, I only know that our purpose is to go to Claremont on Thursday, and there remain until the following Monday."

Accordingly, he writes his next letter from Claremont, where he spent the national Fast and the following Sunday. "I am in the company, as you know, of my friend and parishioner, Mr. F. H. STIMPSON, who bears all the expenses of the journey. His connections in this beautiful town have been very kind and hospitable, and I have enjoyed our quiet sojourn here exceedingly. I fancy that my health is somewhat improved. To-morrow, at noon, we purpose to take up our line of travel to Wells River by railroad; thence to Littleton by stage. How we shall get to Franconia, and thence to the Notch, are questions which I cannot resolve; but shall apprise you, through my wife, as we proceed."

Under date of "Franconia Notch, Wednesday morning, August 8," he writes to his wife and friends, "We left Wells River in a stage with but three passengers, over a charming road, for which privilege we paid double fare. . . . We dined at Littleton, twenty miles from my last mail, on the Great Amonoosuck. At half past one we left in a buggy, and a carpet bag contained our duds. At four o'clock we were in this wild spot. Compared with all that I have had to look upon in past days, methinks I have seen no scenery before. We were in luck; as, being in advance of the mail, we secured one of the best sleeping rooms in the house. Large parties came in afterwards, and there were more than fifty at tea. We found no acquaintance among *them*, however. The first persons we overtook on our way to the house were Rev. Messrs. NOBLE and KIDNEY, who had just reached there before us. They are truly very choice spirits. . . . They have been footing it all round here for this fortnight, and have wonderfully gained in strength and health by the excursion. May it be so with me. . . . Franconia is the place, you know, for the long thermometers. It was very cool here yesterday. At evening, the fire in the bar room is

comfortable. At sunrise, this morning, the glass was at forty-eight, but probably much lower in the night. . . . After breakfast, we shall pass on five miles farther, to the Flume House, — probably dine there, — and return to Littleton to-night. To-morrow, we take a fresh start in the stage for Crawford's Notch House, where we shall hope to find letters."

With the exception of some brief notes in his journal, but few particulars of this pleasant excursion can be collected. "Sunday, August 12. Rain all day. At eleven conducted service in the little parlor, and read WILLIAMS'S sermon on the Christian Scholar. Spent most of the day in my room. Sore throat came on in the evening; the effect, doubtless, of the dampness. Monday, 13. Rain held up after dinner. We rode through the Notch. Left our chaise at the foot of the descent, and walked to Crawford's Notch House. To ascend the mountain to-morrow, if the weather permit. Tuesday, 14. Promise of a clear day. After breakfast, set off with seven others in company, besides our guide, for the summit. Woods very wet. Seven hours ascending, by 'Old Crawford's' road. Few views by the way. Returned in the mist and rain. Wednesday, 15. Waited all day for a chance to get to Conway. Limbs rather weary. After dinner, rode to Conway. Arrived at ten. Glorious view, before sunset, of the White Hills, Pequaket Mountain, Conway Peak, &c. Thursday, 16. Beautiful morning. By stage to Centre Harbor. Fine ride. Conway Peak, in all its aspects, for many miles. At the harbor to dine. Crossed the lake. Railroad to Concord. Friday, 17. Early breakfast. At six, set out towards Boston. At Nashua, parted with my friend Mr. STIMPSON, and went to Groton junction, whence I took the Fitchburg railroad to Montague. Thence by stage to Greenfield."

His next letter to his father is under date of Greenfield, Saturday, August 18: "Having been brought safely on my way thus far, I drop a line, in haste, to acknowledge the receipt of yours at the White Mountains, and to say, that I hope to meet wife and Mary at Springfield, and proceed to the parsonage in New Haven in the train that leaves there soon after one, on Monday. Under the shadow of the paternal roof, we will recount our journeyings and rest a while."

It was during this brief visit to Greenfield that the following lines were written. To those who are not familiar with the localities of that town, a word of explanation is necessary. He had been climbing a steep but thickly-wooded hill, which, overlooking on opposite sides the town and the valley of the Connecticut River, presents on the west a rocky and almost perpendicular descent to the plain on which the village stands. A projecting rock which overhangs this precipice is known as "The Poet's Seat." The ladies of the party enthroned him there, and, standing on the higher summit of the

rock, called on him to compose some verses for them. The result was

AN APOLOGY.

Emerging from the storied wood,
Enforced, I took the poet's seat;
Inspiring faces o'er me stood,
And Greenfield lay beneath my feet.
With lulling sound, I heard fast by
The unseen river's broken flows,
And all things seemed to multiply
One image of serene repose.

I little thought, 'mid musings vain,
How like that stone to fate of bard —
Rich visions floating round his brain,
But ah, his seat, so lone and hard!
Of friendship and of feeling full,
How little, in his weakness, dreamt he
That head and fancy both were dull,
And, like his rocky inkstand,* empty!

But the rest so fondly anticipated in the letter just quoted was scarcely realized. He arrived at New Haven with his wife and daughter at the time specified; not, however, to enjoy much quiet or repose. In consequence of the great prevalence of sickness and mortality in the parish, his father's time and attention were so wholly engrossed by painful and exciting duties that scarcely a moment was afforded for social enjoyment. Meanwhile the infirmity in his face had become exceedingly troublesome; and, to add to his anxiety, he received intelligence from Boston which convinced him that his presence might be required in his parish. The following extract from a letter of the 25th to the Misses TARBELL shows the state of his feelings at the time: "I cannot say that my difficulty is any better, nor do I think it likely to be, simply by inglorious inaction. I purpose, before I return, to go to Northampton, and make some inquiries about the water cure. Whether any thing will grow out of my visit, I cannot tell. . . . It will be my desire to be in my own place on the first Sunday in September, unless I have counsel to the contrary. The tidings of affliction and mortality among our dear flock make me very sad. I would I had been there." Under these circumstances, therefore, it was thought desirable to shorten the visit, and return at the end of a single week.

* A little hollow in the rock is so named.

His wife and daughter passed on directly to Boston, while he lingered for a day or two at Hartford, for the purpose of consulting some of his friends who had advised him to visit the water-cure establishment at Northampton, before his return to his parish. Writing to his father on the 29th, he says, "It was my purpose to go to Northampton to-day, and stay as long as I could; but I had a letter from home last evening informing me that my assistant was taken ill on St. Bartholomew's day, — threatened with cholera, — was unable to officiate on Sunday, — and, though apparently well again yesterday, would be, it was feared, unable to go on alone any longer. It was thought best to let me know the facts, that I might act according to my own judgment. I think I had better return to-day. If not, I shall go to-morrow, after looking about at Northampton to-day. But I cannot see that this last will be of any use; and while I write, my mind preponderates in favor of an immediate return." His next letter is from Boston, on Friday, the 31st: "You will be surprised, but, I trust, glad, to hear that I am so soon safely home again. My stay at Northampton was sufficient to satisfy me that it was not worth while for me to remain. I was indeed delighted with the prospect from Round Hill; but the town was as sickly as the view was beautiful. Indeed, all the doctors were among the invalids, and unable to comply with the demand, 'Physician, heal thyself!' My judicious friend who accompanied me was entirely of my opinion that there are no benefits of bathing or exercise that would not be open to me with greater advantage here, and at less risk. The universal spread of this epidemic, malignant dysentery, is indeed appalling. But in the interior, amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Connecticut valley, and the miasma in consequence, the effects must be greatly aggravated. Persons from the seaboard can hardly remain a day or two at Northampton without resort to opium and camphor. From this time until the frost sets in strong, there is no place in the world, probably, more healthy than Boston. Those who have remained here for the summer, thus far, are among the healthiest people that I have met with. May God speedily restore the land to its wonted salubrity."

September 3, he writes, "The weather is so clear and cool, that we trust the sickness will abate. As with you, there are all around us bleeding and bereaved hearts; and it is indeed a gloomy season. I have been sent for to attend a funeral at Deer Island to-morrow; and go, as in duty bound, trusting that the God whom we serve faithfully will preserve us from all peril."

September 10, after alluding rather sadly to his complaint in his face, he adds, "I am beginning to patronize the riding school, and look for some advantage from the jolting. Whatever may be the result, I shall not give up working again, unless it be for a voyage abroad, or something of the kind, of which there is but little probability.

Time, at the longest, is so short, and there is so much to do, I would fain be found doing with my might when the night cometh wherein no man can work."

September 18, he again alludes to his expedients for improving his health: "Equitation grows more and more pleasant. I have hope that it will be useful. I trust that I am gaining. I am very grateful for friend PECK'S suggestion about a voyage to the West Indies, and his offer of a free passage. If it should be decided that I must go away, I know of nothing that would be pleasanter, except visiting the elder world and the great eastern continent."

The following description of a solemn and interesting incident, which took place on Sunday the sixteenth after Trinity, and which is very briefly alluded to in his journal, is from an eye witness, who, three years afterwards, communicated it in a note to his father: "The recurrence of this day calls vividly to mind, among those here who participated in it, a service in Christ Church, just three years since, at the close of day. There were present ELMIRA TARBELL, from the Advent; a daughter of the late Rev. W. LUCAS, of Auburn; Miss MARY PRESCOTT, and one of her younger brothers, from your own parish; HELEN C——, and myself, formerly of Christ Church; and the pastor, whose sweet influences linked us, one and all, in a common bond of interest. As we stood around the chancel, he remarked, 'It seems fitting, in a place like this, to offer some act of worship;' and, reaching a Prayer Book from the altar, he selected the 122d Psalm of David in metre, and then, kneeling, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and the two petitions from the Institution office, and applied them specially to the then rector and congregation of Christ Church. Touching and impressive as was the circumstance at the time, how much more so now, as time wears on, and his loving spirit seems brooding in many holy places, especially in those whose representatives were then clustered about him!

"About a year since, and perhaps for the very last time, he whom we mourn was in that sacred edifice. After the service had closed, he went into the vestry; and as he returned to the church, entered a pew, knelt, and was alone in that posture, as the last of the congregation left the porch. Christ Church was at that time without a rector; and there are those that can bear testimony how his heart yearned over her waste places, and how natural his prayer, 'recorded in imperishable verse,' in which he says,—

> 'I ask, dear Church, to see
> No drought on others' husbandry,
> But much of dew on thee!'"

Returning now to his own correspondence, the following is from

his letter of September 25: "We assisted the bishop at the consecration of the new Church of St. Mary's, Dorchester. Some twenty-three of the clergy were present. By reading the lessons, I was allowed to appear in a surplice. Unofficiating brethren, who had no other robes, were not allowed by the bishop to wear the surplice, but were told to take their places among the congregational brethren. It was a very interesting occasion, and the prospects there are highly encouraging. The next day, St. Matthew's, was observed at the Advent with the usual solemnities. Seven of the clergy were present, and thirty or forty of the laity at the Holy Communion."

Writing again, October 1, he says, "The last week has been one of many solemn anniversaries to us, domestic as well as ecclesiastical. The touching remembrances of what occurred last year at this time gave a peculiar zest to the services, with which, at morning and evening, we subdued and elevated our minds for the celebration of the feast of St. Michael and All Angels; and we thought of the little one taken from us to behold with its angels the face of our Father which is in heaven. The Holy Communion was administered, as we purpose that it shall be on all the Saints' days; and though but fifty or sixty were present, it was a most delightful and affecting service. Our protracted meetings increase in interest, and put to shame all modern devices for effecting, what the Church has ever shown, a 'more excellent way.' Good seems to be coming of it every way."

On Friday, October 26, his father, from whom he had been for some time anticipating a visit, arrived in Boston, and, while he remained, participated in all the daily services, besides assisting in the communion, and preaching twice on Sunday. But his plans were materially interrupted, and his father's visit curtailed, by intelligence received from Albany of the death of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sherman Croswell. She had been long in a declining state of health, and her friends had been in daily apprehension of her departure; but, at this moment, the event was somewhat sudden and unexpected; for he had very recently written to his father, "Her continuance thus far seems to encourage us to look for a yet longer stay. Our times are in God's hands!" Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, he wrote to his cousin at New Haven, "We have just received the telegraphic intelligence of sister Delia's decease. Had there been time and opportunity to have reached Albany before the funeral, we should have gone off together at once. But this was impossible. But father feels so anxious, on every account, to see Sherman, that he thinks he shall leave here for Albany on Wednesday. We should not be at all reconciled to this abbreviation of his visit under other circumstances; but we cannot but admit the sufficiency of his reasons. We have written to Sherman this evening, to comfort him, and apprise him of his

father's intentions." Speaking of the services in the church, he adds, "The enjoyment of the service was saddened, but deepened, by the affliction whose shadow falls so deeply on us all. I would be glad to go with father, but I cannot do so now. I hope to be with SHERMAN in the course of the autumn. Alas! we do all fade, indeed, as its leaf." *

During the remainder of the year, he seldom alludes to his health, and especially to the infirmity in his face, except by way of apology for the brevity of his communications; as, for example, November 9, "We are well. My eye is better, *really*, I think; but that I may

* No apology is necessary for recording in this place the following just and appropriate obituary sketch of the deceased, published in the Albany Argus, and written, as appears from the signature, as well as from internal evidence, by her revered and esteemed pastor, the Rev. Dr. H. POTTER, rector of St. Peter's Church: —

"DIED. — After a very lingering illness, early on Saturday morning, October 27, in the 39th year of her age, Mrs. DELIA ADAMS, wife of SHERMAN CROSWELL, Esq., one of the editors of the Albany Argus, and daughter of JOHN ADAMS, Esq., of Catskill.

"If it be a duty to commemorate the faithful departed; if purity, and goodness, and devoted affection, and cheerful kindliness of heart, appearing like a bright light even in suffering; if a humble yet serene and steadfast Christian faith, which would make death welcome, ay, and suffering welcome too, and drive away all gloom from the chamber of sickness and death, — if these qualities are worthy to be had in honor in the Church of God, then the grave should not be allowed to close over the mortal remains of Mrs. CROSWELL without some words of affectionate admiration. Hundreds have remarked the innocence, the simplicity, the peculiar charm of manner, the bright and vivifying influence which went with her through all her life, and which was even more remarkable in her days of lassitude and suffering than it had been in her days of health; but who, except those who saw her in the last months of her illness, and conversed with her as only intimate Christian friends can converse, will ever know any thing of the modest yet firm and all-sustaining faith, the heavenly hope, which took away from her all the terrors of death, made her contented and pleased with all that was appointed for her, and, while she was as humble as it is possible for a Christian person to be, yet caused her to be so in love with her lot, and so happy in it, that she became a wonder to herself, as she was to all her friends? Nothing could be further removed from enthusiasm, from presumption, from high pretension, than was her whole character and manner, in sickness as in health. What was seen in her sick room was the peaceful and cheerful spirit of one who, with no stain upon her conscience, had seen things temporal and things eternal, so truly as they are, and had come so very near to her heavenly Father, and made the love of Christ so much her daily study, that, while her sympathies and affections were as humane and as tender as ever, her tastes and desires were altogether transformed, and she only waiting for that fulness of rest which ensues when this troublesome stage is passed. For this great peace there was a solid foundation; and to be fully aware of the real excellence of her Christian character, it was necessary to have looked through the natural gayety of her disposition, and observed the thoughtfulness and the scrupulous fidelity to every domestic and social duty of the daily life — to have seen what she was, in hours of strictest privacy, as a daughter, as a wife, and as a mother. But let us not presume to draw aside this veil. 'It becomes us to be modest for a modest person;' and the writer hastens to close this feeble tribute to the worth of one who was so lately with us, but who has now gone to join a nobler company, with the expression of his gratitude that he was permitted to be the witness of an example so attractive and so cheering, so full of instruction, encouragement, and consolation. P."

hold what I have gained, I must abstain as strictly as may be from writing."

The following incidental remark, in a note of November 12, is worthy of record, as serving to show the estimation in which the great New England statesman was held by a disinterested observer: "There is but one DANIEL WEBSTER; and he casts into a prodigious shadow the ordinary race of petty men."

November 20, after noting the services of the previous Sunday, he says, "At evening, the bishop summoned clergy and laity to St. Paul's, to hear his sermon, preached at the late anniversary (of the P. E. S. P. E. K.) in Philadelphia. It was a painful exhibition. As it will be published, I suppose, it is needless to attempt an analysis. Suffice it to say, I am not yet convinced that it is our duty to substitute, for our profession of belief in the Creed, 'in the Holy Catholic Church,' 'I believe in the Massachusetts Auxiliary to the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promoting of Evangelical Knowledge.' The bishop's view of the baptismal office is, that the offering of thanks for the regeneration of the chi'd is *altogether hypothetical;* and this, perhaps, explains the reason why the office is so seldom recited at Trinity or St. Paul's."

In the same letter, he announces his intention of meeting his brother SHERMAN at the paternal home on the ensuing Thanksgiving, the 29th. He arrived on the 27th, and his brother on the ensuing day. Their meeting and visit were exceedingly pleasant to all parties; though necessarily short on his part, as he felt constrained to be at his post on the great anniversary of Advent Sunday. He returned on Saturday, and on the evening of Advent Sunday he found time to drop a hasty note to his father. After noting the impressive services of the day, which were divided between his assistant, Mr. PRESCOTT, and himself, he adds, "I brought back from this visit to New Haven very precious recollections; and I felt that none had for many years been more profitable. Mother thought me sad and depressed at times; but it was with that sort of sadness with which one is made better and wiser. To tell the truth, my mind was brooding over all that I had called up by the empty tread of the desolate rooms of our old residence, in which I had wandered and peopled the waste places with thick-thronging memories. [This was the house in Orange Street, in which his family resided during his boyhood, and in which his brother GEORGE and his sister JANE had died. It being at the time without inhabitant, he procured the key, and paced every room and place which had once been so familiar.] I had long desired, too, to arrange George's remains, but had hardly courage to do so till this opportunity was afforded; and it was a melancholy gratification to renew and deepen, by that examination, the convictions which I had always entertained of his high claims to the love and esteem with which we regarded

him while living, and shall always cherish his memory, until (as I pray by God's grace) we are united again by closer, more spiritual and indissoluble bonds, in an everlasting brotherhood. Eldest, brightest, and best — how far short have we come of his early promise!

> '—— Alas! the good die first;
> And those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket.'

I am very anxious that SHERMAN, before he returns, should conclude upon some plan of setting the things in order on the churchyard lot, which holds so much sacred dust."

In his next letter, December 16, he speaks of Mr. HUDSON, who had acquired a high reputation as a lecturer on Shakspeare, as having been admitted to the sacred order of Deacons in the Church; and being at this time a resident of Boston, he adds, "He will put his light in our candlestick. We shall have three services on Sunday, with his help, and shall each have our turn. Being Ember week, and the feast of St. Thomas being celebrated with the administration of the eucharist, we have much of solemn public duty; and it will not be diminished much, if at all, for many weeks to come. I feel quite relieved of any anxiety, however, through fear of not being sustained. A threefold cord is not easily broken."

The record of the year is concluded with a few extracts from a letter written during the intervals of duty on Christmas day: "Yesterday I had a pleasant duty in distributing some forty or fifty dollars in alms — though rather a hard time to set 'traps to catch sunbeams.' To-day we had very interesting services — the congregation was large — and the evergreens, which were put up yesterday after morning prayer, very thickly woven together, and in excellent taste. We had Dr. EATON, Mr. PRESCOTT, and Mr. HUDSON assisting — the music was inspiring — and the offertory not unworthy of the occasion. Nine o'clock. Have just returned from our second service, where Mr. PRESCOTT gave us one of his best and most appropriate sermons. There were not so many present as there ought to have been; but the few, doubtless, felt that it was good for them to be there."

1850.

"A HAPPY new year to you all!" is the salutation with which he opens the correspondence of the year. Though cheerily written, he was actually suffering at the time from slight indisposition; and

several circumstances conspired to give a pensive turn to his musings. According to his annual custom, he had been gathering up, arranging, and filing the papers, correspondence, and other manuscripts of the past year. Many striking changes were thus brought vividly to his mind; and the memory of departed friends naturally awakened a train of solemn reflections on the brevity of life, and the passing away of the years of his own probation. In writing both to his father and brother, he makes some touching allusions to the family burying-place at New Haven, and suggests his intention of procuring, at Mount Auburn, a lot for such of his family as might depart this life in Boston. But apart from all considerations of this nature, he was doubtless somewhat disturbed by the idea that the time had again come for renewing his application to the bishop for an official visitation, with a well-grounded apprehension that the petition would again be denied. In this apprehension he was not mistaken, as the following correspondence will show :—

I.

Feast of the Circumcision, 1850.

Right reverend and dear Sir: Will it be convenient for you to give me notice of an appointment for administering confirmation to such candidates as I may present, in season to be announced to our congregation on the feast of the Epiphany? With regard to the *time*, the morning of either of the two Sundays preceding Lent would be preferred. As to the place where the service ought to be held, I may be allowed to say that I entertain the same convictions as I have already repeatedly expressed to you. But, without waiving any claim of privilege, I would avoid, at present, reviving controversy; and if you still decline visiting our parish for this purpose, I trust the office will be permitted to take place in your own.

With my best wishes for a happy new year,

Very sincerely yours in the office of priesthood,

W. CROSWELL.

Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn.

II.

Tremont Street, *January* 3, 1850.

Reverend and dear Sir: I have received your note of the 1st instant, and in reply beg to say that I shall be happy to administer confirmation, to such persons as you may present, in Trinity Church. You mention either of the two Sundays preceding Lent as the time you would prefer. As I have purposed, however, holding my annual confirmation in Trinity sometime during Lent, I have fixed upon the second Sunday in Lent, in the morning, as the day for confirming both your candidates and those who shall be found ready

among the parishioners of Trinity Church. This time, being not remote from that mentioned by yourself, will, I trust, not be objectionable to you.

Reciprocating your kind salutation on the commencement of another year, I am faithfully yours,

MANTON EASTBURN.

Rev. Dr. Croswell.

III.

Boston, *February* 23, 1850.

Right reverend and dear Sir: It is proper to apprise you that, in compliance with your directions, I shall attend at Trinity Church with many of our congregation to-morrow morning. The service at our church will be omitted. I cannot yet inform you of the precise number of candidates for confirmation; but I am sorry to say that I find it, year by year, seriously diminished, in consequence of the course which you have felt at liberty to pursue, in depriving our parish of the benefits of the Episcopal visitation, contemplated by the canon; and I should be wanting in a sense of what is due to my own rights as a presbyter under your jurisdiction, "not justly liable to evil report, either for error in doctrine or viciousness of life," as well as what is due to those of the laity of our parish, constituted an integral part of the diocese, entitled to representation in the convention, and to the enjoyment of the same canonical provision and privileges as any other parish in it, if I did not once more enter my solemn protest against these proceedings, as I have done against similar proceedings in former years.

As ever, your faithful presbyter,

W. CROSWELL.

The Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of Massachusetts. "D. D.

On this new arrangement with the bishop he offered no special comment. He merely mentions it in his letter to his father, January 7: "I have negotiated with the bishop for a confirmation of our candidates at Trinity Church, on the second Sunday in Lent, February 24, being the feast of St. Matthew the apostle. I hope that I shall have a considerable number to bring, and such as shall be accounted worthy when tried by the balance of the sanctuary."

While he was diligently pursuing his pastoral duties, and, with the assistance of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Hudson, offering daily prayers, morning and evening, and holding three services on Sundays, he was again brought into severe affliction. January 14, he writes, "The last week has been a sad one. We have been in the midst of 'deaths oft.' That of our dear friend Dr. E. H. Robbins has overwhelmed us with grief. . . . So unexpected was it, that I was not aware until the last day that he was sick at all. I was at

Brookline, dining with Mr. Clark, when a messenger came to summon him to the doctor's bedside. It was too late for any communication. But there is every reason to suppose that this event did not take him unawares or find him unprepared. He had spoken very freely with his child and friends of his convictions that he should not live long; and the tenor of his daily walk was his best preparation. He had a warm heart, and was a deviser of the most liberal things — a pattern of disinterested benevolence — truly devout, without the slightest pretence — full of good deeds — a lover of hospitality, and a lover of good men. His funeral was attended by a concourse on Saturday, many of whom will be ready to rise up and declare his memory blessed. We feel every such loss here to be indeed irreparable. A chief layman of Trinity Church is gone, and with him is buried much of living interest there. Our aged and saintly friend Miss Coffin, now fourscore years old and more, bears her bereavement with wonderful fortitude; and indeed the whole family exhibit a composure of spirit which nothing but divine aid can impart. I dwell upon this event, for I have not thought of much else since it occurred.

> 'But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
> And frequent sights of what is to be borne, —
> Such sights, or worse, as are before me here, —
> Not without hope, we suffer and we mourn.'"

The following incidental remark, in a letter of January 28, exhibits a trait in his ministerial character which there is a pleasure in recording: "Both P. and H. give me any amount of assistance in the public duties; but in the more retired and unobserved parts of pastoral functions, — visiting the poor, for instance, — there is little relief from the burden. As little, however, as I wish, and I would be content with less. In these unseen things, after all, the great strength of our calling lies."

With reference to the approaching confirmation, February 19, he says, "This being the 'last week of asking' before confirmation, I am much engrossed with my candidates. I cannot yet tell what the exact number will be; but I fear that I shall find it seriously diminished in consequence of the bishop's very extraordinary course. . . . Meanwhile there is nothing like stagnation about the interest that is taken in the approaching service; and as we propose to omit our usual morning service, and to proceed in a body to Trinity Church, I think that the venerable edifice is likely for once to be full."

That he was not disappointed in this anticipation, appears from his letter of the 25th: "Yesterday was a delightful day — though

not a day of rest precisely, after the fatigues of the week. We rose very early; had the ante-communion office for St. Matthias recited at nine o'clock, at the Church of the Advent. I then addressed the candidates for confirmation; and, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Eaton at the head of the procession, the candidates, with Rev. Mr. Prescott, fell in in close order, and the whole body went on to Trinity Church. There our numbers occasioned some confusion; but we were all seated at last, and the service proceeded. Rev. Mr. Clark read morning prayer. I sat in the chancel with the bishop, and read the epistle and the preface to the confirmation office. I presented twenty-three, and the bishop reported nine — the whole a little more than filling the chancel rail. . . . The solemnity was impressive, and the services exciting. I felt reason to be gratified with the part which I was permitted to take in it, and with the character and qualifications of those whom I presented. The bishop omitted the sermon, and made a short, unexceptionable address. Our intercourse was courteous, externally, but nothing more than official exchange of conversation."

March 4, he writes, "We have gone one week deeper into the shadows of Lent, and the interest seems to be increasing as we advance. The daily service, particularly on Wednesday and Friday, morning and evening, is well attended." He also speaks of the Sunday congregations, during the day and the evening, as being very large. He concludes, "My health does not seem to suffer from any thing that is required of me at present."

March 11: "It is bright and clear, and the mind sympathizes with the aspects of nature. Day unto day, as usual, uttereth speech; one differing but little from another. I have scarcely any thing to diversify my page withal. Yesterday we had the holy communion, as usual on mid-Lent Sunday, and I preached an appropriate discourse on the miracle of the gospel, from the text, *Shall God prepare a table in the wilderness? Can he give bread also?* Many of our candidates recently confirmed came to the altar. Some, by my advice, wait till Easter — when Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, and which, like the feast of the Jews, is to us also nigh at hand." He seldom adverts in his letters to the grievous malady in his face; but under this same date he mentions his intention of submitting to some experiments in magnetism, gratuitously offered to him by Dr. Cross: "To-day I commence a course of sittings to Dr. Cross, from which I have reason to anticipate some benefit to my nerves." The advice which the doctor kindly added to these experiments evidently gave him no small degree of encouragement. But it was a hope which he never realized. No treatment seemed ever to arrest the progress of the complaint, or afford him any material or permanent relief. The cause lay too deep for the reach of human skill.

Tuesday before Easter, March 26, after explaining the delay of his customary letter, he says, "Our occupations are various, though not very laborious, considering among how many the work is distributed. Sermons, however, must be thought out and put on paper; and in this part of my duty I cannot expect much release from labor. We had a lecture every evening last week; but my own were derived from a pile which had not yet been in requisition in my new parish. This week we alternate, morning and evening, with sermons; and the return of this affecting season always suggests a thousand new ones." He acknowledges in grateful and complimentary terms the aid afforded him in the Sunday evening sermons by the Rev. Mr. HUDSON, while dividing the other services with his assistant, the Rev. Mr. PRESCOTT. But he nevertheless feels the great responsibility resting upon his own exertions. "Hence," he adds, "I am obliged to apply myself this way just about as much as I can bear, and excuse myself to my correspondents generally."

His next letter, Wednesday in Easter week, speaks thus of the great festival, and of some of the pleasant things which attended it: "Our church was very full, and a larger number of communicants than at any time before. Offertory large. I have received many Easter gifts, tokens of love and affection, from members of the parish; and among other grateful ones was a purse from the ladies, to be used in journeying for my health. They are desirous to have me leave at once; and perhaps I shall be ready to start at the beginning of next week. The only direction that is inviting at this season is a southern one; and I thought some of going to Washington or Baltimore. I shall, however, come home first."

The following acknowledgment of the aforesaid gift is here recorded with much pleasure: —

BOSTON, *Easter Tide*, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I am anxious to let you know, within the octave of the great festival, how grateful I am for the Easter gift of the ladies of the parish; and before another octave I hope to plume my Easter wings for a flight. I will not, if I can help it, throw any obstacle in the way of what was intended to minister to my health and improvement; and I shall go the more sanguine of benefit from the conviction that I carry with me the prayers of so many to 'avail much' in securing the blessings of restored health. If, indeed, it be expedient for us that I go away, (and of this I do not pretend to be the best judge,) and I may lawfully use *His* high words, I hope that it will be only for a little while, and that I may return with strength and will to serve God more faithfully in my office, to the glory of his name and the edification of his church.

Remember me affectionately to each of the subscribers by name;

and desiring the still further continuance of their good offices in the charity of their prayers,

Believe me, ever yours in Christ,

W. CROSWELL.

Miss Mary Callahan, for herself and ladies.

He is now found preparing to avail himself of the kindness and liberality of his friends, and forecasting his plans for his anticipated journeyings. These are not very definite. He says, "I am not sanguine in expectations of benefit from journeying merely, thinking that I need rest rather than excitement, however amusing; and medical treatment perhaps more than either, if I knew what to choose between old and new modes, hydropathy, &c. I should be disposed to go to Northampton for a while, but that the season is too early, and the country very uninviting." He had been through one course with Dr. Cross, without having experienced any essential relief. He expresses his intention of persevering, however, and of continuing through another course at some future time. He proposes to proceed on his journey immediately, — stopping at Hartford for a space, and enjoying the society of his friends there, — and then, after making a visit at New Haven, to go on in a southern direction. "I shall, of course," he says, "be glad to avail myself of Mr. Curtiss's kindness. New York has always ecclesiastical attractions to offer. I shall probably go on to Newark, Burlington, and Philadelphia; but perhaps no further south, at present." He suggests the possibility of going also to Albany, Troy, and even to Auburn; but leaves the decision to be governed by circumstances.

During his journey, he found but little time or opportunity to keep up his correspondence. His notes are very hasty, containing little else than brief sketches of his daily movements. His first to his father, April 16, is from New York, where he had been for a day or two enjoying the hospitalities of his friend Mr. Curtiss, and meeting with many of his brethren, particularly the Rev. Mr. Coxe, who was also on his way southerly. The next is dated on the following day at Philadelphia, where he again met with Mr. Coxe and his travelling companions. The next is from Washington, April 18, in which he says, "I wrote you from Philadelphia. Much to my gratification, Mr. Coxe met me in the cars, and we resumed our journey together yesterday. I did not perceive any change for the better in the weather as we came this way, nor any more promise of vernal scenery. We arrived at Baltimore — dined — visited the Cathedral, St. Paul's, and the Church of St. Alphonsus — ascended the monument — and left again at five for Washington. We had an exhilarating time, — though the country is forlorn and desolate enough, — and the dome of state met our eager eye not far from seven. Coxe went down to Alexandria, and I to take my

ease in my inn, after a long walk to reach it. . . . I obtained an introduction to the floor of the Senate at twelve. Previous to that I looked at every thing to be seen about the Capitol, within and without, and sat out the whole debate in the Senate; though, but for the name of it, it would hardly have been more interesting than so much time in our own hall of deputies. I heard most of the great men of the nation say a few words. WEBSTER had been engaged in an argument in the supreme court, and was silent. CLAY is still a most persuasive and silver-tongued speaker." Writing on the same day to a friend in Boston, he says, "There is a marked transition from all that we are used to see, after you reach Philadelphia. The style of the dwellings and the public buildings — the universal use of large, white, solid shutters, with bolts and rings to the lower windows, as if it were a garrison town, or one that had its fear of a mob before its eyes perpetually — (as it may well have reason to in this city of brotherly love) — the airy and tasteful style of the ladies' dresses on the promenade — the monotonous correspondence of one block or square to another — the appearance of the *black servants* at the hotels and houses generally, are among the things that make you feel a change. . . . We were much struck with the very frequent 'bowing' of the windows; that is, setting the shutters at an angle, with crape or ribands at the rings, to indicate bereavement in the household. It was touching to see it at all; but it was so frequent as to lead one to suppose that there had been here unusual mortality. So much of ceremonial, and of this kind, among a people who do not wear mourning, and who cast off all outward symbol, is hardly what we should expect. It seems to bring to mind, and perhaps grew out of, the old English habit which led families of distinction to put up funeral hatchments on the walls of their houses during the year of mourning. . . . I would like to have all good Christians visit the Church of St. Mark, just completed in Philadelphia, with a school building in the same enclosure, looking like a religious house. . . . We spent an hour or two in Baltimore in saying our prayers in St. Paul's Church, DR. WYATT'S, which cost, as the guide books say, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and makes one lament that it had not been more judiciously laid out. It is perfectly anomalous. However, it is much in advance of the Cathedral, where there is the usual disgusting combination of meanness and magnificence — dirt and divinity — which characterize Popish places of worship." Again, on the 20th, after speaking of a pleasant visit to some old friends, he adds, "Last night being the levee night at the White House, we waited on the president, and saw him and all the men of mark." He is now ready for his return; and on Monday, April 22, dates from Philadelphia: "I arrived here from Baltimore on Saturday evening. Yesterday was a beautiful day; and I worshipped at St. Mark's all day, having spent the inter-

mission with the rector and a few clergy. I intended to have gone on to Burlington this afternoon; but our purpose changes with the changing hour. It begins to rain again, and the weather is fit for nothing but cars and steamboats; and I purpose to push on to Newark in the half past four o'clock train, expecting to be there about eight. St. Mark's day I expect to spend in New York; and the next day I hope to return with a glad and grateful heart to the haven where I would be. Philadelphia is a delightful city, and I have no wish ever to go south of it." At this time he was expecting his wife and daughter to meet him at New Haven; and he adds, "In this way we shall be able to spend Sunday and most of the following week together. I am satisfied that short journeys are better for me at present than long, and rest rather than excitement. I do not think it well, either, for me to be absent any considerable time from my parish, however I may make brief excursions." But he was disappointed in this expectation. His wife was too unwell to undertake the journey. After returning, therefore, to New Haven, and making his visit alone, he proceeded to Boston, where he arrived on the 3d of May.

"Health and benediction!" is his first salutation after his return to his post. He found that cares and duties had accumulated in consequence of his absence. "But, notwithstanding," he says, "I feel as if I had received decided benefit from my journey, and my nerves are much steadier than they have been for some time."

But whatever benefit may have been derived from this temporary relaxation of his labors, he does not appear to have followed up his advantage by similar excursions; for, immediately after his return, he is found diligently employed in his customary duties, and before the expiration of the month, during the absence of his assistant, as appears by his letter, Monday, May 27, he subjected himself to an unusual amount of labor: "I was willing to see what my strength would bear last week, and am happy to find it equal, thus far, to all demands. I conducted the morning and evening service unassisted, besides attending to the other duties, which were not inconsiderable, and preaching on Friday evening. Yesterday (Trinity Sunday) we were disappointed by the setting in of the storm, which diminished the numbers in attendance. The congregation was very respectable, notwithstanding, and I administered the communion to eighty or more. I was at the Sunday school in the morning, and entirely alone in all the services. In the afternoon, I read service, preached, and attended to the singing of the children. I am remarkably well to-day. I think I am gradually gaining on my complaint, and hope that I shall be able, by the end of my present engagement, to dispense with any assistance, except from time to time, when I especially need it. . . . I may make a brief visit to Albany. But I shall be absent as few Sundays as

possible, and I shall not allow myself to be absent for a long time at once."

Sunday evening, June 2, he writes, "I wrote you, bright and early, last Monday morning, in a great flow of spirits, having to congratulate myself on having gone on thus far without any assistance, or feeling the want of any. . . . This week also I have gone on alone, and much to my satisfaction. On Wednesday, I was invited to officiate as chaplain to the Medical Society dinner; and, being called out by the president, made a short speech." This address was extempore, and he appears to have been "quite as much surprised as gratified" at his success. "But," he says, "I felt it due to make a special effort for the doctors of our parish; and, as the old preachers say, I had great freedom given me, nor was in any wise straitened." There was no report of this speech; but the following sketch is found, in his own handwriting, of so much of it as his memory could recall: "I feel that I am venturing out of my element. But I cannot forbear taking this occasion to make such poor acknowledgments as I can pay, in behalf of the clergy, for all that we owe to the medical faculty. Sir, I do not allude to personal or professional attentions to me and mine for the last twenty years without fee or reward, though I might speak feelingly on that score. Nor do I allude to what I have seen and known of their devotion and self-sacrifice, by night and by day, in the obscure chambers of the sick poor, or in the blessed charity of our hospitals. But it is with reference to that reproach of irreligion with which the profession has been sometimes branded, and which made it a common proverb in Digby's time; though, as he says in a parenthesis, (among those of the unlearned sort,) '*Ubi tres medici, duo athei*' — *Wherever there are three physicians, two are atheists.* However it might have been in other times or other countries, among us, at least, the imputation is entirely unfounded. Taught from my childhood to honor and revere the medical faculty, — represented before my eyes in the person of more than one aged relative, — I have lived to feel that a special tribute of gratitude is due for their stand, as a body, on the side of religion, their prompt and generous efficiency in strengthening the hands of their clergy, and their rallying to the support of all divine institutions. Sir, I speak from heartfelt experience, and I could give many illustrations. To come nearer home, in the humble parish with which I am connected, there were at the outset several physicians. The enterprise may, indeed, be said to have originated with them; and they have been, through all, the pillars of the society. Some years since, we ventured in faith to honor God in restoring his daily worship, morning and evening, in his sanctuary. Our physicians were most forward in this good work; and there has seldom been an occasion, from that day to this, that some of them have not been in attend-

ance, and those often in the fullest practice. On the Lord's day, of course, all are habitually in their places, and among our most interested and devoted members. Nor is this a peculiar case. The same state of things is observable, only more conspicuously, in the larger parishes of the city with which I am most familiar. And I rejoice to see around us distinguished and eminent members of this body whom I have long been happy to recognize as also men famous in those congregations — men of renown, Christian as well as scientific renown. And so it is, I doubt not, generally through our whole commonwealth. So indeed it should be, for so it was in the very beginning. One of the four pillars in the Christian temple was Luke, the beloved physician. As the bosom friend and counsellor of the great apostle in all the perils of his journey, in the tumult at Jerusalem, in his bonds, in his shipwreck, in his imprisonment, and in his last fiery trial, when no man stood by him, but all men forsook him, Luke, and Luke only, was with him. Such was the glorious distinction of Luke, the beloved physician — the model doctor for all generations. If it did not seem to smell too strongly of the cloth, I might be tempted to show what pains the Church had taken, for fourteen hundred years at least, to honor and embalm his memory, to keep it alive and green, in her solemn annual commemorations on the 18th day of October, to invite every Christian physician to unite with us on that day in keeping up its edifying observance, and to press his character now upon the imitation of those who, with the treasures of his cultivated mind, have the same professional advantages for distinguishing between the natural and supernatural, in those mighty works of wonder and of love which are recorded by St. Luke as the foundation of man's belief in all ages."

In the same letter, he writes, "The next day, Thursday, I officiated at the church, at the funeral of Mr. Pelby, the manager of the National Theatre. Never was there such a concourse as assembled on that occasion, and every thing was done decently and in order. The service was very impressive; and the profession seemed to be, many of them, much affected. I have received many tokens of their grateful appreciation of my ministrations. . . . On Friday of both weeks I have preached a sermon at the evening service; have preached on both Sundays, and administered the Holy Communion on both days to unusual numbers. To-day, Rev. Dr. Eaton assisted me in distributing the elements. I have tested my strength, and find it equal to all that has been required of it. I indulge the expectation, that at the end of this term I shall be able to dispense with any assistance."

Having anticipated some enjoyment in seeing Gliddon's mummy unrolled, he tells of his disappointment in these terms, June 7: "Gliddon has made the most of his show. It turns out that the

mummy is not a *mammy*, after all. The young priestess is a man buried by accident in the wrong box, which mars the sentiment of the thing, much as a lubberly boy in women's clothes. It was an interesting spectacle, notwithstanding."

In a letter of June 14, he speaks of taking, at his earliest convenience, an excursion to Albany, Troy, and Auburn. And in one or two subsequent letters, he expresses a hope, rather than any confident expectation, of accomplishing his wishes. He was unable, on account of his absorbing cares, to attend the annual commencement of Trinity College, and was often obliged to apologize for the brevity of his weekly communications to his father. August 5, he says, "I have only time for hints. I have been quite alone this last week, making, yesterday, the eleventh Sunday since my assistant left me. Whit Sunday was his last appearance. . . . Apart from duty to the Church, I must indulge a little in idleness, and refrain even from good words, though it were pain and grief to me." But, having subsequently made arrangements for a brief absence from his parish, he left on Monday, September 2, with his wife and daughter, and having parted with them at Springfield, where they took the cars for New Haven, he proceeded to Albany. He also visited Troy and Utica, but went no farther west, on account of the limited time allowed for his absence. He returned by the way of New Haven, where he again joined his wife and child, and arrived at Boston on Saturday, September 14, after an absence of only thirteen days, during which he had met a great number of his friends, and passed through many interesting and exciting scenes. At Albany, on the 3d, he was present at the consecration of the Church of the Holy Innocents by Bishop Whittingham. While at Utica, he visited Trenton Falls, "and had," he says, "a fine ramble about the ravines of the falls, which were seen to the best possible advantage from being swollen into a torrent of turbulent power by the late rain." On Sunday, the 8th, he attended the services of the Chapel of the Holy Cross, at Troy; and again, on Tuesday, he was present, with some twenty clergymen, at the anniversary of the Bible and Prayer Book Society, in the same church. But notwithstanding the fatigue and excitement of this journey, he returned to his post, and again entered upon his duties on Sunday, the 15th, and not only officiated all day without assistance, but at evening, when all was over, found time to address a short letter to his father. "I really feel," he says, "very much benefited by my journey and the return of the cool weather; and the duties of the day, which I have conducted alone, have set very lightly upon me. All things have gone on as I could most have desired in my absence, and all seem glad of my return."

From this time to the close of the year his letters are chiefly confined to private and domestic matters, and few incidents remain to

be recorded. In October, having been invited to attend the nuptials of a daughter of an early friend and classmate, he passed a day or two at New Haven, and on his return he persuaded his father to accompany him to Boston. This visit, though short, including the Feast of St. Luke and one Sunday, was nevertheless made an occasion of mutual gratification; more especially as his father was enabled, by taking nearly the whole burden of the services, to afford him, for the time being, the relief which he very much needed. Nor did he forget, at the earliest opportunity, to acknowledge the obligation. Writing to his father immediately after this exchange of visits, he says, "It seems to be the universal impression, that it will be your duty to make up for our lack of episcopal visitations by coming on quarterly, or semiannually at least, and doing for us what our bishop will hardly be able to do for any parish. . . . Your appearances will make red-letter days in the calendar, to whose returns we shall look forward with increasing interest as years wear on."

During the autumn, the Rev. Samuel Farmar Jarvis, D. D., spent a few weeks in Boston, for the purpose of superintending the publication of the first volume of his Ecclesiastical History — the great work on which he had bestowed many years of labor. At this time his health was much impaired, and his eyesight had become so defective, that his friends began to entertain fears that he might not be spared to see even this first volume through the press. Under judicious medical treatment, however, he so far recovered as to be able to attend to the business which called him to Boston, and to join in the daily worship, and occasionally to preach in the Church of the Advent. In several letters the rector speaks of him in terms of great veneration and affection. He mentions an extempore discourse on Advent Sunday as "a solemn and impressive sermon." Again, of his sermon on the following Sunday, he says, Dr. Jarvis gave us an impressive and interesting lecture on one of the prophecies of Isaiah; and though much broken, his power is still considerable, and he was listened to with marked attention. I think that the doctor has enjoyed his visit here very greatly; and the Church of the Advent has been the channel through which much of this enjoyment has come." Finally, writing on the 15th, he says, "Dr. Jarvis left on Friday, after making a very pleasant visit, both to us and himself. He purposes to go on to Buffalo about the 20th, to spend Christmas with Gen. Porter at Niagara Falls." In connection with this visit, the doctor had engaged, should his health permit, to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Institute at Buffalo. But in all these anticipations he was disappointed by an afflictive stroke of Providence. He had proceeded no farther than Troy, before he became dangerously ill, and was compelled to return to his home in Middletown, where, after a lingering and

distressing sickness, he expired in the latter part of the ensuing March.

The close of this year was also marked by another afflictive dispensation, in the death of the Rev. Isaac Boyle, D. D. He was a clergyman of great personal worth, and possessed fine talents and extensive attainments. But in consequence of extreme deafness and other infirmities, he had been for some years disqualified for the general performance of the public duties of his calling. In social intercourse, however, he was among the most interesting of men — brilliant in wit, and rich in all the varied gifts of conversation. The rector of the Advent had been much in his company, and always treated him with the utmost respect and veneration. He relates the circumstances of his sickness and death with much feeling. December 2: "I was at Dr. Boyle's this morning, and found him dying and unconscious. I read the commendatory prayer. He was attacked on Friday very violently with convulsions, and is dropping off in a fatal stupor, from which he will never be roused again in this world. His end, happily, will be that of the righteous." November 9: "Dr. Boyle died last week, and was buried from Trinity Church on Thursday last. I loved him dearly, and mourn his loss very sincerely — to the Church, not less than to myself. What stores of accumulated learning and wisdom seem to be lost with him, at least, to sight! though I cannot believe that such treasures are for this life only."

1851.

The reader may judge of the emotions of the biographer on opening the record of this eventful year — the year that brought to a sudden termination the labors of this faithful and devoted servant of Christ. He was now advancing rapidly to his rest and to his reward. Of this he was happily entirely unconscious. Notwithstanding the plain indications of an increase of his infirmities, he entered upon the duties of the year with all his accustomed zeal and ardor, without abating one jot or tittle of his manifold labors. In a note, January 3, 1851, to some ladies of his parish, acknowledging the gift of a beautiful inkstand, he says, "In my own case, I dare only hope that this fountain will never lend its aid to frame one sentence, which, dying, I would wish to blot; and that its last office, like this its first, may be to record the Christian affection that binds me to those whom I have ever found in all trials 'kind hearts and true.'" In his first letter to his father, dated on Sunday evening, January 5, he says, "I do not write because I have time to

say much, but to keep up a good habit, in which I hope to persevere through the coming year, of securing a few moments on Sunday evening for this duty. May it be an acceptable year of the Lord to us all. . . . The last week has been a busy one. I had to encroach on Saturday night more than my wont to get ready for to-day. I prepared myself to preach both parts of the day, and have had the whole service and a large communion. To-morrow, being the feast of the Epiphany, the same interesting duty will be repeated. I feel remarkably well this evening, and so indeed are we all. It is not expedient, however, to use the quill much; and you will, I am sure, take the will for the deed." Again, on the 12th, in a short note written between the afternoon and evening services, he says, "The day has been fine for the season. I have been unassisted, but feel quite fresh and vigorous for the balance. We open to-night, for the first time this season." On this occasion, however, he had the aid of the Rev. Dr. Edson, in the sermon, of which he speaks in the highest terms of gratification. On the following Sunday, he was again alone and unassisted during the day; but he had the benefit of the Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton's services in the evening, who preached, by appointment, an impressive sermon in behalf of the Seamen's Mission; and before the next ensuing Sunday, his father came to his relief. This visit included the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the 25th, and the third Sunday after the Epiphany, the 26th. On both of these occasions, as well as in the daily service, his father bore a principal part — delivering a short address on St. Paul's day, and preaching three sermons on Sunday. One or two incidents connected with this visit, of which he had previously apprised his father, gave peculiar interest to the occasion. Of the first, he writes in this manner: "Mr. —— expects to have his child baptized; and as his name is to be 'Harry,' he would be pleased, if it were not presuming, to have you stand in his behalf. It will be the first of the name that I have ever baptized." In relation to the other, he mentions an invitation to "an evening parish party of gentlemen" at the house of one of the leading members of his parish, and adds, "Understand, that this is simply an evening assemblage of those exclusively who are connected with our parish, to afford them an opportunity of seeing each other under pleasant circumstances and free from all constraint, and of giving all an opportunity of seeing you. The effect of such a gathering occasionally is, doubtless, very happy; and in the present posture of our affairs, may be peculiarly salutary." In both cases, these invitations were complied with, and were made the occasion of much mutual enjoyment; and the hope was expressed, that such visits might be often repeated in the course of the year. But it did not please a wise Providence so to order. This was the *last* visit that he was permitted to receive from his father during his life.

On the first Sunday in February he had the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Hale, president of Geneva College, in the sermon for the afternoon, and the Rev. Mr Stickney in the evening. And on the following Sunday afternoon he was favored with a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Tremlett, from the British provinces, who had come to Boston with the expectation of preaching in the newly-formed parish of St. Botolph, but had been peremptorily forbidden by the bishop, on the ground of some technical informality. Thus, by a kind Providence, did he obtain from his brethren, from different quarters, much seasonable relief. He was also kindly favored, especially by the Rev. Mr. Stickney, in the daily service. But still the constant recurrence of these services, with a good amount of pastoral duty, undoubtedly overtasked his powers. Hence it was deemed expedient, if not absolutely necessary, to seek occasional relaxation in short excursions among his friends abroad. Accordingly, availing himself of the companionship of a friend, and leaving the parish in charge of his brother Stickney, he absented himself for a few days, proceeding from Boston to Hartford on Tuesday, the 18th, thence to New Haven on the 19th, and to New York on Saturday, the 22d. Here he spent the Sunday; returned to New Haven on Monday, and to Boston on Tuesday, the 24th — thus, in the compass of a single week, visiting many dear friends, and drawing from his social intercourse with his family and brethren a large amount of enjoyment. From his own representation, it is to be presumed that he also derived much benefit from the excursion. Writing on the Sunday evening after his return, March 2, he says, "I found myself very fresh and vigorous after my ride." After speaking of having rented a larger and better house than the one in which the family had hitherto resided, and of the laborious preparations for removing, he adds, "The parish continues to be healthy and prosperous; and I hope to have a large class of candidates for confirmation. To-day I have been preaching twice, in preparation for Lent. I had a little assistance in the morning from Rev. Dr. Eaton and Rev. Mr. Monroe; but this afternoon I was quite alone, administering holy baptism, over and above the usual exercises. Our church was very full this morning, and the largest number at communion that had ever attended at once." His next letter, first Sunday evening in Lent, is somewhat taken up with an account of his moving, which, he says, they all consider as a "very suitable occupation for the season — a penitential discipline." But he anticipates a great improvement in their household enjoyments. "The daylight," he says, "is just beginning to shut in; but before it is quite gone, I must try to find time to jot down the engagements of the week. All the time not otherwise occupied in pastoral duty has been given to this moving task — most profitable to keep one in mind that we are dwelling in tents, as strangers and

pilgrims, looking, I trust, for the building of God, the house not made with hands, among the many mansions opened for us by our Savior. We had two solemn services on Ash Wednesday. I had a little assistance at the second from Rev. Mr. LAMBERT, but did all the preaching. . . . Mrs. GROSVENOR had kept me apprised, down to Thursday or Friday, of poor Dr. JARVIS's condition. I am expecting every mail to hear that he has fallen asleep. Good old man! his cup has been very full of sorrow and sore trouble; but he has drank it to the dregs, like a Christian. He will enter paradise, I firmly believe, as a vessel fitted, in the furnace of affliction, for the Master's use, to everlasting honor, while the Church on earth will long have reason to mourn his loss. The death of Dr. OGILBY deprives us of another choice treasure, to be added to what was before laid up in heaven." His next letter is dated from 31 Green Street, March 17, in which he says, "The discouraging work of moving was safely accomplished last week, and we are in our new house, and chaos is gradually giving place to the genius of order; and now that we are fairly able to judge of what the advantages of the change really are, we can hardly overestimate them." He closes this letter with an urgent appeal to his parents to come and visit him: "And now, when the time of the singing birds shall have come, and these rough winds softened down to a vernal sweetness, and the St. Michael's pear tree," (standing in his yard,) "which for fifty years has put forth its green leaves, unchanged amid all the changes round it, and as if it were still in the midst of the garden, shall have blossomed once more, we shall hope that mother and you will indulge us in one more visit together ere life's stage is left."

It is unnecessary to pursue the details of his daily and weekly labors, as given in his correspondence and journal. He frequently acknowledges the aid of his visiting brethren; and he generally speaks in terms of encouragement of the continuance of the health of himself, as well as the family. One or two short passages from his letter of March 24 will serve to show how readily his sympathies were awakened by every passing case of mortality or distress: "I am expecting to hear by every mail that Dr. JARVIS has fallen asleep. The last accounts were very discouraging. Death has been very busy this last year among our ranks; and some of his victims have been 'bright and shining marks.' I have just been to see the books, pictures, and paintings which have been sent home from the Mediterranean, the relics of our old and dear friend SEARLE. It is a melancholy errand, and almost makes me sick." Again, in reference to the case of apparent decline in the health of a young man, the son of a very particular friend, who had just entered upon the business of life, with every reasonable prospect of prosperity, happiness, and usefulness, he says, "His friends may

well be anxious, lest he should wither away under it. How often, alas! in all schemes of human felicity, all is destroyed by a worm in the bud."

Before the date of another letter, (Mid-Lent, Sunday evening,) he had been apprised of the death of Dr. JARVIS, and had been invited to attend his funeral. "This," he says, "I should have been glad to do, if a day had intervened before Sunday; but I feared the effect of the excitement and exhaustion; and I needed to be the stronger, as the Holy Communion was celebrated, as usual, on this day, at our church, and I had no reason to expect assistance. Meanwhile, I did such honor as my means would admit to the doctor's memory, in my sermon this morning, much to the satisfaction of a large congregation." In this letter, he again recurs to the case of Rev. Mr. SEARLE: "I feel the weight of those bereavements the more, since the Rev. Mr. SEARLE'S sermons, letters, and private papers were quite unexpectedly put at my disposal by his friends this last week." Some two weeks had elapsed since his effects had been received from the Mediterranean; and he concludes, if they should not be claimed by his friends, he should call in the aid of the Rev. Mr. LAMBERT, Mr. SEARLE'S successor in the Navy Yard; and after selecting such as they should think meet to preserve, should commit the rest to the flames.

Writing on Sunday evening, April 6, he says, "Dr. EATON, who was with me, was quite overcome with faintness, and obliged to leave at the close of the morning service, and before the ante-communion. I was quite startled, at the moment — the number of sudden deaths of late having been very alarming. But I was quite relieved to hear that it was but temporary."

Wednesday before Easter, April 16. "We had three services on Palm Sunday, of which I bore the unassisted burden; and after all was over, was in conference with Mr. JOHN P. TARBELL, about bearing him company, in an absence of sixty days, to Havre and the Rhine — the voyage being necessary, in his own case, to recruit his health; and the time of sailing being fixed for Easter Tuesday." On consulting his medical and other friends, he concluded to decline this kind proposal. "A voyage," he says, "in the abstract, it is admitted, on all hands, would be of service; but it is thought that *two* voyages, with such a short interval between, filled up with the unavoidable excitement of Parisian life, in the mean while, would not be just the thing. . . . I am satisfied that brief absences, ministering to repose, are best for me and all interests here. . . . I think now, if all things should favor, that I might spend a few days with my brother at Albany, and perhaps get out to Auburn before my return. But all as yet is conjectural. Brother STICKNEY is with me at the services of this solemn week; and I continue to be very well, the 'jerks' (the disorder in his face) excepted."

This is doubtless the proper place to insert another, and his *last*, correspondence with his bishop on the subject of confirmation:—

I.

31 Green Street, *Friday, April* 11, 1851.

Right reverend and dear Sir: Will you do me the favor to make an appointment for administering confirmation to the candidates at the Church of the Advent before the next meeting of the diocesan convention? I renew the offer made in former years, to place the church and all its arrangements at your entire disposal for the service.

Very respectfully,

Your servant in the ministry,

W. CROSWELL.

To the Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts.

II.

Tremont Street, *April* 14, 1851.

Reverend and dear Sir: Since the receipt of your note of Friday last, I have been examining my list of appointments, in order to ascertain the practicability of appointing some day for confirming your candidates just before the time of the meeting of the convention, supposing it probable you are not yet ready for the administration of the rite. I find, however, that from the afternoon of Tuesday in Easter week to the meeting of the convention my time will be continually occupied. I regret the fact, and have therefore to propose, that, if agreeable to you, the confirmation take place on the morning of Tuesday in Easter week.

I regret that a sense of duty compels me again to decline coming to your church, and to appoint Trinity Church as the place. Divine service to commence at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Very truly and sincerely yours,

MANTON EASTBURN.

The Rev. W. Croswell, D. D.

III.

Reverend and dear Sir: A note addressed to you by myself was by mistake dropped into the *post office* this morning, instead of another letter. I mention this as an apology for any delay which may occur in your receiving it, and also by way of explanation of my communication coming through that conveyance.

Very truly, yours,

MANTON EASTBURN.

Rev. Dr. Croswell.
Tremont Street, *April* 14.

IV.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER, *April* 17, 1851.

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: In reply to your favor of the 14th, proposing to administer confirmation to our candidates on Easter Tuesday at Trinity Church, instead of the Church of the Advent, I feel obliged to say, that apart from the objection which I have to any other place of worship being substituted for our own, and to any other time than Sunday, I should not be prepared to present the candidates upon so short notice, and at so early a day. As I deem it, however, of the utmost importance that the rite should be administered before the conventional year expires, especially as there will be a considerable number of candidates, permit me to inquire if any of the neighboring bishops who would be willing to administer confirmation at our church, with your permission, might not be allowed to do so.

Very respectfully,

Your servant in the ministry,

W. CROSWELL.

The Right Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, D. D.

V.

TREMONT STREET, *April* 21, 1851.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: In my last note to you, I mentioned that engagements, extending from the afternoon of Tuesday in Easter week to the meeting of the convention, precluded the possibility of my confirming your candidates within that period. Since the receipt of yours of Thursday last, I have been enabled to dispense with an engagement to which I had appropriated the evening of Sunday, the 18th of May; and I now write to say, that I shall be ready on that evening to administer confirmation to those whom you may present at St. Stephen's Chapel. The service will commence at half past seven.

That God may accompany the occasion with the blessing of his Holy Spirit, is the fervent prayer of

Yours, very truly and sincerely,

MANTON EASTBURN.

The Rev. Dr. CROSWELL.

IV.

BOSTON, *May* 10, 1851.

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: My absence from town has prevented an earlier reply to your favor of the 21st ultimo.

While my convictions are still the same as those which I have, year by year, been constrained to express to you, in the way of protest, hereby renewed, against your continued neglect of the recognized rights of my parish, and your own official obligations in

refusing to visit the Church of the Advent, according to the provisions of the canon regulating episcopal visitations, I do, notwithstanding, instruct the unconfirmed members of my flock to embrace any opportunity which you may think proper to afford them, of obtaining access to that apostolic ordinance, under whatever circumstances of personal inconvenience to ourselves, or of undeserved reproach; and, according to your appointment, I shall present, with divine permission, such candidates for confirmation as can be induced to accompany me to St. Stephen's Chapel, the rector consenting, on the evening of the fourth Sunday after Easter, May 18th.

Heartily responding to your fervent prayer, that God may accompany the occasion with the blessing of his Holy Spirit,

I am, very sincerely,

Your friend and presbyter,

W. CROSWELL.

Right Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts

During the pendency of this negotiation, he was again absent from his post for a few days, on one of those short excursions which had been recommended by his friends, and for the expenses of which they had generously provided. This excursion began very pleasantly. He first went to Greenfield to attend a wedding — the parties being among the best beloved of his young friends. Thence he accompanied the bridal party to New Haven. Here, and at Hartford, he spent a few days among his friends, and every thing passed off much to his delight. But on returning to New Haven on Monday, the 5th of May, the scene was sadly changed; and during the remainder of his visit, he was occupied, by night and by day, in watching over his father, who was taken very suddenly sick on the very night after his arrival. He thus writes to his wife, May 6: "We were all much alarmed, last night, that father, soon after he went to bed, awoke in great pain, with some local difficulty to which the aged are incident. At two o'clock, F. went after the doctor, who remained all night. He obtained but little relief, and the difficulty does not yet yield. The pain, at times, is very intense, and must be very exhausting. The doctor does not seem to be discouraged, but is hopeful that the complaint will soon be abated. Of course, while father is so ill, I can say nothing with regard to my return. I shall hope to be with you again by Thursday or Friday, but am obliged to speak doubtfully. I trust to speak more definitely by to-morrow. These pains are too severe to last very long. I dread to anticipate what yet is a possible result." Happily, the most distressing and alarming symptoms in the case soon subsided; and on Friday his father had become so comfortable that he ventured to return to Boston.

During this visit, his sympathies were also awakened by another

case, which affected him very deeply. He heard the afflicting intelligence of the sudden death of Dr. Hobart Curtiss, a son of his friend Cyrus Curtiss, Esq., of New York, a young physician of great promise, who was at the time deputy health officer at Staten Island, and fell a victim to ship fever, contracted while pursuing his duty among the numerous patients at the hospital. The following extract from a letter to the young man's father will show how readily his tears were mingled with those of the afflicted family: "Your peculiar sorrow is one with which not only no stranger intermeddleth, but the few only who have experienced it can adequately appreciate. I remember well the shock when our elder brother died; but it passed long since into a pensive recollection, rather than a living grief, in my own case. Those who have been intimate with our family know the shadow that then fell upon a father's and a mother's heart, and that it will still fall darkly there as long as life — I mean *this* life — continues. Miserable comforters, indeed, at such a time, are the words of human lips; but we know, blessed be God, that, in every such visitation, the heavenly Comforter draws very near to us. To his holy influence your hearts have been habitually open, and they will not be shut now, when broken hearts are yearning to be bound up. Your son has left precious remains behind him. His open, generous, unselfish nature, ever mindful of others, and forgetting his own interest in theirs, endeared him to all who knew him. Humanly speaking, your hopes seem to have perished abortively, and his sun has gone down as it were even before its noon. At any period of life, however, if you were to survive him, it would have been hardly less premature. As it was, he was taken away before he had formed any of those ties which enhance the pain of parting — while all his affections were yet centred about the home of his parents; and you had the comfort — sad, indeed, but real — of seeing him die in your own household; ministering with your own hands to his dying needs, and breathing out his last in the embrace of those whom he loved best. These are thoughts, not, perhaps, to assuage grief, but to make it tender, and consecrated, and domestic. May God sanctify this great sorrow to every member of your family, and enable you to comfort one another with the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth in the Book of God."

After his return from this excursion, he applied himself diligently to the preparation of his class for confirmation; but of the whole number desirous of receiving this rite, few only were willing to submit any further to the unreasonable — not to say uncanonical — course of the bishop, in refusing to visit the parish for the purpose of administering the office in their own church. At the time appointed, however, at half past seven o'clock in the evening, he went

over to St. Stephen's Chapel, and presented his little band of eleven candidates for confirmation. In the subjoined extract from the parochial report, which he presented to the diocesan convention on the Tuesday following, and which, through the mysterious order of Providence, proved to be his last, he records what may be considered, under the circumstances, as his dying testimony and protest against the wrong inflicted, as well on the parish as himself, by the arbitrary and unwarrantable dictation of the bishop. After the customary statistics, he adds, —

"This experiment, so called, of a *free Church*, for the daily worship of God, entirely depending on the voluntary offerings of the worshippers, has been signally successful. The number in attendance on the service is steadily increasing, as well as the amount of consecrated alms that go up with our prayers, as a memorial before God, 'on the first day of the week.'

"A font and altar, of beautiful proportions and workmanship, after designs by F. Wills, Esq., have been presented to the church since the last report, from funds bequeathed for this purpose by a communicant recently deceased.

"The parish are again compelled to complain of the continued denial of their right to episcopal visitation, as contemplated by the canons. The list of candidates for confirmation presented by the bishop's direction at St. Stephen's Chapel, on Sunday evening, May 18, is smaller, on this account, than it would have otherwise been."

These cares being over, he began again to lay plans, though rather indefinite, for future excursions. But day after day passed away; and though he greatly desired to be on his way, his parochial engagements bound him down to his post. Writing to his father, Sunday evening, June 1, he says, "The day has been very pleasant, and our church full. The communion was one of the largest which I have ever ministered. I have officiated all day, assisted in the morning by good Dr. Eaton, who has quite recovered his health and strength. After the evening service, I went down to Christ Church, which has been closed all day, to marry a couple and baptize an infant. These duties done, I feel quite as fresh as could be expected under the circumstances."

On the Sunday evening following, (Whit Sunday,) being too much fatigued by the labors of the day to take up the pen, he employed his wife as his amanuensis; and she gives, in the course of the letter, a sketch of his duties for the week, besides what came upon him daily, viz., four funerals, three of them in one day, two marriages, and seven baptisms, on four several occasions.

His next is a brief letter, under his own hand, expressing his gratification at the recent election of the Rev. Dr. Williams as Assistant Bishop of Connecticut, and announcing his intention of

leaving Boston, on Tuesday, June 17, on a short visit to Hartford and New Haven. They accordingly reached Hartford on the first day, and on the next proceeded to New Haven. Here his wife and daughter were to remain and prolong their visit; but he could allow no such indulgence for himself. The following Sunday being appointed for preaching the Jubilee Sermon, he felt obliged to occupy his own pulpit on the occasion. And as for the sermon itself, that was still to be written. But in this case, as in all others, he found himself equal to the emergency. Withdrawing, from time to time, from the friends by whom he was surrounded, he prepared his discourse, and was ready on Saturday evening to take his departure in the night train for Boston. Of the journey, his own letter, written on Sunday evening, will give the best account: "Health and benediction! Commend me to the cars at night. I shall never cease wondering how we were seated in them at New Haven, at six o'clock in the evening, and set down by midnight in the streets of Boston. Mahomet's supernatural steed could scarce perform more astonishing feats. It would be a miracle, if not so common. I like it better, on the whole, for the dark. It is cooler, and you cannot see the dust, and even doze along; and then you are not crowded."

After a few days of labor, during the oppressive heat of the season, feeling much exhausted, and willing to escape the noise and confusion of the public celebration of the fourth of July, he took the opportunity to make a flying visit to New Haven, where his wife and daughter still remained. Leaving on the morning of the 1st, the journey was accomplished in a few hours. It was not, however, a very quiet visit; for, on the 2d, he attended the consecration of the new church at Milford, nine miles distant; and, on the following day, he was present at the institution of the rector. The 4th was spent pleasantly with his friends at New Haven; and on Saturday, the 5th, he returned, with his family, to Boston. In a brief note of Sunday evening, he speaks of their safe arrival, all well, except himself; and, notwithstanding his own indisposition, he adds, "It has not prevented me from full morning and evening service and communion; and the day has been so cool that our attendance has been as large as usual. I do not feel any worse for the labor."

During the remainder of the summer, though often almost incapacitated for duty, he found it quite impracticable to absent himself from his parish. He was particularly disappointed in his fondly-cherished expectations of meeting his brother in New Haven, in the month of August. The calls for pastoral services were so constant and indispensable, that he was obliged to content himself with a few short excursions in the vicinity. And finally, on the last day of summer, he writes, "I shall be stationary for a little while, having

an eye to a descent upon you in the course of the autumn, and, if not before, shall hope to meet round the paternal board on the great family festival of Thanksgiving." In this fond anticipation, however, he was disappointed. He was never again permitted to visit his father's house, except for a single day, and this very near the close of his life. A few more weeks only remained of his mortal existence; and this brief space was spent almost exclusively in the arduous duties of his office.

On the first Sunday in September, he was engaged in a most solemn and affecting service. He was summoned to Greenfield, to attend the funeral obsequies of Dr. Alpheus Fletcher Stone, an eminent and well-beloved physician, for whom and his family he entertained the highest respect and affection. In his letter of the next day, he writes, "I have suffered nothing, as I am aware, from the journey, or from the highly-exciting services which drew the whole village together as one man. . . . I am very happy that I was able to go. I preached in the morning; and the whole family were able to be at the communion." His friend Dr. Strong, the rector of the parish, though in feeble health, was able to preach the funeral sermon in the afternoon. He adds, "At four o'clock, the funeral service superseded that of the afternoon. The church was thronged, and multitudes about it, during the services. A long procession was then formed to the grave: the choristers chanted the anthem, 'I heard a voice from heaven,' and the emotion with which it was sung gave it an expression truly touching. The sun was making a golden set at the close; and the doctor, in thanking the assemblage for their attendance, made a beautiful allusion to it. 'We shall see,' says he, 'our friend again. Yonder sun has gone brightly to his rest; but he shall rise again to-morrow. And our friend shall rise again on eternity's great morning, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead.' Every thing was done, which could be done, to pay proper respect to the memory of a good man." But this, as appears from the short record of his remaining days, was not the last time that he was called to mingle his sympathies and his tears with this afflicted family. They had sorrow upon sorrow; bereavement followed bereavement in quick succession; and within a period of two months, first a daughter, and then the widow of Dr. Stone, were borne to the grave.

The biographer would not wish to be thought to make too much of those incidents, which, as the time of his son's death approached, were so frequent, and, now that he is gone, seem so like premonitions of his approaching end. He is aware how ready we all are to persuade ourselves, in similar instances, to convert common occurrences into extraordinary coincidences. And yet the tracing, or the attempt to trace them, is certainly a harmless and pleasant task, and may be made a profitable one. With this view, the following

extract from the sermon, just referred to as preached on the morning of this day, is placed before the reader : —

"Standing as I do here, at this hour, in this sacred place, and in view of these solemn rites, which fill my mind . . . having much of infirmity to warn me of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, — and doubtful whether I may ever be permitted to join in such an assemblage on such an occasion again, — let me entreat you, as a dying man speaking to dying men, to think of these things, as we follow the remains of the departed to their last resting-place. Let not our assembling here be a barren, unavailing solemnity. Let it bear fruit. Let this solemn monition of our mortality fill us not only with compassionate sympathy with our bereaved friends, but with solicitude to work — to work out our salvation with that fear and trembling which befit those who know not at what hour their Lord will come."

But his sympathies and his tears — his joys and his sorrows — his labors and his cares — were soon to cease. Of the remaining incidents of his life, a few only of peculiar interest can be noted. September 22, he writes, "The Bishops of Fredericton and Newfoundland were here for a part of a day, last week, on their way to Montreal. They visited our church, and the former left word for me that he would like to preach at the Advent on his return, and make a collection for his cathedral, which is verging towards completion. I have signified to him the delight which it would afford us, and our vestry entered cordially into it. He will probably return in the early part of October." October 6, having learned that the Bishop of Fredericton had arrived at New York, he addressed a respectful invitation to his lordship, to spend any Sunday at the Church of the Advent which might suit his convenience. To this invitation he received a prompt and favorable reply ; and he remarks, in his letter of October 13, "A pleasant interest is excited in the parish by the announcement that the Bishop of Fredericton will preach for us next Sunday. . . . He comes on Friday, and will be the guest of Peter Wainwright, Esq." The day after the bishop's arrival, being the Feast of St. Luke, he attended the Church of the Advent, assisted in the services, preached a sermon adapted to the day, and bore his appropriate part in the administration of the Holy Communion. Of his services on Sunday, the rector's own language will convey the best idea. Writing to his father the following day, he says, "The Lord Bishop arrived on Friday, true to his time. I have been much with him till 12 o'clock to-day, when he embarked for his diocese. His coming was most providential, if only to convince all beholders of the true points in an English bishop's character. He has charmed all who have seen and heard him by his simple, unostentatious, straightforward character. In the pulpit there is a quiet evenness of tone, and a

sweetness that veils the meekness and gentleness of Christ. His sermons were beautiful. We have asked him for a copy, which he has promised to give us, to be put into Boston type. It seems that our beloved diocesan considered his officiating for us as a great affront; did not call to see him; and declined an invitation to dine with him. To us, the value of the visit is more than we could pay for in sovereigns; and I suppose that Bp. E. knows it." This last remark refers to an appropriation by the vestry of one hundred dollars to his lordship, to aid him in the object of his visit. The following further action of the vestry will serve to show in what high estimation the visit was held: —

"At a meeting of the rector, wardens, and vestry of the Church of the Advent, in Boston, held October 26, 1851, it was

"*Unanimously resolved*, That the rector be requested to communicate the thanks of this body, in behalf of the parishioners generally, to his lordship the Right Rev. Bishop of Fredericton, for his impressive and valuable discourses delivered in the Church of the Advent, on Sunday, the 19th instant, and to ask a copy for publication, not only as a memorial of that interesting occasion, but as calculated to serve the great and holy ends to which his lordship's episcopal cares and labors have been so successfully devoted."

Tuesday, October 28, being the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, the church was opened for prayers at nine, as usual, and for the Holy Communion at eleven o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Eaton assisting the rector. On the occasion, he remarks in his journal, "The Lord Bishop of Newfoundland was present, and a partaker."

Having been invited to attend the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Williams, the assistant bishop elect of the diocese of Connecticut, on Wednesday, the 29th, he writes to his father, "It is my design to meet you at Hartford on that interesting occasion, and to bring my surplice and scarf with me, according to the request in the Witness. It is something that the primitive diocese recognizes the white vestment as the suitable one for all assisting in this high solemnity. God willing, I shall leave here in the afternoon train of Tuesday." This he was enabled to do after attending to the morning services, as already noted, and leaving the parish in charge of the Rev. Mr. Monroe. He adds, "I must be here on Friday night, to give due attention to All Saints on Saturday; and the rather, as there will be communion the next day. But I shall find time, of course, to look in at home before I return. I am glad that you are to take a part in the ceremonial of consecration. I hope it will be the last which any of the living clergy present will be called to take part in. As old Bishop Andrews prays, 'Let his age be like the age of Methuselah, his knowledge like the wisdom of Solomon, and suffer not the face of thine anointed to be cast down.'"

A few brief notes from his daily journal will furnish some particulars of this, his *last* journey: —

"Wednesday, October 29, 1851. Being at Hartford, Connecticut, the guest of my old friends Dr. SUMNER and Mrs. GROSVENOR, I attended the consecration of Dr. WILLIAMS, assistant bishop elect of that diocese, in St. John's Church. The clergy were all clad in surplices — not a gown to be seen in the whole number; the primitive diocese thus authenticating the proper sacerdotal dress to be worn at these high solemnities. Took tea at Mr. BRINLEY'S with Dr. WAINWRIGHT and Mr. BURROUGHS. Walked in the dark and rain to Bishop WILLIAMS'S. All the bishops and many of the clergy present."

"Thursday, October 30. At half past eight, left in the cars for New Haven. . . . Housed all day with parents and family, by reason of rain. Happy shelter at such a time." Though compelled, by his arrangements at home, to terminate this visit the next day, he considered it among the happiest incidents of his life.

"Friday, October 31. Bright and pleasant. Wrote to Dr. MUHLENBERG, enclosing subscription for the 'Evangelical Catholic.' At eleven, left for Boston. Reached home at 5." In this letter to Dr. MUHLENBERG, he enclosed, from memory, a copy of the Hymn for Charity, which will be found at page 88 of this work. It was published in the Evangelical Catholic, with a complimentary note. After his decease, the letter was also published; and it is transcribed, as among the last of his letters, with melancholy interest: —

NEW HAVEN, *October* 31, 1851.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

"Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend."

With this couplet in my mind, I should have been more prompt to express my gratification with your little catholic paper; but have been waiting in the hope to accompany it with a considerable list of subscribers. When I return home, I intend to canvass the parish with this view; but in the mean while, lose no time in establishing my own claim to the residue of the volume. The conception corresponds with my own idea of the great object of any sheet, large or small, and the manner of its execution answers all my expectations. I send you an old hymn in little, as adapted to the view and the ends you have in contemplation, and may offer you something newer of the same description, should it be desirable.

"Stir up, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people, that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may by thee be plenteously rewarded, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

God strengthen, sustain, and prosper you in all your doings begun, continued, and ended in him.

Ever yours, in Christ,

W. CROSWELL.

On the evening of his return, he wrote a short note to his father, announcing his safe arrival; and on the following day, Saturday, November 1, being the Feast of All Saints, he entered, with his accustomed ardor and zeal, upon those labors which were so soon to be brought to a sudden close. With the assistance of the Rev. Mr. MONROE, he held the usual services, with the communion, preaching also from the text, "*Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.*" Heb. xii. 1, 2. On Sunday, November 2, being the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. EATON and the Rev. Mr. MONROE, the communion was again administered, and he preached a sermon in continuation of the subject of the preceding day. Of these two discourses, there will be occasion to speak again, at the close of this sketch. At present, it is sufficient to say, that could the preacher have been assured, at the moment, of his own very near approach to the enjoyment and communion of the saints in light, he could not have given higher evidence of his own conviction of the reality of the doctrine which it was his aim to inculcate. On the evening of this day he mailed his last letter to his father. It was occupied chiefly with domestic matters. He speaks, however, of the preceding services in high animation, and concludes with a passage which is now recorded with painful emotion. At his recent visit, his cousin, E. S., had presented him with some very choice note paper, coupled with an injunction, that he would return it well filled with poetry; to which he replied, that it was his intention again to indulge in his poetical vein. In reference to this suggestion, he says, "I have tried to make a decent use of E.'s paper in prose. The poetry must wait upon my leisure." Alas, that the leisure was never granted! that the poetry was never written!

His few remaining days were devoted most faithfully to his pastoral duties. In addition to the daily morning and evening prayer, he spent much time in visiting the sick, the afflicted, and the destitute, ministering counsel, consolation, and alms, as the respective cases required; and preparing, as well as his opportunities would permit, a special sermon, to be delivered to the children of the parish on the approaching Sunday. On Friday, November 7, his forty-seventh birthday, he remarked to the Rev. Mr. ROBINSON, whom he met at Mr. Stimpson's bookstore, "I must go home and finish my

last sermon." This remark arrested the attention of the Rev. E. M P. Wells, who was also present, and who, in his peculiarly earnest and affectionate manner, laid his hand familiarly upon the doctor's shoulder, and said, "You do not mean, my brother, your *last* sermon, but your last sermon for this week." To this remark Dr. Croswell *made no reply*, and soon after they separated, nevermore again to meet on earth. This incident was related on the authority of Mr. Wells, in the Christian Witness, and copied into other publications of the day, coupled with a suggestion that it may have indicated a presentiment of the near approach of the termination of his labors on earth. But this does not necessarily follow. He had often expressed an opinion that the multiplication of sermons, of which he had already a great number, could scarcely be deemed expedient. And from several circumstances which occurred within the few days immediately preceding, and on the very day of his death, it seems hardly probable that he was acting or speaking under any such apprehension. But, be this as it may, the result proved that the remark was prophetical of the fact; for it *was*, literally, his *last* sermon.

It was during this week, and near the close of it, that having occasion to direct a letter to his intimate friend, the Rt. Rev. John Williams, Assistant Bishop of Connecticut and President of Trinity College, he recurred, in the close of it, to the repeated afflictions which had fallen upon their common friends, the family of Dr. Stone, of Greenfield; and after mentioning that, having heard that Dr. Strong was sick and much exhausted, he was himself daily expecting a summons to Greenfield to attend the funeral of Mrs. Stone, who then was at the point of death, he says, "These repeated afflictions, which have in so short a time left so desolate a home where you and I have been made so happy, seem indeed mysterious! I cannot understand them. But *one* thing I *know*: 'Right precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!'" How aptly fitted was this thought, prepared, as it were, for his own burial, to comfort his own surviving friends!*

On Saturday, November 8, he made his *last* entry in his journal. This is a very brief record of the transactions of the day previous to his death. Besides the ministrations already alluded to, he notes especially his ineffectual search after a poor woman, who had applied at his residence for charity, but who had not given correctly the place of her abode. After the labors of the day were over, he called upon, and took tea with, Miss Margaret Coffin, an elderly lady, with whom he had been long associated in works of charity, from whose hand he had experienced many acts of kindness, and for whose Christian character he entertained the highest respect

* It has been supposed that this was the last letter written by him.

and veneration. He retired early, with the most pleasant anticipations of the solemnities of the ensuing day.

It was his *last* day, that day of tribulation and sorrow to his friends, when he closed his solemn duties in the church militant, and entered into his rest. He rose early, and appeared in fine health and spirits, without the slightest indication of indisposition, or apprehension of approaching danger. Agreeably to previous arrangements, the Rev. Mr. ESTES preached the morning sermon, while he bore his part in the services, and, at the proper time, published the following notices: —

"I propose to preach to the children this afternoon, on a part of the first lesson for the morning. I hope the children of the parish will all be in church."

"A course of instruction on the subject of confirmation will be continued every Wednesday evening, after divine service. Due notice of the time and place of administering the rite will be given. In the mean while, all who are interested are invited to attend." *

During the intermission, it was remarked by his family that he never appeared more cheerful. He seemed to promise himself much enjoyment in the approaching services — first, in admitting an infant, by holy baptism, into the bosom of the Church; and last, in addressing the little ones of his flock, in whose spiritual welfare he took the deepest interest. His sermon to the children, from 2 Kings v. 2, 3, was written in a style of beautiful simplicity, perfectly plain, and well adapted to the capacity of his juvenile hearers, and yet full of the most sublime and elevated thoughts. As he proceeded in the delivery, it was perceived that he occasionally betrayed some signs of faltering in his speech; but this was very naturally imputed to his emotions, and would not have attracted particular notice, had he not also, from time to time, placed his hand in an unusual manner upon the back of his head, as if suffering from pain or distress. "The children," remarks an eye-witness, "were much affected as they saw, or thought they saw, tears stealing from his eyes. His voice, which was ever gentle and soft, and could scarce shape itself to a tone of reproof but that it would falter into music, meanwhile assumed, as from some presentimental emotion, those tones of tender pathos which rendered his speech no

* These notices were found in his Prayer Book, and are preserved as the last relics of his handwriting, with the exception of the *date and address* of a letter which he permitted his little daughter, who was detained from church by indisposition, to write to her grandfather. She commenced the letter in ink, thanking her grandfather for a book which he had given her, and expressing a hope that she might commit many of the pieces to memory. But before the letter was finished, she added, in pencil, these remarkable lines: "Father was in the middle of his sermon when he was taken faint, and he was brought home in grandma CARPENTER's carriage; but aunt DELIA thinks he may get well." Alas, poor child! her father was at this moment drawing his last breath.

less fit than if it had been specially meant for a valedictory to the little ones of his flock." After proceeding through about two thirds of his manuscript, he closed his discourse abruptly, with a few remarks and the customary ascription. He then pronounced distinctly, from memory, the first stanza of the hymn previously appointed to be sung by the choir : —

"Soldiers of Christ arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son."

But in giving the number of this hymn, which is the *eighty-eighth* in the collection, he named, by a most striking and extraordinary inadvertence, the *one hundred and eighty-eighth*, in which these lines occur : —

"Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead."

The choir, however, governed by his original directions, sung the hymn appointed, during which he stood, as usual, facing the altar. At the conclusion, he knelt down at the chancel rail, and said from memory, his book having fallen noiselessly from his hand, the following collect : —

"Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

But now his strength seems to have entirely failed. Instead of rising and turning to the congregation, as was his custom, to pronounce the concluding benediction, he remained on his knees, and said, with a faltering voice, the apostolic blessing. The congregation immediately took the alarm, and his friends rushed forward to his assistance. He was borne down through the church to the vestry room, and from thence in a carriage to his residence. Though at first evidently conscious, he seemed unable to articulate distinctly, and uttered but a few words; and, being apprised by the physicians in attendance of the dangerous nature of his attack, he composed himself quietly on his couch, and closed his eyes, as if in a calm sleep. His old, long-tried, and faithful friend and father in the gospel, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, was soon at his side, and, finding him unable to speak, if not unconscious, knelt down, and taking him by the hand, offered the Commendatory Prayer of the Church : —

"O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear brother, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Savior; most humbly beseeching thee that it may be precious in thy sight. Wash it, we pray thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before thee. And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is, and so to number our days that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, thine only Son, our Lord. *Amen.*"

As the word *Amen* was pronounced by the venerable priest, the last breath was perceived to pass, gently, quietly, and without a struggle, from the lips of the dying soldier of the cross, and he was at rest in the bosom of his Savior!

It is impossible to describe the sensations produced by this extraordinary and appalling visitation. The heart may conceive, but words cannot express, the bitterness of this stroke to his family, to his parish, and to the broad circle of friends, at home and abroad, who were more immediately affected by the dispensation. The publications of the day tell something of the pulsations of the popular feeling; and to these due reference will be made in gathering up the various public and private testimonials on which the biographer must rely for the exhibition of his character. As his biographer, he can only add to this portion of the work, for the consolation of survivors, some of his dying counsels, selected from his last general discourse, delivered on the Feast of All Saints, together with a brief account of the funeral solemnities.

In this discourse, after a glowing commentary on the text already cited, closing in the animated strains of the church hymn, —

"Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is changed to sight.

Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake," —

he proceeds with his application: —

"Such is that heavenly and invisible world of saints and glorified spirits which the word of God discloses, and which the solemn

offices of divine worship on this day, and all days, are intended to assist us in realizing. Would that we might be roused to a consideration of this great scene; would that the vision of these glorified witnesses might inspire praise to God, whose truth and mercy to them is the confirmation of our faith, the encouragement of our duty, and gives us in contemplation an antepast of our happiness before we come to its full enjoyment. Here are men of like passions with ourselves, exposed while on earth to the same or like trials, both of flesh and spirit, witnesses to us, from their blessedness, of the efficacy of Christian faith, and the sure success of diligent and devout application to the means of grace. Here are witnesses to us of the sufficiency of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin, to procure a full and free pardon, and to insure that triumph whereby the dying Christian, looking unto Jesus, can exultantly cry, O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

"And especially let those of us, beloved brethren, who have found, in the anguish of bereavement, no adequate human object on which their affections can rest, no earthly good to fill the aching void, ponder and meditate on these neglected yet solemn doctrines, and endeavor not only to believe them, but to make them part of our habitual thoughts — our whole spiritual nature. Let these thoughts and things of an unseen world lift us above the dangers and temptations of things seen and temporal, and draw us closer to His cross by whom and through whom alone the holy dead have fought the good fight, and are now passed farther and farther into the bosom of the church triumphant and the glorious prospects of heaven. Let us feel how all that was truly them and theirs still survives, and how deeply they should live in our affections — communing with them in the same love we bore them while living, and that love exalted and purified by their departure, and looking forward to a more spiritual intercourse than ever the past afforded. With these views, well may all that they valued be the more endeared to us; well may the house and altar of God, where we communed often together, — the spot where we last took leave of all of them that was mortal, — become to us holy ground — a place set apart and hallowed to tender recollections, to holy musings, to fruitful meditations, to pious resolves, to strong yet chastened anticipations of that hour of unspeakable bliss — too intense to bear, except the Spirit strengthen us — of seeing our lost brethren, of looking on them again, of having them at our side. Can we conceive, indeed, any more affecting call to a holy life than this hope of meeting in another world the brethren and little ones of our Father's house, and dwelling with them forever, with our capacities of love enlarged, our mutual infirmities removed, our vile bodies made into glorious bodies, and our spirits made perfect? And as every little thing brings them up in our minds, — our house, our room, our gardens,

our walks, the little ornaments in our apartments, all serve to touch a chord in our souls, — let not these awakeners of thought cause us only a pang of sorrow. Let us turn them into angels' voices. Let them warn us of sin, and incite us to all virtuous and godly living; to that preparation for Christ's coming, that life of prayer and good works, which would make our hope of meeting them in heaven not a mere baseless dream — a hope not wildly and unreasonably entertained. And in order that the dead in Christ may have this godly influence, can we do better than to set apart some fixed and given seasons for their more solemn commemoration? Can we do better than to devote such a feast as this to their memory — thinking of the religiousness of their earthly life, of their everlasting recompense as faithful servants of Christ, and of the hope of living with them in heaven, should we follow their steps on earth?

"Blessed are we when the thought of the glorified child, or parent, or wife, or brother, or sister, or friend thus becomes an incitement and aid to heavenly-mindedness. Blessed are we when we act as if we heard their voices calling us, 'Come up hither, and dwell with us — do not grow cold and careless;' when they seem to lay hold upon us, as the angels did upon the lingering patriarchs, to hasten our flight. When we thus think of them, we would fain be with them. But duties remain. We seem like a man toiling and wearied amid the harvest field, but in sight of the home where his family and kindred are gathering, one by one, to keep some joyous festival; who often turns a wistful glance towards them, and then bends patiently to his toil, knowing that the evening will dismiss him to their enjoyments, and lending a sturdier blow to the work that must be done, animated by that homeward glance. So may our view of the glorified cloud of witnesses lead us to a more vigorous discharge of life's duties, to 'lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and to run with patience the race that is set before us.'

"And now, beloved brethren, 'looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith,' as penitent believers, longing in our inmost hearts for that which neither the world nor popular religion can insure us, — the communion of saints, — let us seek it, where the Apostles' creed declares it is, in the Holy Catholic Church, whose ministries and ordinances have descended to us in unbroken succession. Let us endeavor to sound the depths of that spiritual service, wherein, if its words be not a solemn mockery, God does 'vouchsafe to feed us, who duly receive these holy mysteries, with the spiritual food of the most precious body and blood of his Son Jesus Christ;' and does assure us thereby of his favor and goodness towards us, and that we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of his Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful

people, and are also heirs through hope of his everlasting kingdom.' May He of whose only gift it cometh that we may lawfully use such language, and entertain hopes so high, enable us to yield ourselves to these sanctifying and solemn convictions; and, expanding our souls towards every human being, whether near or distant, whether in this world or the other, whom he hath made dear to us, may he call forth our hearts and minds to grasp all that is meant in these marvellous words; that so, rising above the feeling which thinks Christ honored by contrasting his grace and merits with his own ordinances, we may seek ever to view and receive him in the sacraments of his ineffable mercy to mankind, and excite our expectations to reach after some special intercourse with him *and his* in the communion of his dying love!"

THE FUNERAL.

The father and the two surviving brothers of the deceased, having been summoned by telegraph, arrived at Boston on Monday evening, and, on the following day, the arrangements were settled for the funeral solemnities, and for conveying the remains to the place of interment. The funeral was solemnized on Wednesday morning. The Right Reverend Bishop EASTBURN in his episcopal robes, and a large number of the clergy in their priestly vestments, agreeably to a resolution passed at a previous meeting, met at the residence of the deceased, in Green Street. The bishop and clergy preceded the bier, which was borne by the wardens and vestry of the Church of the Advent, attended by the following pall bearers in surplices: —

The Rev. Dr. EDSON, of Lowell,
The Rev. Dr. BURROUGHS, of Portsmouth, N. H.,
The Rev. Dr. VINTON, of Boston,
The Rev. Dr. WELLS, of Boston,
The Rev. Mr. GREENLEAF, of Boston,
The Rev. Mr. MASON, of Boston,
The Rev. Mr. CLINCH, of Boston,
The Rev. Mr. LAMBERT, U. S. N.

The procession was met at the door of the church by the Rt. Rev. Bishop WILLIAMS, D. D., of Connecticut, the Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, of New York, and the Rev. Drs. EATON and STRONG. The burial service was read by the Rt. Rev. Bishop WILLIAMS and the Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT. "The church was crowded," says the Christian Witness, "with a most solemn assembly, and all the services of the mournful occasion were deeply impressive." Among the clergy present, in addition to those already named, were the Rev. Drs.

Fuller, Shepard, and Wayland, and the Rev. Messrs. Robinson, Randall, Allen, Wildes, Smithett, Withington, Baury, S. B. Babcock, W. R. Babcock, Bartlett, Burroughs, Estes, Fales, Field, Foxcroft, Hallam, Haskins, Hoppin, Wm. Horton, Page, Geo. W. Porter, and Slafter, of Massachusetts; Rev. John Kelly and Rev. W. S. Childs, of New Hampshire; Rev. S. R. Slack, of Virginia; and Rev. N. W. Monroe, of New York.

At the conclusion of the services at the church, the coffin was conveyed to the station house of the Worcester Railroad, and put in charge of a committee of the parish, consisting of Messrs. C. P. Gordon, (Junior Warden,) J. P. Tarbell, F. E. Oliver, N. A. Parks, Charles Grafton, and R. H. Salter, who proceeded, in company with the father, brothers, and a few other friends, to New Haven. They arrived early in the same evening, and were met by several of the vestry of Trinity Church and other friends, who attended the body to the parsonage, where it was placed in the same parlor which had been, but a few days previous, the scene of some of the happiest hours in his father's house.

On the following morning, his mortal remains were borne to the family burying lot in the New Haven cemetery, and committed to his grave by the side of that of his elder brother, whose early death had called forth one of the sweetest and most touching poetical effusions of his pen.*

CHARACTER OF THE DECEASED.

His biographer might shrink almost intuitively from the performance of this delicate portion of his undertaking, were he obliged to rely solely on his own judgment. He might fear, that, through the warmth of paternal affection, the more attractive points in his character might be overdrawn; or, dreading the imputation of such undue partiality, he might be induced to withhold many things absolutely necessary to the full development of the truth. But, happily, he is placed in no such dilemma. The materials for this part of the work are furnished by other hands; and he may employ the language of friendship, indeed, but a friendship, we trust, not to be suspected of improper bias. We select, from a mass of public and private testimonials, all that may be deemed essential in making out the portraiture. These are drawn from the periodical press, from the action of public bodies and associations, from pulpit discourses, and from the voluntary tributes of private friendship.

* The "Two Graves;" see page 16.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

The Boston daily papers, in announcing, on the following day, the striking circumstances of his death, appended such eulogistic remarks as seem to have been dictated by the first impulse of the moment. One or two extracts will serve as specimens: —

From the *Courier*. — "Dr. Croswell was a native of Hudson, N. Y., but had been for many years an inhabitant of Boston, and was at one time rector of the North Church. He was eminent for the kindness of his heart, the amenity and unaffected simplicity of his manners, and the genuine Christian benevolence which is not confined to theory, but exhibits itself in daily practice. The bereaved, the afflicted, and the destitute were certain to find his heart and purse open for their consolation and relief. The memory of his quiet and unobtrusive charities will rise in the hearts of all who knew him, like flowers to deck the good man's grave."

From a correspondent of the *Transcript*. — "Thus Dr. Croswell died emphatically in the gospel harness — the very condition above all others in which he would have prayed to close up his useful and dutiful life. To a few of his closest friends he had some time ago expressed the conviction that he was liable to be called away at almost any moment; and he was always ready for the event which has surprised his people with a sorrow that may not be told. He was indeed a high model of Christian character; full of honorable, and gentlemanly, and endearing qualities; in a word, his daily life was an embodiment, so far as human frailty may well permit, of our holy religion. The worshippers at the Church of the Advent loved him as a father, and honored him greatly as a man. To those whose sick bed he has softened with his calm sympathies and solemn benedictions, his death is a loss indeed.

"In person, Dr. Croswell was above the medium size, finely built, and a very pattern of manly beauty. His mind was an admirable combination of genius and practical wisdom, its greatness so hidden in its fine proportions that it took a long and close acquaintance rightly to measure and estimate his powers."

To these may be added a few extracts from the religious periodicals of Boston: —

From the *Christian Witness*. — "The sudden summons of a friend from this world to the next almost invariably shocks the mind with a species of awe, when the unlooked-for intelligence first strikes the ear. We seem to start at it as at something dreadful;

and yet, when it occurs under circumstances such as attended the last hour of our deceased brother, there is much in it which, to the Christian mind, is truly pleasant. There is something delightful, we might say almost glorious, in the idea of the Christian soldier's dying in the field with 'all his armor on.' In such a death there is much more to be thankful for than there is to be dreaded.

"Dr. Croswell was endowed with an intellect of a high order, well disciplined by a classical education. His poetical gifts were such as would have placed him among the first of American poets, had he given particular attention to their cultivation. Some of the pieces from his pen are among the choicest gems in our language. Blessed with a very amiable disposition, which manifested itself in a manner marked for its amenity, it is not extraordinary that he had many friends, and that they were strongly attached to him. Few men in this community have been more respected. All admired the purity and simplicity of his Christian character, however they may have differed from him in his theological views. He has gone to his rest. *Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*"

From the *Christian Register*. — "The circumstances of the decease of this worthy and lamented clergyman are peculiarly impressive, we will not add affecting, because that must be regarded a happy and even enviable departure by which the faithful servant is permitted, as in a moment, to depart from his labor to his reward.

"Our opportunities did not bring us to any intimacy of friendship with this excellent person, nor would our personal acquaintance authorize our attempting to portray his character. That office should be reserved for those who knew and can appreciate his peculiar gifts and virtues. But we were accustomed to meet Dr. Croswell as a neighbor, and for several years, while he was rector of Christ Church, in the northern part of the city, being within the same walks of professional duty, we were witnesses for ourselves, and not seldom did we hear from others, of the constancy, fidelity, cheerful contentment, and religious trust with which, from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from year to year, he fulfilled a laborious ministry, and discharged much duty with little recompense of reward. We loved to meet him in our own walks of duty, to exchange with him, if not professional congratulations, yet fraternal sympathies, and then to go on our way cheered by the light of his manly countenance and the kind pressure of his hand.

"As the rector of the Church of the Advent, whatever diversities of opinion may have existed between himself and some of his brethren, — into which neither we nor they would be disposed, on this occasion, for a moment to enter, — we learn from testimony, various and affectionate, that he was to his people the object of their entire

confidence and regard; that 'they loved him as a father, and honored him as a man.' And the whole aspect of the church on the morning of his interment, as the bereaved flock gathered in silent and respectful grief to pay their tribute to his remains, gave touching evidence of their sense of their loss, that not only an instructor and guide, but a friend and a pastor who knew his flock, and 'one who comforted the mourners,' was taken from them."

From other secular and religious papers: —

The *New Haven Register*, to a brief notice of his death, adds this testimony: "Besides the large circle of friends on whom this blow has suddenly fallen, the Church of the Advent, of which he was the rector, and which had grown up under his untiring labors, his loss will, apparently, be irreparable. Quiet and unassuming in his habits, his mind and heart were the home of the strongest affections, of the keenest perception of the truthful and the beautiful, and of the loftiest ideal conceptions: in works of art and taste, his judgment was exquisitely nice and accurate. As a poet, Mr. Griswold has appropriately included him in his list of the Sacred Poets of England and America; and the editor of the American edition of Keble's Christian Year has enriched even that rare collection of gems with extracts from the late Dr. Croswell's gifted pen. The editor of that book also said of him, that 'he has more unwritten poetry in him than any man he ever knew.' The strength of his religious character, and the depth of his devotion, will be most highly appreciated by those who knew him best. He has fallen in the vigor of manhood, with his armor on. Pleasant memories linger behind him; and the sympathies of true hearts in all parts of our country will mingle with the sorrows of the bereaved family."

A communication under the signature of "H.," and dated "Church of the Advent, Boston, November 11, 1851," appeared in the *New York Churchman*. This communication, which we do not hesitate to ascribe to the Rev. H. W. Hudson, contained, among other things, a correct biographical sketch of the deceased, some touching particulars of his last hours, (a portion of which we have already cited,) and a few sentiments of high admiration, which were also sent to the Boston papers. The few remaining passages are subjoined as the testimony of one whose accuracy in judging can only be excelled by the gracefulness of his drawing from the lineaments of the human character. "Thus Dr. Croswell, the gifted and the good, has passed away from us, closing up his useful and beautiful life on the very field, and in the very harness, as it were, of his heavenly warfare: the stroke of death literally took him with the words of life upon his lips — the condition, above all others,

wherein he would have prayed, and indeed has often said he wished, the last summons might find him." After mentioning his settlement in the Church of the Advent, he adds, "He was the first to institute and carry out in Boston the plan of a church with free sittings, the weekly offertory, and the daily service; and that church, from the beginning, has been a place where all who were so minded could enjoy the precious gift of our daily matins and even song. That plan has been altogether successful. In this sacred work Dr. CROSWELL had given himself no rest, and under his wise cherishing, with the blessing of God, a church has grown up in less than seven years, which unquestionably has at this day more life, more energy, and more operative virtue than any other parish in New England. We can but hope and pray that the memory of their departed rector, so deeply beloved and so worthy of their love, will be as an angel of peace to knit and hold that noble cluster of warm hearts, clear heads, and steady hands into still increasing strength. Doubtless they will adhere most religiously to the order he has established — a course wherein they will hardly be opposed, save by those who prefer their own opinions to the faith once delivered to the saints.

"To have done such a piece of work, is itself the best possible testimony to the strength and skill of the workman. This is no time to enter upon his literary and intellectual merits: but Dr. CROSWELL was no ordinary man; we have simply never known one in whom the elements were more choicely mixed up. His mind was a rare and happy combination of genius and practical wisdom; its real greatness being so hidden in its fine proportions, that it took a long and close acquaintance rightly to measure and estimate his powers. His breadth, and compass, and variety of intellectual endowment, his clearness of style and subtilty of method, rendered him an admirable study. Those who only saw the habitual smoothness and serenity of his spirit could have little idea what rich treasures of energy and living force were wrapped up in him; what a basis of firm, strong, manly sense and thought did underlie the calm grace of his simple manners and the sweet order of his every-day deportment. With less beauty and symmetry, he would have *seemed* to have more strength of mind and character; the best evidence of his strength being, that he knew how to withhold it till he had a fitting occasion for putting it forth. His taste was exquisite; his sermons, which were certainly the best we ever heard, were models of chaste and candid composition; his keen sense of the sacredness of his office keeping out of them all that flippant smartness and brilliancy which distinguishes popular preachers.

"Dr. CROSWELL's piety issued in a still, deep, steady current of good works: his method of religion was to have as much of substance, with as little of surface, as possible. In society he was

modest and reserved; and every thing about him quietly spoke the delicacy and refinement of the finished gentleman. But, indeed, (for we must close this notice,) he was a high model of Christian character; full of honorable, and gentlemanly, and endearing qualities; in a word, his daily life was an embodiment, as far as human frailty may well permit, of the very spirit and genius of our holy religion.

"In person, Dr. Croswell was above the medium size, finely built; and all together might well be quoted as a pattern of manly beauty. Last night we saw his remains 'hearsed in death;' and certainly our eye never lighted on a more beautiful vision. It seemed as if the departing spirit had lingered to trace its new-born beauty upon the earthly form where it was used to abide."

The following, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Horatio Potter, rector of St. Paul's Church, in Albany, appeared in the *Evening Journal* of that city: —

"Rev. William Croswell, D. D., of Boston. — How many hearts, in every part of the country, will be profoundly affected at the sudden departure of this eminent and much-loved servant of God! It so happened that he had been little known in this community, not having officiated here for many years, and his visits to the city having been unfrequent and strictly private; but even here there are very many who will desire to pay a fervent tribute to the memory of this good man; this gentlest and kindest of friends; this lovely Christian gentleman; this zealous minister of God's Church; whose spirit, calm and cheerful, but elevated and glowing, kept the fire ever alive on the altar, and diffused warmth and brightness wherever it appeared. Who ever met him without wishing to meet him again? There was something so soothing and so cheering about his presence, and something so placid and so elevated, that turbulence, and passion, and care seemed to flee away at the approach of his beaming countenance, while peace, and gladness, and good will rose up to bid him welcome. And then he was so reflective; the play of his fancy was so beautiful and so Christian-like; his thoughts, especially when he was with only a few friends, seemed to mount up so naturally to the dearest objects of Christian taste and Christian devotion, and often to make themselves apparent so sweetly in his looks and manner, when he was too modest and too reverent to express them fully, — that you yielded yourself up to truth and nature; you became lost in the contemplation of beautiful and holy things, and found so much of feeling, and so little of art, that you forgot you were communing with an accomplished Christian poet.

"The writer of these few lines assisted at his ordination, when

he was admitted to the sacred ministry by the Right Rev. Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut, and well remembers how he appeared that day, (twenty years or more ago,) and how his whole nature seemed to bow down to receive the awful gift conferred upon him. How many hearts has he won since that day! — won for himself, and won for his divine Master. Where has he ever been without making himself loved? It will be for others to speak of his powers as a writer, as a poet, as a preacher, as a Christian pastor. Several years ago, at the desire of a number of gentlemen in Boston, he returned to that city, and the Church of the Advent was organized, and its holy place opened for daily prayers and a weekly communion; and there, twice every day, he was to be found leading the devotions of an earnest and praying people. His aged father, that valiant soldier of the cross, who has won so many trophies, yet survives to follow all that is mortal of his gifted son to the tomb, and to feel and know that that son has entered into his rest before him. That he departed at the going down of the sun on God's holy day; that he was called even in the holy place, and in the midst of his sacred ministrations, — what is this but a token of the rest, the peace, the transporting service to which he has been exalted? Be this the comfort of that venerated and beloved parent. Be this also our comfort, while we hasten to make ourselves ready, and learn

——'in faith to muse
How grows in paradise our store.'"

The number and variety of similar extracts from the religious and secular publications of the day might be greatly enlarged; but the biographer must content himself with the following brief passage from the *New York Express*. With reference to his efforts in rearing the new parish in Boston of which he was rector, the editor says, —

"In this work he has been for several years most assiduously engaged, and his labors have been followed with the most encouraging success. These labors were intense and unremitted, and wore greatly upon his physical strength. They were not only those of writing and preaching sermons, and of holding two services every day, but those also of parochial visitation and ministration. With the great end of his anxious hopes and earnest toils almost fully realized, and while actually engaged in the solemn duties of his holy office in the church he had reared and among the flock he had tended, he yielded up his spirit to Him who gave it, and changed his ministry from earth to heaven. Years ago he wrote these lines upon the death of the first Christian martyr, Stephen. How has the holy prayer they breathed been answered!

'To us, with all his constancy,
Be his rapt vision given,
To look above and see
Revealments bright of heaven,
And power to speak our triumphs out,
As our last hours draw near,
While neither clouds of fear or doubt
Before our view appear.'"

CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

At a special meeting of the wardens and vestry of Christ Church, held in the vestry room, on Monday evening, November 10, 1851, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed: —

Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in his providence, to take out of this life his faithful and devoted servant, the Rev. William Croswell, D. D., rector of the Church of the Advent, and sometime rector of this Church, therefore, —

Resolved, That, while we bow with meek submission to the will of our heavenly Father, it is proper that we should mourn for *our* loss, and testify to the feelings of sorrow and sadness with which this sudden and afflictive dispensation has filled our minds.

Resolved, That the virtues of this faithful soldier and servant of Christ, faithful to his life's end, his unassuming worth, the consistency of his Christian character, his fidelity in the discharge of his duties as a Christian minister and Christian man, his kindness to the poor, his counsel and assistance to the fatherless and widows, are worthy to be had in remembrance by us, as a bright example of what a Christian minister ought to be.

Resolved, That the remembrance of the kindness with which he always assisted in this parish, during the late vacancy in the rectorship, in visiting the sick and dying, and performing the last offices for the dead, — never offering an excuse, nor delaying a moment when called upon, — endears his memory to us, and causes us to realize that a faithful servant of the Church has been removed, who was ever ready at his post, and that we have indeed lost a friend.

Resolved, That, as we bow with submission to the dispensation of our heavenly Father, we bless his holy name that we mourn not as those without hope, but humbly trust that it may be so ordered to us and to all that its suddenness may teach us to appreciate the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and that the good example of our departed friend may teach us so to live that we may be prepared to die.

Resolved, That we sincerely and affectionately sympathize with the bereaved relations of the deceased in their affliction, and humbly

trust that, from the heavenly source so often pointed out by him we now mourn, they may receive consolation in their bereavement.

Resolved, That the rector, wardens, and vestry will attend the funeral of the Rev. Dr. Croswell, and that the rector and wardens be requested to take such other course to show respect to his memory as they may deem proper.

Resolved, That the preamble and resolutions be entered at length upon the records of this church, and that copies be sent to the family of our deceased friend, and especially to the Rev. Dr. Croswell, of New Haven, and to the wardens and vestry of the Church of the Advent.

WILLIAM T. SMITHETT, *Chairman.*

Geo. W. Collamore, *Clerk.*

BISHOP AND CLERGY.

At a meeting of the Episcopal clergy of the city of Boston, held at the residence of the bishop of the diocese, on Tuesday, November 11, 1851, on occasion of the death of the Rev. W. Croswell, D. D., the bishop was requested to take the chair, and the Rev. Charles Mason was appointed secretary; when the following preamble and resolutions were adopted: —

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God suddenly to remove from this world our reverend brother, the Rev. William Croswell, D. D., rector of the Church of the Advent, therefore, —

Resolved, That we view, in this startling dispensation of Providence, a peculiarly solemn call to us his surviving ministerial brethren, to increased fidelity in the preaching of the word, and in the discharge of all the high responsibilities committed to our trust.

Resolved, That we cherish a pleasing remembrance of the personal character of our departed brother; of the accomplishments by which his mind was adorned; of his untiring assiduity in the discharge of his ministerial labors; and of his many Christian graces.

Resolved, That we sympathize deeply with his family in this their sudden bereavement, and that our prayers shall be offered on their behalf, that, through the Holy Spirit, they may have the richest consolations of those who "sorrow not as others which have no hope."

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be transmitted to the widow and family of our departed brother in the ministry, and be inserted in the Christian Witness.

CHARLES MASON, *Secretary.*

Parish of the Advent, Boston,

Sunday, the twenty-second after Trinity, A. D. 1851.

At a meeting of the *wardens and vestry*, holden at the church immediately after evening service, the committee appointed to

proceed to New Haven in company with the body of the late rector of this parish, the Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D., and to attend to its interment at that place, *reported*, that they had discharged the duty assigned to them; the body having been buried at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 13th of November, at the New Haven cemetery, "*deep in the ground*," in accordance with the wishes of the deceased. The following resolution was thereupon adopted by a unanimous vote, and entered at large upon the record: —

Resolved, That now, for the first time, when the last rites have been paid to the mortal remains of our beloved rector, we will strive for a moment to control our grief, and to give expression, in some feeble degree, to what *no words can measurably express*.

Although it does not become us to sorrow as others which have no hope, yet we cannot behold the desolation of our house of prayer, and remember the affliction which weighs upon the family of our beloved rector, without offering to them the testimony of our sympathy and condolence.

We, therefore, the Church and Congregation whom he served, are ready to bear witness concerning our brother appointed to the Priesthood over us: —

That he duly exercised his ministry to the honor of GOD and the edifying of HIS Church, —

That he considered well with himself the end of his ministry towards the children of GOD, towards the Spouse and Body of CHRIST, —

That he never ceased his labors, his care, and diligence, but did all that lay in him to bring all such as were committed to his charge unto an agreement in the FAITH and knowledge of GOD, and to ripeness and perfectness of age in CHRIST, —

That he was a faithful dispenser of the word of GOD and of HIS holy sacraments, —

That, without preferring one before another, and doing nothing by partiality, he did not shun to declare unto all, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, *the whole counsel of* GOD — warning us that, without exemption or dispensation, we must obey *both the greatest and the very least* of the holy commandments of JESUS CHRIST.

And now, since we, among whom he had gone preaching the kingdom of GOD, shall see his face on earth no more, we take record that he is *pure from the blood of all men*.

We remember that, by the space of seven years, he ceased not to warn every one, morning and evening, with his prayers, taking heed unto himself and to all the flock over which the HOLY GHOST had made him overseer, feeding the Church of GOD, which HE hath purchased with HIS own blood.

And while we sorrow most of all for the words which we *must*

speak, — "we shall see his face no more," — we are consoled by the remembrance, that, *when his* LORD *came, he was found watching, — as one that waiteth for his* LORD, *— his loins girded about with priestly robes, and the spiritual lights of his ministration burning;* and we therefore call upon his family to bow with us in humble resignation to the mysterious will of GOD, and, with us, to

BLESS HIS HOLY NAME for all HIS servants departed this life in HIS faith and fear, beseeching HIM to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that, with them, we may be partakers of HIS heavenly kingdom. Grant this, O Father, for JESUS CHRIST, his sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. AMEN.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CHARLESTOWN.

LETTER TO MRS. CROSWELL.

CHARLESTOWN, *December* 15, 1851.

DEAR MADAM: Enclosed you will please find a copy of the resolves passed by the vestry of St. John's Church, which they have directed should be sent to you.

In the recent afflictive dispensation of our heavenly Father that removed from this world your beloved partner, the vestry of St. John's Church feel that they too have lost a faithful and devoted friend. Destitute of pastoral supervision and care during the past season, the hearts of our people, tried by sorrow and suffering, have often turned to him for sympathy and advice; and though pressed with duties incident to a large parish, he never refused our applications; but again and again has he been with us, to comfort the sick and the afflicted; and six times within as many months has he performed for members of our congregation the last sad offices for the dead.

Allow us, dear madam, to extend to you our sympathies, and with you mingle our sorrows for the loss of our good friend; and may the God of the widow be ever your protector and stay to your life's end.

P. HUBBELL,
In behalf of the Vestry of St. John's Church.

At a meeting of the wardens and vestry of St. John's Church, Charlestown, held in the vestry room, on Monday evening, December 15, 1851, the following was submitted to the consideration of the members of the vestry, and unanimously adopted: —

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God suddenly to remove from the sphere of his great usefulness on earth to his heavenly rest the Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D., late rector of the Church of the Advent in Boston, we, the wardens and vestry of St. John's Church, Charlestown, would gratefully acknowledge our many obligations to

him for his Christian kindness and attention to this parish while destitute of a pastor, and would tender to his bereaved wife and family our sympathy for them in their present hour of deep affliction.

Voted, That the clerk be directed to enter the above upon the record, and to transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

TO MRS. CROSWELL.

Boston, *December* 3, 1851.

Madam: In enclosing to you, officially, the resolutions of the Society for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen, I beg to add my own expression of the deep sorrow which the event to which they refer has brought to my heart. I have lost from my side my near, personal, faithful friend, in whose affection I confided, on whose judgment I constantly relied, and who was dear to me by the memory of a thousand kind acts.

It is a comfort to remember such a man as he was, and a consolation to feel how beautiful the example of his life, even to its fitting close.

May God sustain, comfort, and bless you in this trial, is the prayer of your friend and servant,

P. H. GREENLEAF.

At a stated meeting of the Society for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held at Boston, on Monday, December 1, 1851, — the Right Rev. the Bishop of the diocese in the chair, — the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to remove from the church militant here on earth our lamented friend and brother, the Rev. William Croswell, D. D., late one of the trustees of this society, it is our desire, at this our first meeting since his decease, to place upon our records our sorrowful sense of this afflictive dispensation: therefore, —

Resolved, That in his death we mourn the loss of a brother and fellow-laborer, long endeared to us, as members of this society, by the wisdom and excellence of his counsels; and whose faithful and disinterested labors in the society, from the first day of its organization, merit our high approval, and will ever be remembered by us with gratitude and affection.

Resolved, That, in the sudden and unexpected manner in which our brother was called from among us, we receive the admonition to be diligent in that our hands find to do for the widow and

orphan, and to follow him in his labors of love as he followed Christ.

Resolved, That the secretary be directed to enter these resolutions on the records, and to transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased, and to request their insertion in the Christian Witness.

BOSTON EPISCOPAL CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

TO MRS. CROSWELL.

Friday, December 5, 1851.

MADAM: The annexed resolutions were passed on Thursday last at the monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Boston Episcopal Charitable Society.

Permit me to add the expression of my own personal esteem of your husband, the late Rev. Dr. CROSWELL, and my regret at the great loss we have all met with.

With respect, yours,

HENRY BURROUGHS, *Secretary*.

Copy from the Records of the Boston Episcopal Charitable Society, December 4, 1851.

This board, since its last meeting, have had one of its members, the Rev. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D., taken from its midst by the sudden stroke of death. The survivors severally recognize the propriety of enduring submissively this departure of their associate and friend; but they desire to record their affectionate regard for their companion in office, and their participation in the general sorrow which his decease has produced. Therefore, —

Resolved, That this board deeply lament the rupture of official relations with an associate whose ever ready and efficient aid in the execution of the benevolent designs of this society was given with intelligence, zeal, and constancy; and this board also mourn their privation of a friend, whose guileless spirit, kindness of heart, Christian graces, with a pure and highly-cultivated mind, endeared him to all who knew him, and prompted and enabled him, on all occasions and under all circumstances, to be what he seemed to be.

Resolved, That the members of this board sincerely sympathize with the relict and family of Dr. CROSWELL, and offer in their house of mourning unfeigned condolence in the distress brought upon them by Him who "does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men."

Voted, That the secretary of this board furnish the widow of the Rev. Dr. CROSWELL with a copy of this record.

SERMONS.

On the Sunday following his decease, (the twenty-second after Trinity,) being the 16th of November, the Rev. TITUS STRONG, D. D., rector of St. James's Church, Greenfield, preached a sermon in the Church of the Advent, which was subsequently published by request of the wardens and vestry. Dr. STRONG had been long esteemed and venerated by the deceased, and they had lived on terms of great intimacy and affection for many years. In the subjoined extracts from this sermon, therefore, we are giving the testimony of one whose well-known candor and integrity would forbid the idea that even the warm-hearted partiality of a friend could be suffered to warp his judgment, or give an undue coloring to his representations. Taking for his text the language of the evangelist in commendation of the faithful and devoted gospel laborer Barnabas, — "*He was a good man,*" (Acts xi. 24,) — he proceeds, after a suitable explanatory introduction, to portray the characteristics of what may be called, in the gospel sense of the term, A GOOD MAN. In this delineation he enumerates some of the most prominent and striking qualities which constitute the character of the good man, and then applies the whole to his deceased friend: —

"Because," he proceeds, "they were all so beautifully and harmoniously exhibited in the life of our departed brother, whose sudden decease has spread a mantle of gloom over this church and congregation, and filled the hearts of many friends with sadness and sorrow. They furnish, too, a source of consolation and submission to the will of God, inasmuch as they warrant the belief that, in the adoption of such graces and attainments, he has gained, through the merits of the Savior, a fitness for the inheritance of the everlasting kingdom; and that he has been summoned away from the associations and responsibilities, the duties, the cares, and the trials of earth to the rest and glory of heaven. In cultivating the virtues of the Christian spirit, his labor has not been in vain in the Lord. He exemplified in his daily walk and conversation all that was excellent and lovely in our holy religion. He was faithful unto death, and his reward is a crown of life. He had completed the work that was given him to do; and with his armor on, and at the altar of his God, he received the message that required of him an account of his stewardship. That account, we doubt not, has been rendered with joy, and not with grief; and in the blessed communion of saints, connecting in one body the Church on earth and the assembly of the just made perfect in heaven, he is henceforth to be continually employed, with saints and martyrs, with angels and archangels, with cherubim and seraphim, in ascribing

glory, and honor, riches, dominion, and power to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb that was slain. I might, on the present occasion, speak to you of his distinguished and varied excellences as a man, of his acquirements as a scholar, of the affability of his manners, and the mildness of his disposition, of the brilliancy of his genius, the outpourings of his benevolence, and his integrity in all the relations of life. I might recall to your remembrance his wisdom in counsel, his prudence in action, the warmth and fidelity of his friendship, his sympathy with the afflicted and the desolate, his love of peace, and all those nameless attractions which made his presence every where so delightful, and which won for him, almost involuntarily, the dearest affections of all who knew him; and a thousand trembling voices, and as many bleeding hearts, would bear witness to the truth of all that might be said in his praise. But it is better for us to dwell upon his character as unfolded in the subject of our meditations, to look upon his course of faith, and prayer, and piety, to trace his progress as a servant and soldier of the cross, view him in his conflict with sin and with Satan, and to follow him on, through every change of labor and of trial, to the completion of the victory that has made him a pillar in the temple of his God, where he shall go no more out.

"I know well how great is the loss of one so gifted, so eminent, and so useful to every circle with which he was associated. His writings, though not as numerous as his friends could have wished, have, nevertheless, extended his reputation throughout our land, and caused his name in distant climes to be enrolled with the names of Herbert, and Heber, and Keble. And, but for his gentle and retiring nature, he would long since have shone among the brightest stars of our literary firmament.

"As a theologian, his reading was extensive, his acquirements were practical, and his judgment was most sound and enlightened. But it was chiefly in the duties of the parish that he excelled. And you, my brethren, can never forget the interest that he has manifested in your welfare, the solicitude and earnestness with which he has endeavored to guide your feet into the pastures of salvation, and beside the living waters that flow from beneath the tree of life. He has, with great diligence and disinterestedness, been in and out before you as a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, coveting no man's silver or gold, and not counting his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy. He was, indeed, a burning and a shining light; and, for a season, you have been permitted to rejoice in that light. Alas that it should be so suddenly extinguished! Extinguished? Not so. It has been removed into a higher and holier temple, where it will shine with increasing lustre through the countless ages of eternity. God grant that you may be enabled to appreciate the beams that have already fallen from it upon

your paths, and be led by their lustre through the duties and the changes of life, and the gloom that rests upon the valley of the shadow of death, to the renewal of your intercourse in the mansions of immortal bliss.

"I need not say how dear he was to his friends, how precious to them in the remembrance of his virtues and his love, and how tenderly and affectionately they will cherish his memory. He has left them the rich legacy of his example; and they will reckon it among their highest privileges that they were deemed worthy of his confidence and esteem.

"I know not how to allude to the affliction that has fallen upon the scene of domestic love and peace. Blessed be God, the consolations of the gospel are with the bereaved and the saddened heart. The venerable parents, — the attached brothers, — the downcast widow and the fatherless child, — with connections and friends most dear and intimate, — we commend them to the grace of God, which can alone comfort and sustain them. He who casts down can lift up again; he who wounds can heal; and to every son and daughter of adversity the glorious assurance is given that all things shall work together for good to them that love God.

"The dispensation of divine Providence which we are called upon to improve speaks most impressively to the ministers of the everlasting gospel; it bids them be instant, in season and out of season, watching for souls as men that must give account. It demands of them increased diligence in their work, more fervent prayer and self-denial, a fuller and deeper renunciation of the world and its vanities, and a stronger desire to be made instruments in leading men to Christ. Our brethen, in quick succession, are passing away from us. The most brilliant and the most useful are continually leaving the scene of their labors in the Church below, and taking their place with the white-robed worshippers that bow before the throne. Our tears still fall for the men that stood as pillars in the temple of the Most High: Jarvis, and Ogilby, and Boyle, — they have but just gone to their reward, and the kindred spirit of Croswell now joins them.

"For you, my venerable friend and brother,* — the friend and brother, through many vicissitudes, of forty years, — the present is a season of no common calamity. He upon whom you have leaned only as we are allowed to lean upon an arm of flesh, with whom you have taken so much sweet counsel, and walked in the house of God in company, has fallen at your side, and first begun the march of eternity. But God, his God and your God, still remains. He

* The Rev. Asa Eaton, D. D., formerly rector of Christ Church, in Boston, and long an attendant upon the services (and a frequent assistant in the same) in the Church of the Advent: he was present when the blow came which terminated the life of his beloved friend and brother.

will be your comforter and supporter when earthly comforts and supports fail. He will guide and defend you through the remainder of your pilgrimage; and, gided by his grace, so long your shield and defence, you will see again the loved ones who have gone before you to the realms of light and life.

"Brethren and friends, beloved in the Lord, we are placed in a changing and a transitory world. The most cherished associations of life are ever subject to dissolution. Our fathers, — where are they? and the prophets, — do they live forever? The parent and the child, the ruler and the subject, the teacher and the taught, are alike hastening on to the unseen world. But a few days, and this whole generation will have passed away. Other forms will be seen in our places, and different voices will be heard in our dwellings and our streets. Whatsoever, therefore, our hands find to do, let us do it with our might; for there is no knowledge nor device in the grave whither we go. Let us work while it is day; for the night cometh in which no man can work. And may GOD ALMIGHTY give us grace to improve all events, whether of good or of evil, in such a manner that they may contribute to our preparations for the mysteries of an unseen world and an eternal existence."

On the same day a sermon was preached in St. Paul's Church, Boston, by the rector, the Rev. ALEXANDER H. VINTON, D. D., and published by request of the parish. This was an act of pure magnanimity; as it was entirely voluntary and unsolicited, and, as he himself intimates, could not have been claimed on the ground of any particular intimacy between himself and the deceased. Indeed, it was well known that they differed materially in opinion on some points of theology. Hence we record this testimony with the more gratification. The sermon is entitled, "THE TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH;" and is founded on 2 Kings ii. 12. The opening ideas are so happily conceived, and so beautifully expressed, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying them in full: —

"'*My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.*' This is a cry of sudden and sublime amazement. The event connected with it was one of two or three such as the world has never seen besides. It was the translation of the prophet Elijah, when he was lifted suddenly away from the earth, to inherit immortality without its usual antecedent death. The lot of all common men is, after the separation of soul and flesh, to live disembodied till the resurrection. It seems, however, to have been the divine pleasure to select a favored few to anticipate that period; to spare them the pain and faintness of the death bed, the darkness of the tomb, and the dissolving of the flesh, and to receive them, soul and flesh immortalized at once, into his glory. So far as we can mark

this distinction, it has been conferred on those who stand out in the sacred history as chiefs and leaders in the several divine dispensations to man. In the patriarchal age, Enoch is distinguished as most eminent for his saintly life; and when he had 'walked with God' for three hundred years, at a time when man's youth was older than our longevity, then, in the prime of his manhood, he suddenly 'was not, for God took him.'

"In the second age, Moses was the leader of a new dispensation, and his departure was attended by circumstances so mysterious as to suggest the thought of a translation rather than a decease; for although it is said that Moses died, yet it is likewise added that 'God buried him,' and that the place of his sepulture was never found. May not the statement that no man knew his grave, coupled with the remarkable expression which precedes it, warrant the conclusion that he died merely in appearance, that is, he disappeared forever from human eyes? Man buries his dead in darkness, and dust, and decay; but where is God's burial-place, if not in the depths of uncreated light? And what is his manner of burial, if it be not translation? On this account, with others, many have supposed that the great chief of the Jewish dispensation was gathered, not to his fathers, but to the hosts above who never die. Something like this may be said of Him, the Lord of this last and best dispensation — the Lord whose name we bear, to whose glory we look. For although the death of Jesus was a literal separation of the spirit from the flesh, yet it was impossible he could be holden of death; and when the transient estrangement was over, he trod the earth again with a living human frame; and when, at length, he entered into his glory, and was buried from human eyes in a cloud of light, it was a translation of both soul and body to the immortality of heaven.

"The prophet Elijah was the chief of a dispensation which, though subordinate to the others, was in its place indispensable, and no less divine. He was the great representative of the prophetic office. Reared in Israel, in a time of fearful defection of morals and of apostasy from the truth, he was the expounder of the divine will, the stern rebuker of iniquity in high places. He seemed to stand amidst the wickedness that surged around him like a beacon light in the sea. He repelled the tide of sins, and warned the careless sinner, always immovable, always clear and true. When this remarkable person had fulfilled his ministry, he selected, by divine direction, for his successor, Elisha, who became, for a time, his disciple and friend. These two were walking together on the day when it had been revealed to them that Elijah was to be taken away. And as they went on and talked, while a large number of the sons of the prophets stood upon a neighboring height to watch the issue, there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire,

or, as some interpret it, a band of shining angels, which passed between them and parted them asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. Elisha saw it, and the overwhelming character of the bereavement seems to have amazed him. He felt the mighty loss to the cause of God and to his own people. The strength of Israel was departing with the ascending prophet. Wondering, fearing, and yet, no doubt, exulting with a triumph caught from this sublime transaction, he cries with a sort of bewildered enthusiasm of grief and glory, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' Thus was Elijah translated, that he should not see death, and carried bodily to heaven."

This introduction is followed by a few obvious remarks, suggested by the history, viz., 1. The first impression forced on the mind of Elisha of the suddenness of his bereavement. 2. The greatness of the change that came upon the prophet. 3. His being called to his glory not only in the meridian of his usefulness, but in the very act of usefulness. And then the preacher concludes: —

"My brethren, I scarcely need say that my thoughts have been led to this subject by an event, which, since we last met together here, has startled and subdued so many minds of this community. The decease of a man and a minister like the Rev. William Croswell might, at any time, occasion a wide lamentation. With a character to win the respect of the distant and the love of the near, he was, personally and professionally, a man of rare and exalted value.

"I could not, if it were called for, delineate him so minutely as others who enjoyed more of his intimacy. Yet I knew him well enough to feel the bond of personal and Christian kindness wearing itself into my heart, where the feeling still lives, a remembered affection, full of sacred worth.

"His general character is known to you as one which, while it was rich with the refinements of mind and feeling, was still a character of strength and steadfastness. He was steadfast in principle, and so in practice; strong in affection, and likewise in conscience; always gentle, but never weak; with as much of tenderness as could consist with so much of courage. Patient he was, exceedingly; yet much more than manly in his patience, for he was devoutly Christian. And as these qualities worked out into his professional life, they rendered him eminent for his practical benevolence, and for unwavering fidelity to the duties of his calling. Such as he was, he was cut down in the ripeness of his days; and his death, so peculiar, was nearest to a translation. It was sudden, almost as if he had been rapt away by a rush of angels. Although there was more than one previous circumstance, which, from their correspondence with the event, now seem almost like the premonition to Elisha, —

'Knowest thou the Lord will take away thy head to-day?'—still it was sudden. The change, we cannot doubt, was great and glorious; from a life, with some of whose trials he had been sadly familiar, to another life in God's paradise, where his soul, swelling with the Savior's peace, remembers the wormwood and the gall no more. He was taken, too, at his post of labor and duty. His day's work as a prophet of God was just closed. His last teaching was to the children of his flock; and while the words of instruction were yet warm, and the benediction trembled on his lips, the blow of grace fell, and they saw him no more living.

"After the first shock and astoundment of grief, there seems a sort of splendor investing such a death. We almost covet the glory. Conscience, humility, hope, faith could ask no more than to be found at the post of sacred duty, and to go from prayer to praise. It is the death our departed brother would have wished to die; and, with the grief it leaves behind, there is a feeling of holy ex ultation at witnessing so worthy a fulfilment of his saintly wish We, like the sons of the prophets who watched the translation of Elijah, behold it from our distance in silent awe. But there is the parish from whom God has taken away its head; there are the children who were blessed with his last teaching. They may well cry out after him, as he has ascended, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!'

"My brethren, while our Christian sympathy flows out to the bereaved, may the life of our brother be an example, and his death an admonition to us, to untiring faithfulness in the work of God."

Among this class of testimonials, we must not fail to record one, which, for earnest truthfulness, is not surpassed by any other. It is from the Rev. E. M. P. Wells, of St. Stephen's House, Boston, missionary to the poor, being the conclusion of his last annual report, under date of Advent eve, November 29, 1851:—

"And now, father, brothers, friends, there is a shade of sadness on the face—a tear in the eye—a cold spot in the heart where death has put his finger—for he hath taken away our brother. Excuse the selfishness of my sorrow in saying *my* brother, my fellow-laborer to the poor. How they loved him! because he was like his Master. They felt it, even though they thought not of the original. But it was so; 'twas of Him he had learned to 'be pitiful, be courteous' to the poorest, the humblest. How hard it is to be like him, so *true*, so *simple* in doing good! The distance was never too great for him to go to do good for Christ's sake—the storm was never too severe for him to find his way through it, to relieve a tossed and beaten sufferer—the night was never too late, nor too

dark, for him to find his way to bear the cross with its consolations to the bed of death.

"In his death, our society has lost the last of its original life members, and the poor have lost a CROSWELL.

"Farewell, brother! I see, in the path of thy beautiful exodus, the light of thy example lingering bright like a milky way in the spiritual sky."

On the 7th of December, the second Sunday in Advent, the Right Rev. Bishop DOANE, at the request of the wardens and vestry, delivered a discourse in the Church of the Advent, commemorative of the late rector. This discourse was published in a pamphlet form, and was also inserted in the ensuing number of the Church Review, and had an extensive circulation throughout the country. We have already freely availed ourselves of some interesting facts and statements from this most able and characteristic discourse; but there are still some portions of it, which so truly depict the life and character of the deceased, — by the hand of one who knew him, we will venture to say, better than any other man, — that our work might be deemed incomplete without them.

Prefixed to this discourse are the following beautiful stanzas, written, as it will be seen by the date, on the day after the death of this "next friend and more than brother." These lines have already appeared in several periodicals, and are doubtless familiar to many friends; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them a permament place in these pages: —

WILLIAM CROSWELL:

POET, PASTOR, PRIEST;

ENTERED INTO LIFE, SUNDAY, NINTH NOVEMBER, (TWENTY-FIRST AFTER TRINITY,) MDCCCLI.

I DID not think to number thee, my CROSWELL, with the dead,*
But counted on thy loving lips to soothe my dying bed,
To watch the fluttering flood of life ebb languidly away,
And point my spirit to the gate that opens into day.

My "more than brother" thou hast been for five and twenty years,
In storm and shine, in grief and joy, alike in smiles and tears;
Our twin-born hearts so perfectly incorporate in one,
That not the shadow of a thought e'er marred their unison.

* The Friday before was his forty-seventh birthday.

Beside me, in life's highest noon, to hear the bridegroom's voice
Thy loving nature fondly stood, contented to rejoice;
Nor boon, that ever bounteous Heaven bestowed on me or mine,
But bore for thee a keener joy than if it had been thine.

Thy fingers, at the sacred font, when God my hearth had blessed,
Upon my first-born's brow the dear baptismal rite impressed;
My second born, thine own in Christ, our loving names to blend,
And knit for life his father's son in with his father's friend.

And when our patriarchal White, with apostolic hands,
Committed to my trembling trust the Savior's dread commands,
Thy manly form * and saintly face were at my side again —
Thy voice a trumpet to my heart, in its sincere Amen.

Beside thee once again be mine, accepted priest, to stand
And take with thee the pastoral palm from that dear Shepherd's hand,
As thou hast followed Him, be mine in love to follow thee,
Nor care how soon my course be run, so thine my rest may be.

O beautiful and glorious death! with all thy armor on;†
While, Stephen-like, thy placid face out, like an angel's, shone.‡
The words of blessing § on thy lips had scarcely ceased to sound
Before thy gentle soul with them its resting-place had found.

O pastoral and priestly death! poetic as thy life —
A little child to shelter in Christ's fold from sin and strife; ‖
Then, by the gate that opens through the cross for such as she,¶
To enter in thyself, with Christ forevermore to be!

G. W. D.

Riverside, 10*th November*, 1851.

Among the biographical sketches, which constitute a considerable portion of this discourse, the following is valuable, as throwing much light on the character and ministrations of the deceased: —

* "In person, Dr. Croswell was a very pattern of manly beauty." — *Boston Evening Traveller.*

† The epistle for the day contained St. Paul's graphic description of "the whole armor of God." His last words, in giving out the hymn, were, —

"Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armor on."

‡ "He never looked so heavenly. His smile upon the infant was ineffable in sweetness." — *MS. Letter.*

§ Unable to rise after the closing collect, he said the benediction on his knees. He died in two hours. A blood vessel was ruptured in his brain.

‖ He had just baptized an infant; and his sermon was addressed to children.

¶ "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for *of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"

"Four years he ministered as rector of St. Peter's Church, Auburn, earnestly, faithfully, most acceptably, and most successfully. But Boston had been the scene of the labors of his earliest love. His tastes and habits inclined him to a city life. The bonds of nature drew this way. And more than all, his heart was yearning to dissolve itself upon a ministry among the poor. It was no recent passion. It was the sacred fancy of his youth. Hours and hours had we discoursed of it together. His labors, while connected with Christ Church, had partaken largely of that character. He had been every body's minister, that had no other. He had qualified himself to be the servant of Christ's poor; and, in his yearning nature, he could brook no other service."

After giving a detailed account of the organization of the Church of the Advent, the settlement of the rector, and the unparalleled success of the enterprise, as shown by the official statistics, the discourse proceeds: —

"These are encouraging statistics. This is a wonderful result. It is an enterprise perplexed by hinderances. There is the prejudice against it that it is new, when, in fact, it is the apostolic way. And there are private personal prejudices, of pride, of selfishness, of incredulity, of inexperience, of settled habit. I never knew a man that was so well fitted to contend with all these prejudices and overcome them. In the first place, he was filled full with the spirit of Christ. He was, emphatically, 'a man of loves.' His heart was large enough to take in all the world. His generosity was unbounded. . . . And his kindness was as considerate and delicate, in all its details, as it was boundless in its comprehension. He knew the very thing to do, the very word to say, the very time and place to do it and to say it. And of this discriminating propriety, the poor have a most keen and accurate perception. And his faith was equal with his love. He was certain that it was the ancient way, and *must* be right. With such a confidence, he could afford to wait. He did not fix the time for his results. He would go on, and find them when they came. Then he was wonderful in his humility. He esteemed every other better than himself. He cared not what the service was, so he could do it; or for whom it was, so it would be received. And from his humility there sprang a beautiful simplicity, which was a letter of universal commendation. He was a gentleman not only, but the gentlest man. No man ever was more acceptable to the refined and intellectual. No man had ever easier access to the poor, the ignorant, the vicious, the degraded. He won their confidence at once. And the more they saw of him, the more they trusted. He was so considerate of their feelings. He was so charitable to their infirmities. He was so

constant in his assiduity. He knew the strings in every broken heart; and had, from God, the medicine to heal their hurts. He seemed a ministering angel to them; and they glorified God in him. But, especially, he was so unreserved in his self-sacrifice. One says of him, (in a letter to the preacher,) 'Dr. CROSWELL was instant, in season and out of season. He never was known to refuse any call for service or duty.' And another, than whom no living man knows better what Christ's servant with the poor should be, speaks thus of him, in words which, coming from the heart, go to it."

Here follows the extract, given on a preceding page, from the Annual Report of the Rev. E. M. P. WELLS. And the preacher then proceeds: —

"How plainly I can see him now, with his old cloak wrapped about him, which he would gladly have given to the next poor man, if he had thought it good enough for him; and with his huge overshoes, which, when he put them on so deliberately, would always bring to mind what the apostle said about having the 'feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.' As he set out upon his ministry of mercy, you might think him very slow, and doubt if he would find his way, and wonder when he would get back, or if he ever would. But, ere he slept, he would have threaded every darkest and most doleful lane in the most destitute quarter of the city, dived into cellars, and climbed garrets, comforted a lonely widow, prayed by a dying sailor, administered the Holy Communion to an old bedridden woman, carried some bread to a family of half-starved children, engaged a mother to be sure and send her youngest daughter to an infant school, and 'made a sunshine' in the shadiest places of human suffering and sorrow. And when all this was done, if he had time for it, he would charm the most refined and intellectual with his delightful conversation and his pure and lambent playfulness. With a manner that seemed quite too quiet, there was an undercurrent of ceaseless, irrepressible activity; and brightest thoughts, in happiest words, were ever oozing out, like fragrant gums from some East Indian tree, as soft, as sweet, as balmy, as balsamic. 'He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.' I may add as justly, 'exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.' He had an intuition for good books and the best parts of them, as he had also for good men.* With all he did, and with the little that he seemed to do, — the very reverse of Chaucer's sergeant, who 'seemed busier than he was,' — he was at home in all good English

* One of the keenest knowers I have ever met observed of him that his knowledge of men was most remarkable. "It was hard to get his judgment," he remarked; "but when you had it, it was a good one. He was a staff that you might lean on, sure that it would neither bend nor break."

learning, with perfect mastery among the poets. His classical attainments were much beyond the average. He was a well-read divine; and, beyond any man I knew, was 'mighty in the Scriptures,' and skilful in his application of them. His sermons were entirely practical. The object of his preaching was apparent always — to make men better. He sunk himself entirely in his theme — CHRIST JESUS, AND HIM CRUCIFIED. He had no manner. Yet the perfect conviction which he carried with him from the first, that he was really in earnest, made him attractive to all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor, wise and simple, ignorant and learned, and made him profitable to all. And whatever his discourse might be, in matter or in manner, there was the cogent application always of a holy and consistent life. His habits were simple, almost to severity. 'Having food and raiment,' he was 'therewith content.' What remained, after necessities were met, was so much for the poor. He was a Churchman of the noblest pattern — a Churchman of the Bible and of the Prayer Book — a Churchman with Andrews, and Taylor, and Wilson. If he was least tolerant of any form of error, it was that of PAPAL ROME. He would have burned, if need had been, with Latimer and Ridley. He made no compromise with novelties, but always said, 'The old is better.' There was no place for the fantastic in *his* churchmanship; it was taken up too much with daily work, and daily prayer, and daily caring for the poor. There was no antagonism between his poetry and practice. His poetry was practical. It was the way-flower of his daily life; its violet, its cowslip, or its pansy.* It sprang up where he walked. You could not get a letter from him, though made up of the details of business or the household trifles of his hearth, that some sweet thought (as natural as it was beautiful) would not bubble up above the surface with prismatic hues that marked it his. His heart was wholly in the priesthood. He loved to pray. He loved to minister the sacrament. He loved to preach. He loved to catechize the children. And, when he lifted up his manly voice in the old hymns and anthems of the Church, it seemed as if a strain of the eternal worship had strayed down from heaven. He was so modest and retiring that few knew him well. But there is no one that knew him well that will not say, with me, 'We shall not look upon his like again.' If he excelled in any one relation after his service to Christ's poor, it was in all the acts and offices of friendship. He was a perfect friend. So delicate, so thoughtful, so candid, so loving, so constant. 'More than my brother' for a quarter of a century, I

* How fond he was of flowers! Beautiful tributes of this kind went with him into the grave. He was a fond lover of music too. He not only took a leading part in the music of the church, but employed his exquisite taste in its selection; so that its whole character was singularly tender, touching, and impressive.

dare not trust myself to speak of what he was to me, of what I know I was to him."

But we must desist; and, with one more selection, we must close our testimonials from the pulpit. The following extracts are from a sermon delivered by the Lord Bishop of Fredericton in the Church of the Advent, on the evening of Good Friday, April 9, 1852. The theme of the sermon was the CROSS OF CHRIST.

"But then, on the other hand, we have learned to look on the cross in a right light, not only as a thing to be borne for us, but worn for us; worn, I mean, not as one of the world's show trinkets, but within our very flesh, as our sore, inward, daily burden. If, by these wounds imprinted and fastened on our souls, we can discern, or hope we can discern, some evidences of our faith, our likeness to Him who was bought so cheaply, sold so infamously, weighed in human balances and found wanting, though not in the balances of the sanctuary, then will this holy week, this looking on the cross to-day, this humble, earnest, duteous gaze on Him whom our sins have pierced, be at once our comfort and our sorrow, our assurance and our fear, our warning and our safeguard.

"It is this, the one-sided, partial view of the cross, which is so dangerous, — the seeing in CHRIST only our example, not our surety, — looking on him only as our justifier, not our pattern. Let *us* behold him as both the one and the other, and in that blessed image be changed from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord. For what if the cross be to flesh and blood most discomfortable; what is there of real comfort in the world without the cross? Where do the bereaved and the orphan, the fatherless child, the sorrowing relatives, the languishing, the oppressed, and the solitary, in this boiling flood of agitation, our modern world, — where do these troubled ones find comfort but beneath the cross? It was here that your honored and beloved pastor found it. He raised the symbol on high in this place — he impressed it on your hearts, not to direct your meretricious worship to a paltry ornament, but to guide your most sacred affections and remembrance to the great original. He recommended it to you, not merely as an outward symbol, but, by his own example, (through the inward grace obtained from above,) by the meekness with which he bore it, by the sympathy with which he carried its healing balm into the houses of the desolate, the diseased, and the lost, by the truth with which he preached it, by the firmness with which he died embracing it, holding with both hands — engraved on his heart, secured by his unshaken faith — this divine, this glorious truth, which his successor has delivered to us this morning. It is finished! it is finished! My Lord is mine, and I am his.

"Thus, then, let *us* hold it; looking off from him whose name and virtues we thankfully and affectionately remember, and from all names beside, into that one name 'which is above every name,' and which alone is worthy to bear the weight of our affections, and to receive all the praise and glory we poor sinners can give. To Him and to Him alone, who by his cross and precious blood has redeemed and regenerated, and doth sanctify, and will glorify us, — if we continue faithful unto death, — to Him, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, now and forever. Amen!"

There is yet another testimonial to produce, incidental indeed, but none the less valuable on that account. It is a passage in the argument of R. H. Dana, Esq., on the trial of the Rev. O. S. Prescott for heresy — a trial on charges, founded chiefly on public rumor. Mr. Dana, after depicting, in true and glowing colors, the vile characteristics of public rumor, goes on to say, —

"Public rumor! I was educated to despise it. A sound, well-conceived public opinion, on a subject upon which public opinion can intelligently act, I regard with due respect; but mere rumor I should be ashamed to own as a motive for one moment or one action of my life. When the counsel for the prosecution passed his eulogy on the memory of the late Dr. Croswell, I could not but think what a rebuke his whole life was to public rumor. If ever a man was the destined victim of public rumor, that man was William Croswell. Not left to its low haunts, but elevated to the dignity of episcopal sanction, promulgated by episcopal proclamation, (of the general or canonical propriety of which I do not now wish to speak,) it charged him with 'degrading the character of the Church, and perilling the souls of our people.'* But, in patience and confidence, *he lived it all down!* He went forward in the due discharge of his noble duties, in daily prayers, daily public service, daily ministrations to the poor, and sick, and afflicted, not without much suffering from the relentless attacks on his name and usefulness — sufferings which shortened his days on earth; and the daily beauty of his life made ugly the countenance of detraction and defamation. Public confidence, a plant of slow growth, grew about him. Public justice was rendered to him without a movement of his own. He fell at his post, with all his armor on. About the time of the evening sacrifice the angel touched him, and he was called away. He fell, with his face to his altar, with the words of benediction on his lips, surrounded by an almost adoring congregation, mourned

* This allusion will be understood by recurring to page 359 of the preceding Memoir.

by an entire community. All men rose up and called him blessed. From the distinguished rector of St. Paul's Church, in his noble sermon from the text, 'My father, my father, the horses of Israel and the chariots thereof!' to the humblest orphan child in the obscure alley who missed his daily returning visit — all, all, with one accord, sent up their voices as incense to heaven. I had the honor and privilege to be one of the few who, seven years before that day, received him on his entrance into the city to take charge of his infant parish. I am proud and grateful to remember that I was one of those on whom, in his long struggle, in a measure, according to my ability, he leaned for support. And seven years, almost, I believe quite, to the very day, I had the melancholy privilege, with that same company, of bearing his body up that aisle which he had so often ascended in his native dignity and in the beauty of holiness!

"I should be an unworthy parishioner, pupil, I may say friend, of his, if I allowed myself to defer for a moment to public rumor on a question of character or principle. I should be forgetful of his example if I allowed any one to do so who looked to me for counsel and direction. No, gentlemen, let us all, lay or reverend, call to mind his life and his death; and let public rumor blow over us as the idle wind, poisonous only to those who open their senses to receive it."

Among the first testimonials of private friendship presented to the bereaved widow were the following poetical effusions from William Croswell Doane, godson of the deceased. They were accompanied by a note, saying, "My heart would think them, and my pen would write them. I trust you will look at them only in the light of a humble expression of my sorrowing sympathy in our great bereavement."

W. C.

OBT. NOVEMBER 9, 1851.

"SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

A faithful soldier is asleep,
With his Master's armor on;
And his Master's sign upon his brow,
To his peaceful rest he's gone.
It is not strange God let him die,
When he had fought so well,
And kept the faith — though sad it be
For our poor hearts to feel.

Beside my second father's bier
I stood in silence bowed;

His priestly robe was round his form —
A surplice for a shroud.
And so he sleeps, as soldier should,
With all his armor on,
And a happy smile upon his lips
For the conquest he has won.

We pray for "Christ's Church militant"
Each Sunday morn, at home;
And the day that my godfather died,
E'er the sad news had come,
In it we blessed God for this saint,
Who died in faith and fear,
And, knowing not, we prayed to die
Like him who sleepeth here.

W. C. D.

PINE BANK, *November* 11, 1851.

W. C. D. TO W. C. IN HEAVEN.

My sainted second father, now,
With tears that will have way,
My eyes gaze on the precious lines
You sent me one birthday,*
To mind me how four years before,
Around the stream of life,
Your voice made promise, in my stead,
To arm me for the strife.

And now that voice is hushed in death,
And pulseless is the hand
That promised me a deathless love,
Knit in such sacred band;
And all the words and acts of love
Thy gentle spirit gave,
Are dearer far now thou'rt asleep
Within thy peaceful grave.

O God, in whose all-blessed name
Our union first was sealed,
Remind me of *his* faithful life
And labors in thy field:
And such as his was be my course,
That so it may be given,
When I have "fought my fight," to meet
My godfather in heaven.

RIVERSIDE, *December* 19, 1851.

* For a copy of these lines, see page 137.

The following tribute of private friendship is drawn from a letter of J. P. COUTHOUY, Esq., now residing in Brownville, Texas, addressed to his sister, in Boston, and accompanied by a package of letters of the deceased, with permission to employ such portions of them as might be found necessary in making out the preceding memoir. This, it is presumed, will not be deemed an extravagant or overdrawn eulogium, when the close and cordial intimacy of the parties is duly considered. In reference to the published testimonials received from his sister, he says, —

"You would have felt repaid could you have known all the comfort they brought my aching heart in those bitter hours of grief and darkness that followed my first tidings of the removal of that most beloved friend, with whom . . . all that constitutes true friendship and makes the life of those who share in it delightful, has passed away from *my* life forever. No, never on earth can the place he held in my love be filled. How, in the nature of things, could it? And were it possible, I could not wish it. More dear to me the memory of all that he was and gave to me than could be any joy in newer friends. I can feel the force of the divine saying, 'Where the treasure is there will the heart be also:' and would not exchange what I possess in him for any kept in earthen vessels; though in the weakness of our nature I cannot yet repress an emotion of bitter anguish at the thought that he is gone, even while I feel and rejoice that it is to his exceeding great reward, and would not that he were yet of us who have still to fight the battle with sin and temptation, — enemies without, and yet worse within, — out of which he has come triumphant. It may be that I am not alone in the feeling, but it seems to me as if no one could have loved him with the peculiar affection that was mine; and I experience an emotion akin to jealousy when I read of others claiming to have known and appreciated his worth and the beauty of his character equally with myself. As memory wanders back to the golden period of our first friendship, when both were in the prime of young manhood, when we were inseparable as lovers, and the passage of a day without our meeting was a matter of marvel, and the one had scarcely a thought or hope that was not known to or shared by the other, I cannot but ask myself who, at least among his later friends, *could* know and love the *man* CROSWELL, as I? How my heart swells at the recollection of the happy hours we have passed together, heart answering to heart, or wandered out from the thronged city without any definite object, yet of a surety, not unprofitably. What wisdom, clothed in noble simplicity, what volumes of unwritten poetry of the loftiest character, were wont, in those genial rambles, to be poured forth by him in lavish profusion! Never may I hope to meet with such wealth of ideas

in any one man again. And it was the deep, yet unaffected, religious feeling that pervaded all he said or did, that was the greatest charm about him. He not only saw all the 'beauty of holiness' himself, but had the rare gift of making it apparent to all who came in contact with him. I do not fear, dear E., to weary *you* with too much speech of our friend, even though I can say nothing new; and besides, there is no other topic in which we are so mutually interested. You may imagine how deeply I was moved by the evidences of his continued affection and sympathy contained in the box lately received from home; and by the same package that held the acceptable marks of his interest in our infant parish, to find Dr. VINTON's beautiful tribute to his memory. It was not till then that my loss was fully realized. On you, who were present when the summons went forth for him to meet the Bridegroom, who were privileged to look upon 'the last of earth,' the blow, terrible as it was, could hardly have fallen with such bewildering effect as it did on me. You were able to familiarize yourselves, in some measure, with the sad truth before he was taken from your sight forever; and now that he is not, I imagine that had such a privilege been mine, the loss had been far easier borne. Yet who shall say? The heart of each one knoweth only its own bitterness; and, doubtless, many find it hard as I to drain this chalice. God grant that the myrrh it contains may be for the health of all our souls."

The following lines from the graceful and well-practised pen of Mrs. SIGOURNEY, first appeared in "The Calendar," and are transferred to these pages with peculiar gratification: —

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES OF THE LATE REV. DR. WILLIAM CROSWELL.

Meek ruler of the sacred lyre,
Of genius true and bright,
Whose thoughts were like the hymning choir
That cheer the temple rite:
Hark! hear we not those lays once more
In lively numbers glide,
And to our Lord glad descant pour
At blessed Christmas-tide?

* "Now gird your patient loins again;
Your wasting torches trim;
The chief of all the sons of men —
Who will not welcome Him?

* Extract from an Advent Hymn, by Rev. Dr. W. CROSWELL; see page 95 of this work.

Rejoice! the hour is near — at length
The Journeyer on his way,
Comes in the greatness of his strength
To keep his holy day.

"With woven wreaths and garlands sweet,
Along his wintry road,
Conduct him to his green retreat,
His sheltered, safe abode;
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave verdure o'er the faithful throngs
That keep the festival."

. . . . . .

Deep silence checks the poet's strain, —
And yet a little space
It seems since with a gathered train,
In yonder hallowed place,*
He gladly swelled the loud response,
Or chant of solemn mirth,
Amid the band of white-robed priests
Who hailed a bishop's birth.

But soon, while on a listening throng
Eternal truths he prest,
The pale-browed angel chained the tongue
That fain his flock had blest:
And sudden, with a lightning blow,
Cut short his work of love; —
His Sabbath prayer was breathed *below*,
His Sabbath praise *above*.

L. H. S.

Christmas, 1851.

The subjoined verses are inscribed on a well-executed monumental piece, drawn by Mrs. Cobb, and presented to the bereaved widow, with the following note: —

My dear Mrs. Croswell: It has given me great pleasure to paint this little piece for you, which I wish you to accept as a slight memento of the respect and affection I cherished for your dear departed husband. I hope it will be as pleasant for you to look upon

* He was present at the consecration of the assistant bishop of Connecticut, in St. John's Church, Hartford, and apparently in perfect health, but ten days before his death.

as it was to me to draw; and I shall feel more than compensated for the time bestowed on it.

Believe me yours, very affectionately,

P. B. COBB.

Calm, on the bosom of thy God,
Blest spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while on earth thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow home beneath;
Soul, to its place on high;—
Those who have seen thy smile in death,
Need never fear to die.

Were it consistent with a true sense of delicacy, the biographer might add greatly to the number of unpublished testimonials of private friendship, both in poetry and prose, and especially in the form of letters of condolence addressed to the parents, and to the widow and child of the deceased. But he must content himself with such brief extracts as may serve to illustrate some of the prominent points in his life and character.

The Rev. Dr. COIT, his intimate friend and contemporary, to his father, Hartford, November 12, 1851:—

"I have known him for more than thirty years, and I have never known any thing of him which it is not pleasant to remember. He was a kind and affectionate friend to me when we were near each other; and it was always a gratification rather than a labor, to aid him professionally. It seemed to give him pleasure to have me with him on saints' days; and the last time I recollect preaching for him was on such an occasion. He appeared to relish such labors, 'out of season,' with the zest of a GEO. HERBERT. . . . Most particularly do I regret, that in the hurry of the late consecration day, I was not able so much as to take his hand. We knelt side by side at the chancel and received the elements together, and his devout tones are yet familiar to my ear. It seems as if he was stricken down at my very side, and makes the blow nearer to me. Blessed be God that I can believe it was the last of his sorrows forevermore."

The Right Rev. Bishop SOUTHGATE, his successor to the rectorship of the Advent, to his father, July 19, 1852:—

"How deep a hold your son had upon the affections of the parish, I have almost daily opportunity to witness, especially

among the poor and the afflicted; and I have no doubt there are those among us who look back to their intercourse with him as embracing the most pleasant reminiscences of their lives, and forward to their reunion with him as among their most joyful hopes. He did his work faithfully and well, and I know no man of modern times whose last years were so much like the life of a confessor, or whose death was so much like that of a martyr. I often think of his present state and future bliss, as having a far richer endowment of happiness than will fall to the lot of most of the laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. Most peculiarly did he leave his judgment with God; most peculiar, therefore, will be his defence and exaltation in the last great day. As for the parish, I know of no feeling more frequently in my mind than this — that if it should prosper and become permanent and widely influential, one of my strongest emotions of happiness in contemplating it at that height will be in seeing that it is a noble and fitting monument to the memory of him who laid its foundation. May that memory never cease from among us!"

Another testimonial, incidental in its nature, but none the less striking and significant, is found in the following dedication of "A Selection of Ancient Psalm Melodies, adapted to the Canticles of the Church in the United States of America," published by Dr. F. E. Oliver, in Boston, 1852: —

"To the memory of the late Rev. William Croswell, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Advent, whose exquisite taste in all that adds dignity and beauty to the solemn service of the sanctuary was alone surpassed by his zeal and fidelity as a priest in the Church of God, this Collection of Sacred Chants is dedicated.'

THE COMMEMORATION.

At the expiration of a year from the demise of the late rector, commemorative services were held in the Church of the Advent, under the direction of the new incumbent, the Right Rev. Bishop Southgate, of which he gives the following explanation, introductory to the sermon preached on the occasion, by the Rev. A. C. Coxe, of Hartford: —

"It had been proposed, soon after the decease of Dr. Croswell, that some appropriate commemoration of him should be had, and that a sermon should be preached upon the occasion. The circum-

stances which prevented the fulfilment of this, the universal wish of his parishioners, need not here be detailed. When the present writer succeeded to the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, several months had passed since Dr. CROSWELL's decease. It then appeared untimely to execute the plan proposed. The fitting moment had gone by; and the writer, wishing also himself to render a tribute to the memory of his predecessor, was fain to wait until some future hour should bring the thoughts of his parishioners again into fresh contact with the departed. The anniversary of his death seemed a proper moment for the purpose. The associations of the event would then be revived. The scenes of the same day a year before, would, in memory, be repeated. How appropriate to make this the hour of commemoration — to fulfil the purpose which would have been executed twelve months ago, if untoward hindrances had not prevented! The writer accordingly invited several of his clerical brethren, bishops and priests, friends of the deceased, to aid him in the commemoration. All came who could come. The absence of the venerable father of the departed, though unavoidable, was, of all the absences, most deeply regretted. The services (briefly to recapitulate them) were as follows: —

"*Morning prayer* at 9, A. M. — The Rev. HENRY BURROUGHS, Jr., late rector of St. John's Church, Northampton, commenced the service. The Rev. W. L. CHILDS, priest associate in the Church of the Advent, Boston, read the lessons. The Rev. T. EDSON, D. D., rector of St. Anne's Church, Lowell, said the Nicene Creed and the prayers. The Introit was the 23d psalm of the Psalter. The ante-communion service was read by the Rev. A. L. BAURY, late rector of St. Mary's Church, Newton Lower Falls, the Rev. ASA EATON, D. D., reading the epistle. The first two verses of the 212th hymn were sung after the gospel. The Rev. W. L. CHILDS said the offertory and the prayer for the church militant. The exhortation, invitation, and confession were read by the Rev. A. C. COXE, rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Conn. The absolution was pronounced by the Right Rev. HORATIO SOUTHGATE, D. D., rector of the Church of the Advent, who also read the sentences following. The Trisagion was sung by the choir and people. The prayer of preparation, the consecration, the oblation, and invocation were said by Bishop SOUTHGATE. The last two verses of the 93d hymn were sung. The holy sacrament was administered to the clergy present, ten in number, by Bishop SOUTHGATE, and to a large body of the laity by the Rev. Dr. EATON and the Rev. Mr. BAURY. The Rev. Mr. BAURY said the post-communion office; the Gloria in Excelsis was sung by the choir and people; and the benediction was pronounced by the rector of the church.

"*Evening prayer* at half past seven, P. M. — The Rev. P. H. Greenleaf, rector of St. Mark's Church, Boston, commenced the service. The 5th selection of Psalms was sung by the choir and people. The Rev. N. Hoppin, rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, read the lessons. The Rev. T. R. Lambert, chaplain U. S. N., said the creed and prayers. The 132d psalm of the Psalter was sung from the 8th verse inclusive. The Rev. Mr. Coxe preached the sermon.* The offertory and prayer for the Church militant were said by the Rev. J. P. Robinson, rector of the Free Church of St. Mary for Sailors, Boston. The 88th hymn (the hymn announced by Dr. Croswell after the stroke of death had fallen upon him) was sung. The collect for All Saints' day, and the first prayer in the office for the burial of the dead, were said by the Rev. Mr. Baury. The benediction was pronounced by the rector.

"The offertory for the day amounted to nine hundred and forty dollars — of which two hundred and eighty-seven dollars, being contributed by the ladies of the parish for the special object of erecting a monument as a 'tribute of affection' at the grave of the deceased, was so appropriated; and the remainder added to the fund for the building of a new Church of the Advent — a nobler monument still to his memory.

"And now, what shall the writer say of the day itself and the spirit which animated it? It was most joyous, yet most serene. There was no perturbation, no excitement, hardly any sensible motion. All moved on so quietly, so placidly, yet so cheerfully, that the flow was like that of a stream, far away from the world, through still groves — like the movement, he imagined, of the pure river of the water of life which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. All the day long there oscillated through his mind the thought of Herbert's line —

'O day, most calm, most bright!'

H. S.

Church of the Advent, Boston, *November* 23, 1852."

Boston, *November* 9, 1852.

Reverend and dear Sir: We, the clergy present and officiating at the services in the Church of the Advent to-day, and several of the laity there present, respectfully request the publication of your sermon delivered this evening in commemoration of the late Rev. Dr. Croswell, believing that

* The faithful witness; or, the pastoral work and character, as exemplified in the life and death of William Croswell, D. D., first rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston; being a sermon preached in said church on the first anniversary of his death, November 9, 1852, by A. C. Coxe, M. A., rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Conn.

it will be a fit and appropriate memorial of his superior character and invaluable labors as a parish priest, and that it may thus serve as a model for those who aspire to excellence in the pastoral office, while it will furnish a useful lesson to the laity in their relations to the clergy and the Church of God.

Faithfully, your friends and brethren,

HORATIO SOUTHGATE,
ALFRED L. BAURY,
THOS. R. LAMBERT,
NICHOLAS HOPPIN,
ASA EATON,
THEODORE EDSON,
JOHN P. ROBINSON.
W. L. CHILDS,

THERON METCALF,
G. C. SHATTUCK, Jr.,
FYTCHE EDWARD OLIVER,
RICHARD H. DANA, Jr.,
HENRY T. PARKER,
JOSEPH BURNETT,
WILLIAM FOSTER OTIS,
JOHN P. TARBELL,
RICHARD H. SALTER,
HENRY M. PARKER,
J. H. WAKEFIELD,
DANIEL CHAMBERLIN.

HARTFORD, *November* 20, 1852.

RIGHT REVEREND SIR, REVEREND BRETHREN, AND GENTLEMEN: It gives me pleasure to receive your favorable opinion of my endeavor to preach appropriately on so suggestive a subject as that of the life and character of the late Dr. CROSWELL. If my sermon can be rendered further serviceable to his parishioners and friends by its publication, I am not at liberty to withhold it; and I herewith submit it to your disposal.

I remain your obedient servant,

A. C. COXE.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. SOUTHGATE,
Rev. Dr. EATON,
Hon. THERON METCALF,
and others.

TO THE REV. ASA EATON, D. D.

REVEREND DOCTOR: When I reflect how much your venerable example has contributed to the progress and stability of the Church of the Advent; how much your daily converse comforted and strengthened the great heart of its departed rector; and how you received his last sigh, and dismissed his spirit out of this miserable world, in the commendatory words of our mother the Church, — I cannot but hope you will accept this brotherly tribute to his memory, and by so doing confer a favor upon me. Let me add a fervent prayer, that your gray hairs, which are declared to be a crown of glory to the servants of God, may long be permitted to bow daily in the accustomed place before the altar; and that your presence may thus animate the faith and perseverance of many, before you shall be called to that better crown of glory which fadeth not away. I remain,

With veneration and affection,

Your faithful servant,

A. C. C.

HARTFORD, *November*, 1852.

SERMON.

"By it he being dead yet speaketh."—*Heb.* xi. 4.

In all its relations to mortality, the gospel of Jesus Christ illustrates its origin from God by its wonderful adaptation to the wants of man. Death and the grave, which mock all human systems, put the crowning witness to the religion of Him who hath brought life and immortality to light. Hence it was that Jesus and the resurrection were the burden of apostolic testimony, appealing so tenderly to the greatest of human miseries as to win the ear, and arrest the conscience, of intelligent heathenism, when they would have been deaf to any thing less fundamental and complete. Life from the dead became the great idea of the gospel, as the glorious correlative of the remission of sin; and, at once, the converted nations enshrined it, in all places, where despair had reigned before. No more the sepulchre was inscribed with symbols of decay and extinction: the urn and the inverted torch gave place to the ark and the sprouting branch; and the wail of eternal separation was transformed into the sweet song of expectation and of promise. Something indeed was indulged to the natural feelings of momentary bereavement: the Christian might sorrow, but not as without hope; and when devout men carried Stephen to his burial, they made great lamentation over him, but not as forgetting his dying rapture in the vision of his Savior, or the fact with which the evangelist concludes his story — the fact that all the cruel blows and peltings of his martyrdom could do no more than make him *fall asleep.**

In such a spirit the primitive Church received in earnest the proverb of the preacher — "A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth."† With sweet economy of faith, she made practical the separate parts of the inspired adage, both at once, when she celebrated her holy martyrs, and kept the days of their suffering as days of festivity. It is in the same spirit, my brethren, that we keep this day. It is one marked in your parochial history by the striking and significant death of one whose life was that of a confessor, and whose falling asleep was like that of sacrificing Abel, at the altar of our very Paschal Lamb. So sudden and so afflictive was your bereavement, that you sorrowed indeed like men, and yet were comforted like Christians. The year has come round again, renewing our tender recollections of his holy walk with God, and of his translation to his more immediate presence; and we mark the day as a parochial

* Acts vii. 60. † Eccles. vii. 1.

feast. Is it that we may merely renew our tears, or prolong the pageantry of mourning? God forbid! He is at rest, delivered out of a world in which his pure spirit found very little that was congenial, and satisfied with the joys of paradise, the society of saints, and the vision of God. We keep the day of his deliverance with gratitude for his example, and with prayer that we may so follow it that we may soon rejoin him among the spirits of just men made perfect. We keep the day, that we may soberly review the providence of God, and, in a calmness impossible to our first grief, attempt the discovery of its mysterious import. We believe that *being dead he yet speaketh;* and we keep the day, that we may the better mark and learn his testimony, and inwardly digest what it should impress upon our souls. To this end, may the Holy Spirit bless and sanctify the words which I shall endeavor to speak in dependence upon his most gracious and ready help, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I. The text supplies me with a fruitful subject for reflection at the very outset. Whether it were Abel's faith or Abel's sacrifice which was most immediately in view when the apostle wrote, that "*by it* he being dead yet speaketh," the sense is, in fact, the same. Abel's altar, his gifts, his sacrifice were more acceptable than Cain's, because they demonstrated his faith as resting in the merits and death of the promised Lamb of God. By it the martyr had spoken of Jesus through all the ages of patriarchs and Aaronic priests; and, consequently, his testimony was fresh and perpetual when figures and types were done away. The unity of the faith is the groundwork, therefore, of a genuine Christian testimony. He whose faith is that of Abel and that of St. Paul; he alone to whom Jesus Christ is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of revelation; he alone, being dead, can yet speak any thing to the purpose, or that is greatly important to be heard and known. Hence it is worthy of consideration, to begin with, that he whom we commemorate this day lived and died for the faith once delivered to the saints. He was not the author of any new doctrine or scheme of salvation, but the steward of that which Christ had committed to his trust. His life was a consistent testimony to scriptural and apostolic truth. He knew nothing among you but Christ and him crucified. He preached not himself, neither the wisdom of this world, but the same gospel which, even when St. Paul preached it, was the stumbling block of the Jew, and foolishness to the Greek.

But while Christian was his name, Catholic was his surname. The terms should, indeed, be synonymous; but in an age when many whom we would not deny to be Christians are, nevertheless, sorely departed from first faith and first love, it would savor of

affectation, in speaking of a life so marked as Dr. Croswell's, to say nothing of that primitive and apostolic character which distinguished his religion from the current Christianity of our day. In a word, then, he was a Christian of no sect; such a Christian as all Christians would have been, had the stream of undefiled religion continued to run without admixture, from St. Paul, and St. James, and St. Peter, down to our own times. And as he was a Christian of no man's sect, so he was a theologian of no man's school. Never a divine ran his course, from his diaconate to his decease, with a theology, according to the standards of our Church, more simply orthodox, uncolored, and unmingled. Such as he was in the diocese of Connecticut in his amiable novitiate, such he was here, when he bowed his manly head, and fell before this altar, in the raiment of his priesthood. And this I specially remark, because it was his lot, in the middle stage of life, to encounter the trying experiences incident to a great theological excitement, which, as it rose subsequent to the period when his own theological character was formed, so it became violent, and spent itself before he rested from his labors. And yet there were not wanting some who failed to consider, that, however its consequences may have affected him in his relations to others, it found and left him the same; always serene and unmoved, shining on, like a star, above the region of tempest. But any one familiar with his history must know that if some who moved in a curve, and who drew near only to diverge, seemed for a moment to walk with him, his path was always a straight line; and that, if his course for a while appeared to mingle with discordant elements, it was only as sometimes a bright river passes through a turbid lake, and yet keeps itself transparent, and emerges and flows on pure as ever. His uniform consistency with self, and with the truth of his first love, was beautiful to behold. I look back and marvel at the composure with which, amid heats, and paroxysms, and outbreaks, amid perils on the right hand and on the left, and through trials which were fiery for a time, he kept his even way, and hoped and made the best of others, and simply walked with God.

And as I have spoken of him as a steward, I must be indulged in another remark upon his character. A man who is the inventor of his own doctrines may do with them as he will; but *it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.** A steward must keep that which is committed to his trust. But our age has a notion of liberality quite the reverse. Tenacious of personal things, men would be liberal with that which does not belong to them, and compromise for every thing else by meeting on the common ground of a surrender of the precious truth of God. In this sense no Church-

* 1 Cor. iv. 2.

man can be liberal. The testimony of Jesus he must keep entire, and even earnestly contend for it. But this being reserved, he can be tolerant and charitable; and of this we have an example in our departed Croswell, to which I can think of no superior. How faithful he was as a steward, yet how liberal as a man! In him there was fidelity, but no bigotry; and no one could drive him into intolerance by any intolerance towards him. His lips could speak no bitter word, his neck could wear no party yoke. Towards brethren widely differing from him in theological opinion and policy, he cherished kindly relations; and if a man was but good and honest, however mistaken, he was sure of a friend in Croswell. His spirit, if I mistake not, was precisely that of the moderation which is characteristic of our Church in matters not fundamental; and O that, with his departure into paradise, a double portion of his charity may have fallen upon his brethren! It is what we most need among us; it must not be buried with him. Let us cherish it as we do the memory of that radiant countenance, in which the dignity of manhood was so marvellously blended with the innocency of the child, and which reflected together the meekness and gentleness of the Lamb upon Mount Zion, with something of the majesty of the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

I have spoken of the simplicity of the gospel as his entire testimony. He lived it, as he preached it, in the integrity of the New Testament, and according to its faithful witness the Prayer Book. Yet his mission was, confessedly, a peculiar one, as meeting the wants and emergencies of peculiar times. It was his to be a repairer of the breach, and a restorer of paths to dwell in. Much of his labor was, of necessity, given to things which ought not to be left undone, rather than to things he longed, above all, to do. But in this he followed the example, and lived over the experiences, of apostles. When St. Paul preached to Jews and Greeks the same unalterable gospel which was ever at his heart, did he also adopt, with these diverse people, one unalterable method of presenting it? Did the same things need to be done in utterly different circumstances? Or when to the Jews he became a Jew, did he then glory the less in the offence of the cross? How broadly significant is the lesson taught us by the fact that an apostle, the very last to be impeached of Judaizing, did nevertheless consider it part of his work to shave his head, and perform Jewish rites in the temple, at the instance of St. James, that he might gain the Jews! Here was, indeed, an act of concession, and one confessedly extreme; but it was founded on a fixed principle, which is largely illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles, and from which we may infer that nothing can be more adverse to the spirit of the gospel than the idea — too prevalent in our times — that the gospel is to be preached only in one way, and according to certain conventional

prescriptions of local society. The Church has need of the richest diversity of gifts in her sons, and of ways and means the most various, for bringing them to bear upon her work. Without disparaging the task of any faithful minister of CHRIST, or condemning him who, taking things as he finds them, performs a round of duty closely graduated to what the people absolutely exact of their religious teachers, I am sure that the exigencies of these times demand inventive efforts to gather in the wanderers and to save the lost; and that to this end every blessed art known to our Communion, and coincident with her institutions and services, should be put forth by zealous priests and laymen to catch men. We want again the missionary who shall lift up his voice in the wilderness like Elijah, and the street preacher who shall stand up like Jonah in the city. We want churches in which the rudest solemnities shall be dignified by zeal and unction in the worshippers; and we want churches in which a like devotion may express itself, with all the accompaniments of Christianized art which are familiar to our Mother Church. The religion of CHRIST is meant for all men, for all ranks in society, for all circumstances, and for all times; and in this it differs, radically, from the religion of sect, which is always adapted only to a peculiar sort, or class, or tribe of men, and yet denounces all whom it fails to inoculate with its narrow enthusiasm. The Church alone can employ every thing that is not sinful to the glory of GOD and the edification of his intelligent creatures; and by methods as various as the minds he has made, and as different as the manifold circumstances in which sinful consciences are languishing, she knows how to minister the same gospel, and bring souls to the foot of the same cross of CHRIST. And although she has been greatly impeded, by external hinderances, in the exercise of her abundant gifts, I think the history of the Anglican Communion, since the era of her happy reformation, will be found richly illustrative of these remarks. From her pulpit at Paul's Cross to her missionary tents in India and Australia, in her universities and her cathedrals, in her schools and hospitals, and in the noble works of her theologians, and in the rich tributes of many of her laymen to her common treasures, what extraordinary resources have been subordinated and sanctified to the preaching of the gospel and the purification of society, by the sublime morality which it involves! In spite of defects in the work, and of obstacles to its completion, the world may be searched in vain for the parallel of such a perpetual flood of blessings as for three hundred years has been pouring forth, in consequence of this large and fertile economy, from the bosom of our Mother Church upon her own immediate household, and through them upon the universal family of man. But in renewing the vitality of the Mother Church in this western world, while we have gained some privileges unknown to

her, is it not to be feared that we have lost something of her richness and completeness, and almost of necessity contracted something that is meagre from surrounding influences of sect? I ask the question, not that I would see the identical details and features of the Church of England reproduced in the widely different circumstances to which we must adapt ourselves, but only to suggest that something corresponding, and of the same character, though national and becoming to our social state, is exceedingly desirable, and daily making itself felt as a want. In a word, instead of allowing ourselves to be stifled and cramped by the cold and heavy pressure of surrounding sects, it is the Church's duty to break forth on the right hand and the left, in her own free spirit, and to impress society with her innumerable forms of mercy to mankind.

It would be unjust to the memory of departed saints, and quite as unfair to living worth, to insinuate that such a development of our ecclesiastical life is not already largely begun. The venerable prelate who has just dropped his patriarchal mantle and rested from his labors will ever deserve grateful mention as a pioneer in missionary enterprises which have done much to draw out the zeal and energies of our Church; and many others have labored successfully to elevate her theological learning, and to make her the fostering mother of Christian education in our country. Fresh notes of life and activity abound on every side, in spite of many scandals and discouragements; and many are the apostolic bishops, and parochial priests, and faithful laymen, who, in noiseless self-devotion, are extending the influence and power of the Church, and laying foundations for future and permament good. But with these heartfelt tributes to others, let me claim that it was the peculiar work of the departed founder of this parish to institute among us a high and primitive type of the pastoral ministry, and to demonstrate the entire consistency of our ritual and worship, with a perfection of parochial organization hitherto hardly attempted in our land, and too generally despaired of as impossible. *By it he being dead yet speaketh.* I am far from believing that the peculiar characteristics of this Church of the Advent, although furnishing a high and noble pattern, can be universally or generally adopted at present in our communion. I believe that other parishes must be worked in other ways, and that wisdom will be justified of all her children in their several vocations; but, as a pastor, I rejoice that the Church of the Advent exists to prove what may be done, and done successfully, among us; and that the pure and holy example of its first rector is before me to inspire me with a spirit of pastoral devotion, and to furnish me with such a standard of pastoral fidelity as many a true-hearted minister of the preceding generation has known only from the records of the past, and credited, in large measure, to the affec-

tionate imagination of biographers, or to the mellow light through which we are fond of looking back to primitive antiquity.

II. But in recurring to my primary observation upon the character of CROSWELL as a witness for the truth, let me say that, in thus preaching CHRIST and him crucified in the pastoral office, he not only preached the faith of Abel, but adopted Abel's way of preaching in the essential point which St. Paul commends. For the sacrifice of Abel was distinguished from that of Cain not only in the faith which inspired it, but in the obedience with which it was performed. The institution of bloody sacrifice, and its celebration by the worshipper in the solemn offering of a spotless lamb, was in that age the divine ordinance in which the visible Church showed forth her Lord's death until he should come. The faithful observance of this divine institution distinguished Abel's religion from that of Cain, who worshipped upon a theory, and with inventions quite his own. Now, our times are distinguished by nothing in religion so much as by the flagrancy with which it substitutes will-worship for the ordinances of GOD. Our age is full of a fundamental error with regard to Christianity; but it is the old mistake of Cain. Religion is regarded as an idea, as a sentiment, a philosophy; but the gospel is an institution, an organized society, a kingdom — the kingdom of heaven. Organic Christianity, as a direct and historical product of the incarnation, deriving life from CHRIST himself through the HOLY GHOST, — a life diffused by veins and arteries through a body knit together by joints and bands, — such a Christianity, although nothing less was ever imagined until lately as answering to the name, is absolutely unconceived by a large majority of those who call themselves Christians in our enlightened country. Yet this organic Christianity it is which alone has unity of faith with the apostles, or can insure the perpetuation of unalterable truth from age to age. Let the history of religion in this city illustrate my remark. In such a city, then, distinguished by many characteristics of preëminent merit, but isolated by its peculiar sectarianism from the sympathies of Christendom in a degree unparalleled by any other city which is called Christian upon the earth, it was CROSWELL'S mission to give prominence to that pattern of the gospel to which the times are so indifferent. This altar, like Abel's altar, was set up in testimony to the fact that JESUS CHRIST was the founder of a family, and not the author of an idea, or the doctor of a system of morals. In the same spirit of faith it has been diligently served day by day, and year by year, in season and out of season, through good report and evil report, with many and with few, always with the promised presence of CHRIST, till at last the good servant was called by the Master, while his loins were girded and his light burning in his appointed lot; and *by it he being dead yet speaketh.* No matter how noiseless his task:

though the world took no note of him while he thus ministered, the altar has been fed with sacrifice, GOD in CHRIST has been worshipped, and he has been, like Antipas, a faithful witness in the midst of another Pergamos; and CHRIST will use his ministry, and make it fruitful in his own way. His sudden but beatified death has already spoken to many in behalf of his work, to whom the protracted beauty and purity of his life might have appealed, year after year, in vain.

The Church of the Advent, then, was instituted to survive men, as part and parcel of that kingdom which was founded upon a Rock. It was not set up by an admiring people for the display of a popular orator, nor for the gratification of personal ends and wishes; but, with only a secondary reference to human instruments, it was intended to supply spiritual necessities, and to develop special faculties of Christian benevolence, which needed to be called forth and wisely applied. There was an emergency, — work waiting to be done, — an opportunity not to be lost, — it would have been an injury to the Church if no one had come forward to meet it. In such circumstances, Dr. CROSWELL returned to Boston. Without hostility to existing parishes, but leaving to each its peculiar work, this parish began to fulfil its mission. It was intended to perpetuate the daily public service of GOD, and the supply of a house of prayer to all people. It was designed to unite all classes in the brotherhood of faith, and to demonstrate that our communion, so far from being the church of the rich, is the place where the poor and the rich may meet together, because the Lord is the Maker of them all.* It was designed to promote systematic charities, and to make them in reality gifts to the altar and oblations to the Lord. It aimed to enfranchise the sacraments, as preachers of CHRIST crucified,† and to legitimate the function of oral preaching as the means of inflaming Christian worship, and not the medium of its total eclipse. It aimed, incidentally, to consecrate sacred art and personal talent, by calling them off from worldly uses to adorn the sanctuary and to elevate the solemnities of worship. In entire conformity to the laws of the Church and the practice of our Anglican Mother, it proposed to enrich the service at suitable times with the heavenly accompaniment of music, and with the introduction of anthems and choral responses. These indifferent things, as occasion might prescribe, but, at all events, the diligent observance of the festival system of the Church, and the vitalizing of all its ordinances and prescriptions; in process of time, the founding of parochial charities; and at all times a careful attention to the spiritual and physical wants of the needy; the establishment of a parish school and of an asylum for orphans, and many like institutions of benevolence, were constantly

* Prov. xxii. 2. † 1 Cor. xi. 26.

kept in view. "Against such there is no law." Who dares say aught against them? Love to GOD and good will to men were, in short, the entire spirit of this foundation, as they were preëminently the spirit of the founder, from whose fraternal lips, now cold and silent in the dust, I have gathered these details in many privileged communings. Such was his work, and *by it he being dead yet speaketh.*

But I speak to those who know all these things even better than I do, by daily familiarity with his labors, and by a long and affectionate strengthening of his hands in God. Why do I dwell on such a review? Because, my brethren, they yet depend upon your fidelity for their entire realization. Much has been done; behold how much! When I compare the scene before me with my first recollections of this parish, I am astonished by what God has done for you: and yet much remains to be accomplished and secured. The mysterious dispensation which called away your first pastor while his work was yet in progress has hallowed it, and taught you practical trust in God, while it has demonstrated that the undertaking does not depend on man. God has provided for your immediate wants in a manner so providential and signal as to afford you every consolation and encouragement. In the abilities and in the apostolic office of his successor, you have marked reason to believe that God is with you, and a very present help in time of trouble. At the same time, while the sanctity of your departed rector's memory is a rich endowment, it is a perpetual call upon you for perseverance and renewed effort. *By it he being dead yet speaketh.* From his grave he bids you be fruitful in every good work, and exhorts you, by devotion to this parochial enterprise in particular, to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

III. To be a good shepherd is preëminently Christ-like; and such a shepherd was CROSWELL. To this he devoted extraordinary gifts, and sacrificed many worldly advantages. The refinement and delicacy of his character are proverbial; but not every one imagines how rich were his mental endowments, how brilliant his fancy, and how inventive his genius. His intellectual qualities were rare, and his literary attainments — poor things to speak of, though the world values them — were elevated in their range, and large in scope. His critical skill, though rarely exercised, was happy, and full of spirit; and in epistolary composition I have never known his superior. As a sacred poet, his name is dear to the Church, and will always be affectionately cherished; his verse was faultless, his conceptions extremely felicitous and epigrammatic, and all his productions were warm with devout and heavenly aspirations. In him there has lived, in Boston, a man of genius worthy to be re-

membered as a glory to her civic name, and one who, if he had studied to please her in her own way, might, indeed, have been her idol. But "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:" he could not stoop to vulgar artifices, he could not pander to popular appetite; and those things which were gain to him he counted loss for CHRIST. To be a good pastor to CHRIST's flock, and a faithful steward of his household; to be a servant of CHRIST's poor; this was the aim to which he subordinated those things in himself which the world finds in so few, and worships so devotedly where they are displayed. Holy man of GOD, my dear departed friend and brother, there are those, nevertheless, who know how rich and precious were the gifts thou didst consecrate to CHRIST! Happy in thy noble choice, and sublime in thy humility, how refreshing is the example of thy life! and how harmonious, withal, the opportunity of thy death! In the spot to thee most dear and sacred, and in the work most sweet, on the holy day and in the holy place, thine hand toward the altar, and the word of blessing on thy tongue, — so the Master found thee, so called thee away! Good soldier! thy fight of faith was fought, thy palm of victory was won; "henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give thee at that day!"

Reverend father in GOD, my reverend brethren, and you parishioners of the Church of the Advent, while he has been in paradise, where they measure not joys by time, we have lived through another year of this dull earth; and here we are, where the Master called him, drawn together by the consolations of CHRIST, in commemoration of his life and death! Are we prepared to be called as suddenly? Are our lamps, like his, trimmed and burning? In the epistle * read this day at the eucharist, he seemed to give us a message; and even "by it he being dead yet speaketh." If there is aught else to be added by mortal tongue, amid associations so solemn that the very wood and stone around us seem to have a language, as relics of his life and labor, I will venture to say it is this — *Be ye also ready, for at such time as ye think not the Son of man cometh.*

* Epistle for the twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, read by the Rev. Dr. EATON.

A MONUMENT

was erected at the grave of the deceased, in the New Haven cemetery, on the day of the commemoration. This monument is eight feet in height, including the base, and is beautifully wrought in pure white Italian marble,* bearing on the front the following inscription: —

REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D.,

RECTOR OF THE

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT, BOSTON

DIED NOV. IX., MDCCCLI.,

AGED XLVII.

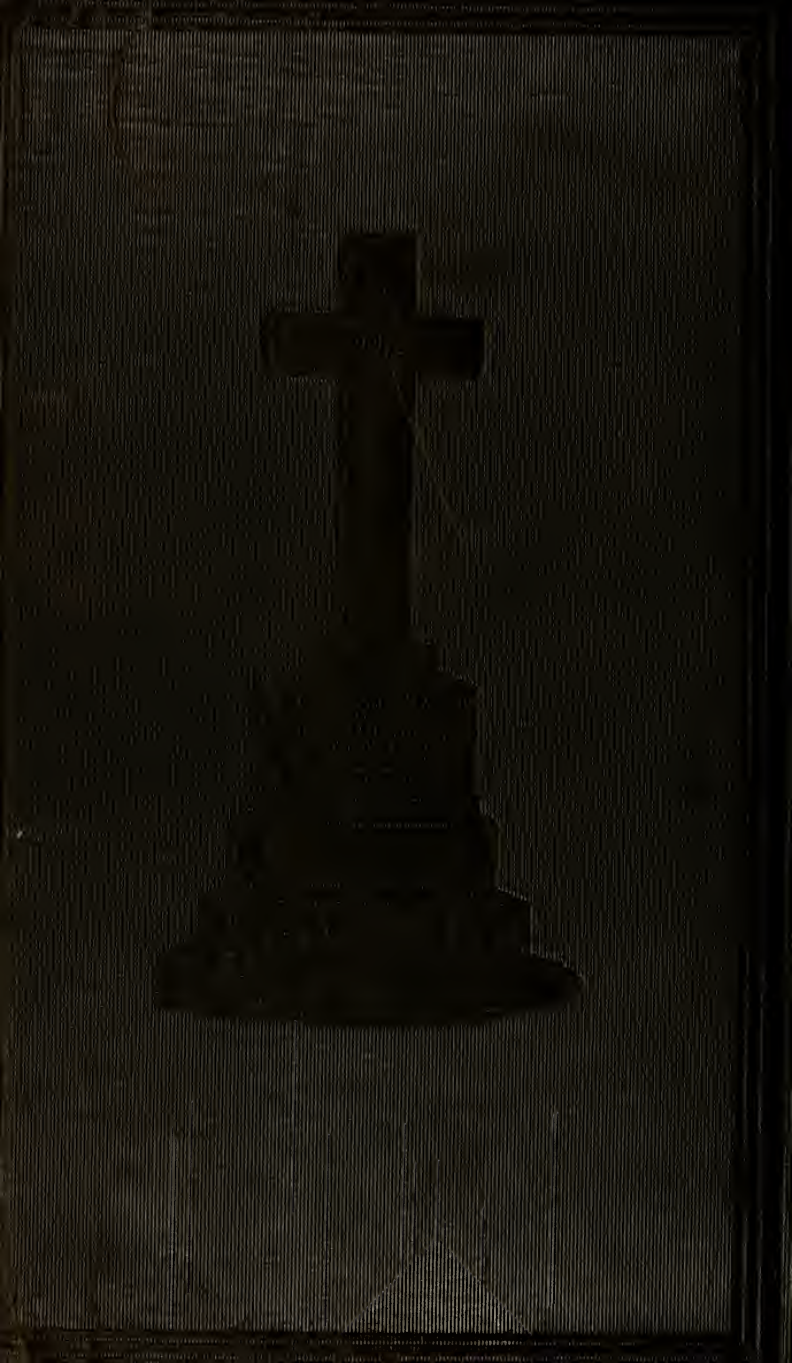
"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

And on the reverse, —

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

— in reference to the manner in which the expense of the erection was provided for — the amount having been offered by an association of ladies among his friends and parishioners, upon the altar of the Church of the Advent, on the anniversary of his death.

* The plan of this monument was drawn, and the work executed, by Mr. Thomas Phillips, of New Haven.

ALMIGHTY GOD, WITH WHOM DO LIVE THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO DEPART HENCE IN THE LORD, AND WITH WHOM THE SOULS OF THE FAITHFUL, AFTER THEY ARE DELIVERED FROM THE BURDEN OF THE FLESH, ARE IN JOY AND FELICITY, WE GIVE THEE HEARTY THANKS FOR THE GOOD EXAMPLES OF ALL THOSE THY SERVANTS, WHO, HAVING FINISHED THEIR COURSE IN FAITH, DO NOW REST FROM THEIR LABORS. AND WE BESEECH THEE, THAT WE, WITH ALL THOSE WHO ARE DEPARTED IN THE TRUE FAITH OF THY HOLY NAME, MAY HAVE OUR PERFECT CONSUMMATION AND BLISS, BOTH IN BODY AND SOUL, IN THY ETERNAL AND EVERLASTING GLORY, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD. AMEN.

[BURIAL OFFICE.]